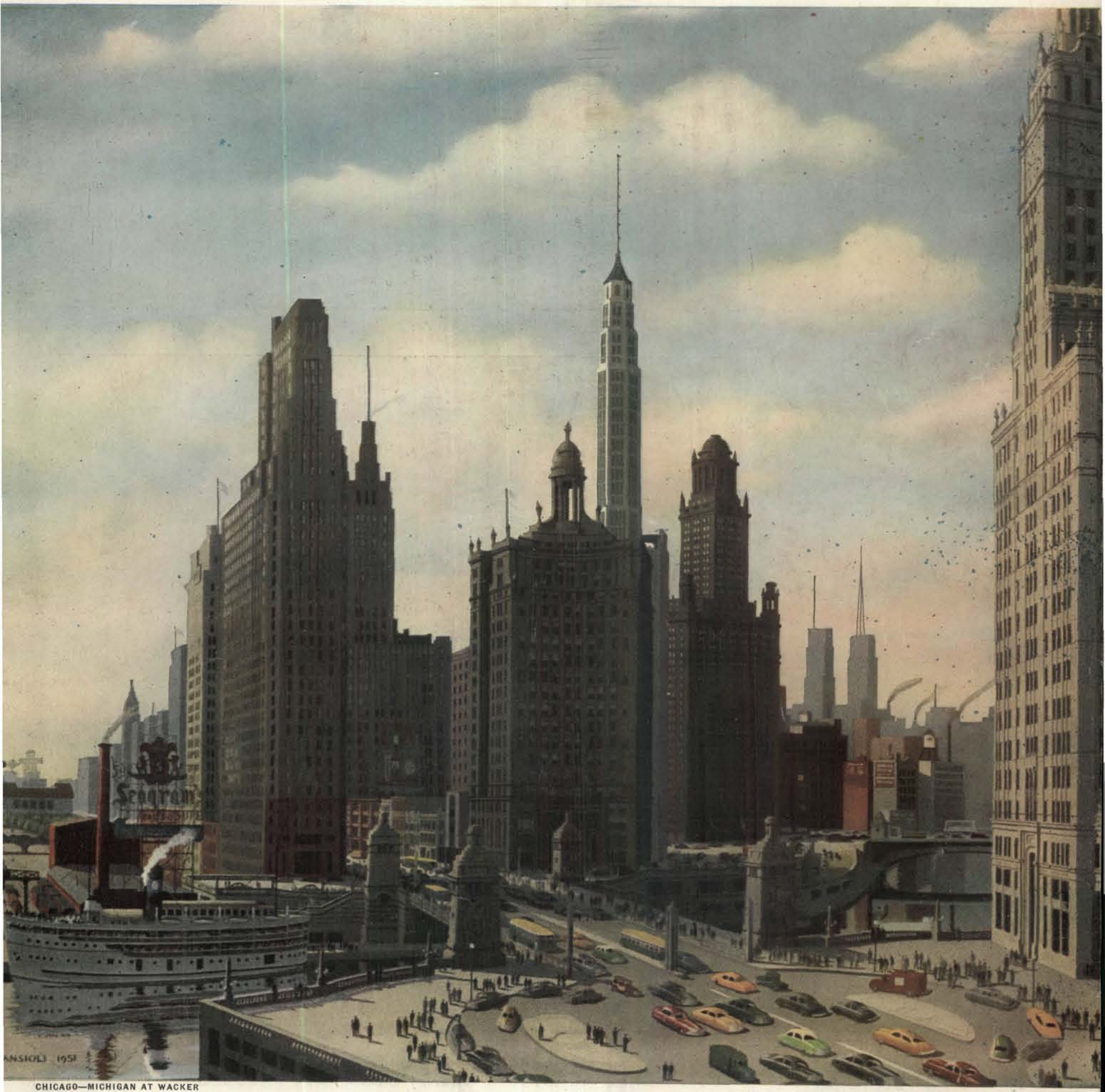
Collier's

May 26, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH PA.

CANCER QUACKS

How Medical Fakers Prey on Human Suffering



CHICAGO—MICHIGAN AT WACKER

John D. Weaver's Happy New Serial

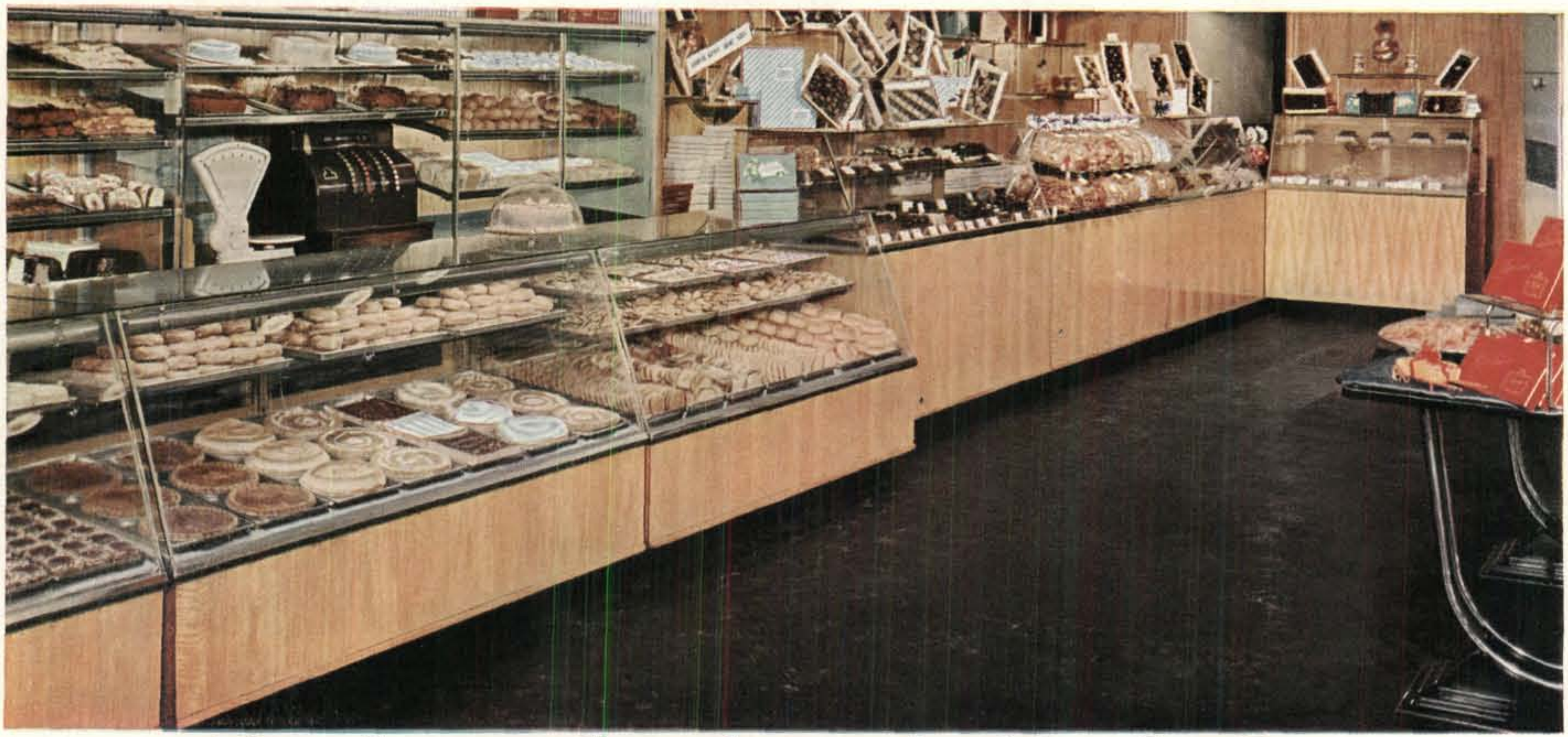
THE LOVE MAN

•

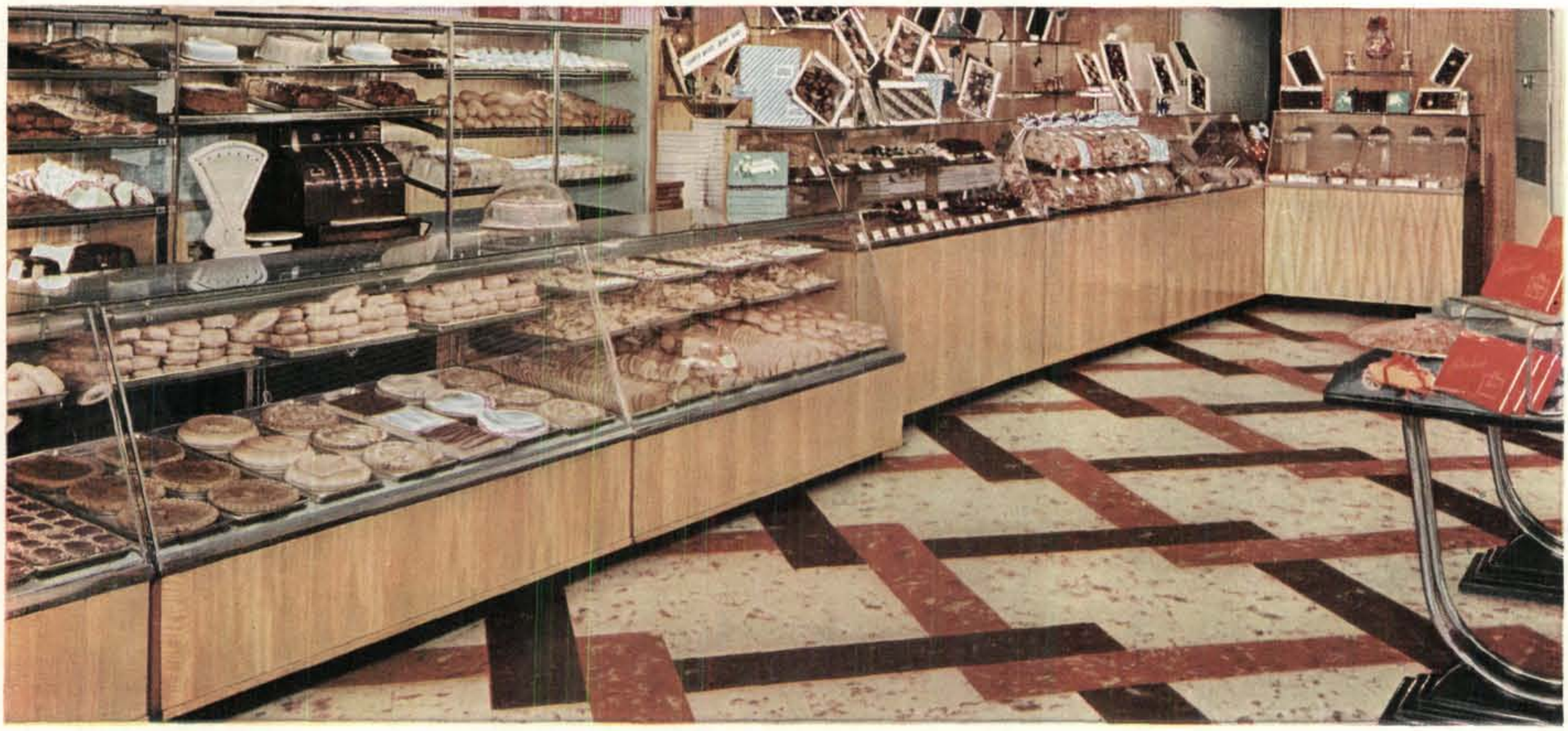
BASEBALL

By To

485797 C R2Y
MARY A BECK
10 BELL AV
PITTSBURGH 5
PA 17JA53



There's one other change besides the floor



Take a quick look at these two photographs, and you'll see that the big difference is a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile. Look more closely and you'll see another difference. The baked goods aren't the same. In the top picture, it's Wednesday's bake. In the bottom picture, you see the next day's goods. It was only an overnight job to transform the appearance of this shop.

The old floor was out of harmony with the rest of the store. The cases and counters were bright and modern, but the gloomy floor spoiled the over-all effect. One of the most important elements in the decoration of the shop was not being used to good advantage.

The new floor gives the store a new look. The whole color scheme is unified. Fixtures and floor belong together. The distinctive floor design adds interest to the whole arrangement of the store. Now this bake shop has the customer appeal that it lacked before.

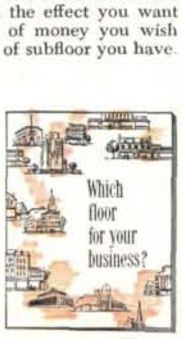
Armstrong's Greaseproof Asphalt Tile was the right flooring choice for this bakery. It's an economical floor with the special ability to withstand grease conditions. Despite its low cost, it will stay colorful and attractive under heavy traffic. The smooth surface reduces cleaning time, keeps maintenance costs to a minimum.

The way a floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile is put down in individual blocks gives it unusual design flexibility. The special effect in this bakery floor is just one of countless designs that can be created.

Perhaps your place of business could benefit by "remodeling" with a new floor of Armstrong's Asphalt Tile. It can be used on any type of floor—even in basements and on concrete slabs in direct contact with the ground. Your Armstrong contractor will be glad to show you samples and give you a cost estimate for your floor.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you wish to spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5105 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.



ARMSTRONG'S ASPHALT TILE

He never knew why

ALMOST the first thing that greeted him on his return to town was a newspaper announcement telling him that the girl he had been seeing frequently and hoped to marry was engaged to another man. And, moreover, to a man he had never heard of before.

This accounted for her silence during his absence—not a single letter all the time he was away and for the many times she had been downright rude to him.

And he never found the real reason why his courtship had been so complete a failure.

Are You Guilty?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And whenever it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and *extra-careful precaution against halitosis?* Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. When you want that extra assurance, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

"GIVE GOO THE GO-BY!"

says

BERT PARKS

—Star of TV hit, "Break the Bank"

"JUST TRY THE CREAM OIL THAT'S NOT STICKY, NOT GREASY, AND MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK BETTER THAN EVER!

"Smartest cue in television," says Bert, "is new VITALIS Hair CREAM! Gives hair poise-onality, not poison-ality!"

Good reason! VITALIS Hair CREAM is lighter-bodied—not greasy, and no slick shine. Yet it keeps your hair groomed perfectly all day long. Cleaner to use, too—rinses off hands and comb with plain water. Homogenized for easy flow, in handy *shaker-top* bottle. Try it today!

NEW! VITALIS Hair CREAM

—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

NO STICKY HANDS, HAIR OR COMB!
VITALIS
HAIR CREAM

SAVE MONEY! 49¢ size equals leading 59¢ size cream oil!

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher*
GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
JOHN DENSON, *Foreign Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*

Associate Editors • BERT BACHARACH • WARREN BROWN • JEAN B. CAMPBELL
SEY CHASSLER • LORNA D. CHESSON • ALLEN CLEATON • LONNIE COLEMAN
JOHN CONNER • BETSY CORRIGAN • WILLARD B. CROSBY • BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. • MACLENNAN FARRELL • DIANA HIRSH • MANLEY JACKSON
JAMES M. KAHN • JERRY KORN • JOHN LEAR • MARSHALL McCLINTOCK • TOM MEANY
JOHN C. PELLEW • ELEANOR PORTER • CORNELIUS RYAN • RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER • LESTER VELIE • FRANCIS WALLACE • JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research • ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
DIANE DOWNS, BIANCA TONETTI, MARTHA WEINMAN

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief;* TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST *(Los Angeles):* THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief;* JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST *(Chicago):* BILL FAY
EUROPE *(Paris):* SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST *(Tokyo):* CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON, HOWARD BRODIE

May 26, 1951

ARTICLES

Baseball Hercules .... TOM MEANY 18
That Sterling Character .... THOMAS F. BRADY 20
Cancer Quacks .... BILL FAY 24
Village on Stilts .... BEN LUCIEN BURMAN 26
The Man Who Says No to Stalin .... SEYMOUR FREIDIN 30
Chicago 32

FICTION

The Love Man .... JOHN D. WEAVER 15
(PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS)
No Table for the Lady Plumber .... JOE McCARTHY 22
Mechanical Doll .... FRANK ROONEY 28
A Shot in the Dark .... RICHARD POWELL 34
(CONCLUSION)
The Bridge .... HOWARD MAIER 36
Bottoms Up .... FREDERIC SINCLAIR 40
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

48 States of Mind .... WALTER DAVENPORT 8
A Room Is a Room Is a Room .... PARKE CUMMINGS 12
Editorials 102
Cover .... THOMAS FRANSIOLI

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 127, No. 21. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)

Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

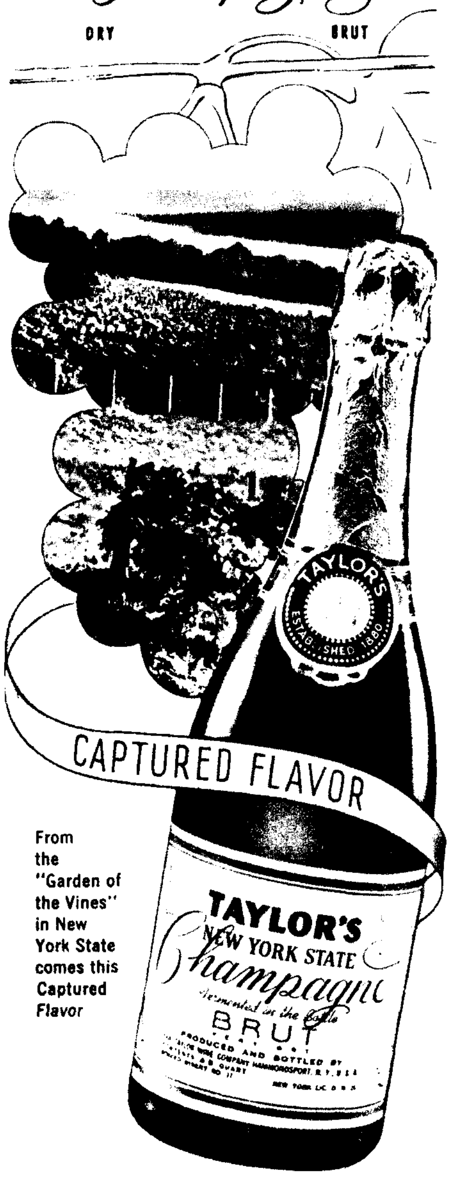
The BEST in the house . . .

CAPTURED FLAVOR
TAYLOR'S
Champagne

For weddings, for any celebration, festive or family—for an unusual and really appreciated gift—Taylor's New York State Champagnes sparkle with heart-warming sentiment, handsome hospitality. Gayly in tune with merry moments, these are *true* champagnes—fermented and aged in the bottle—the traditional way. The cost is light-hearted too—wherever fine wines are served or sold. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

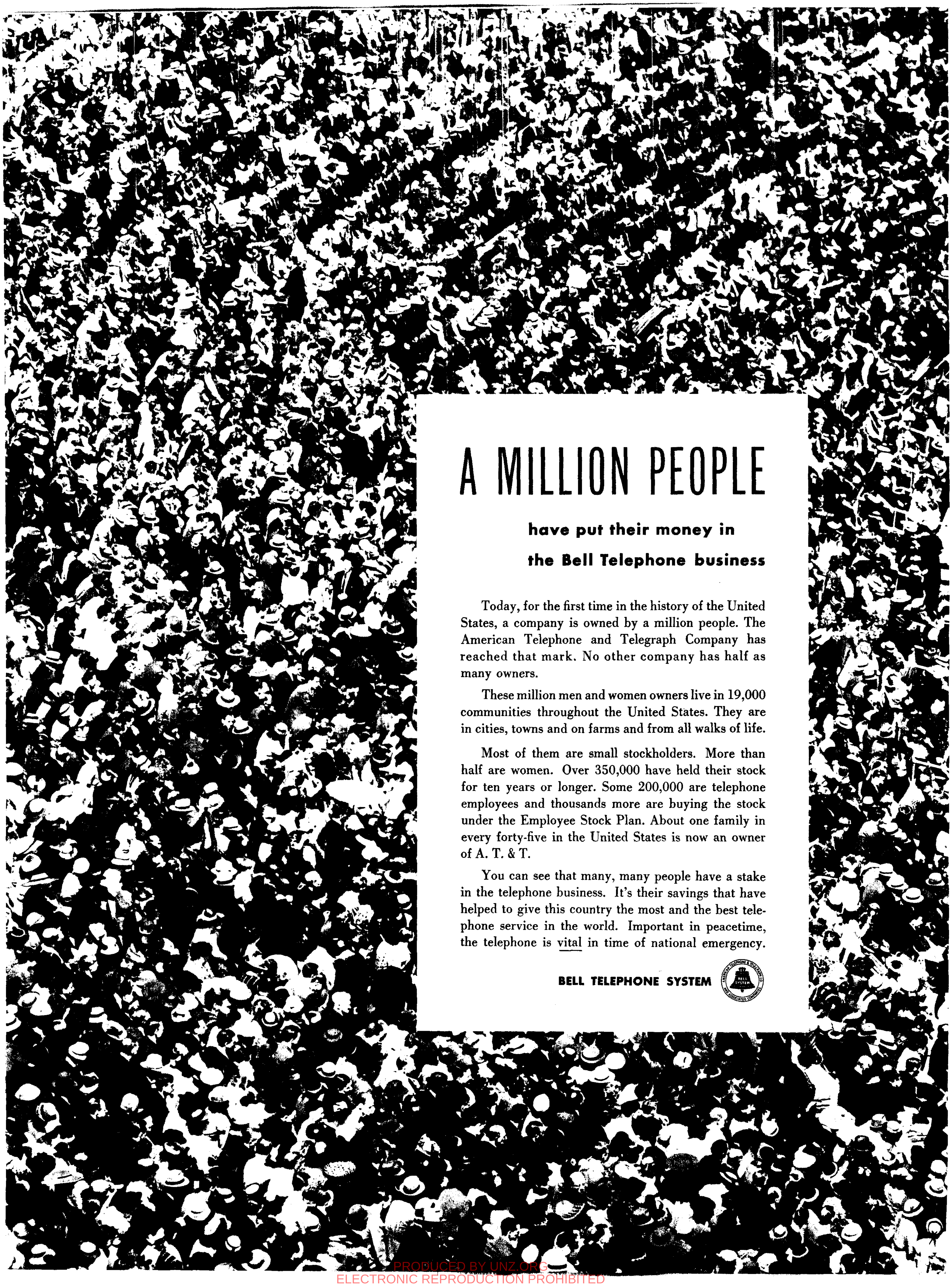
TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Champagnes

DRY BRUT



From the "Garden of the Vines" in New York State comes this Captured Flavor

From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York



A MILLION PEOPLE

have put their money in the Bell Telephone business

Today, for the first time in the history of the United States, a company is owned by a million people. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has reached that mark. No other company has half as many owners.

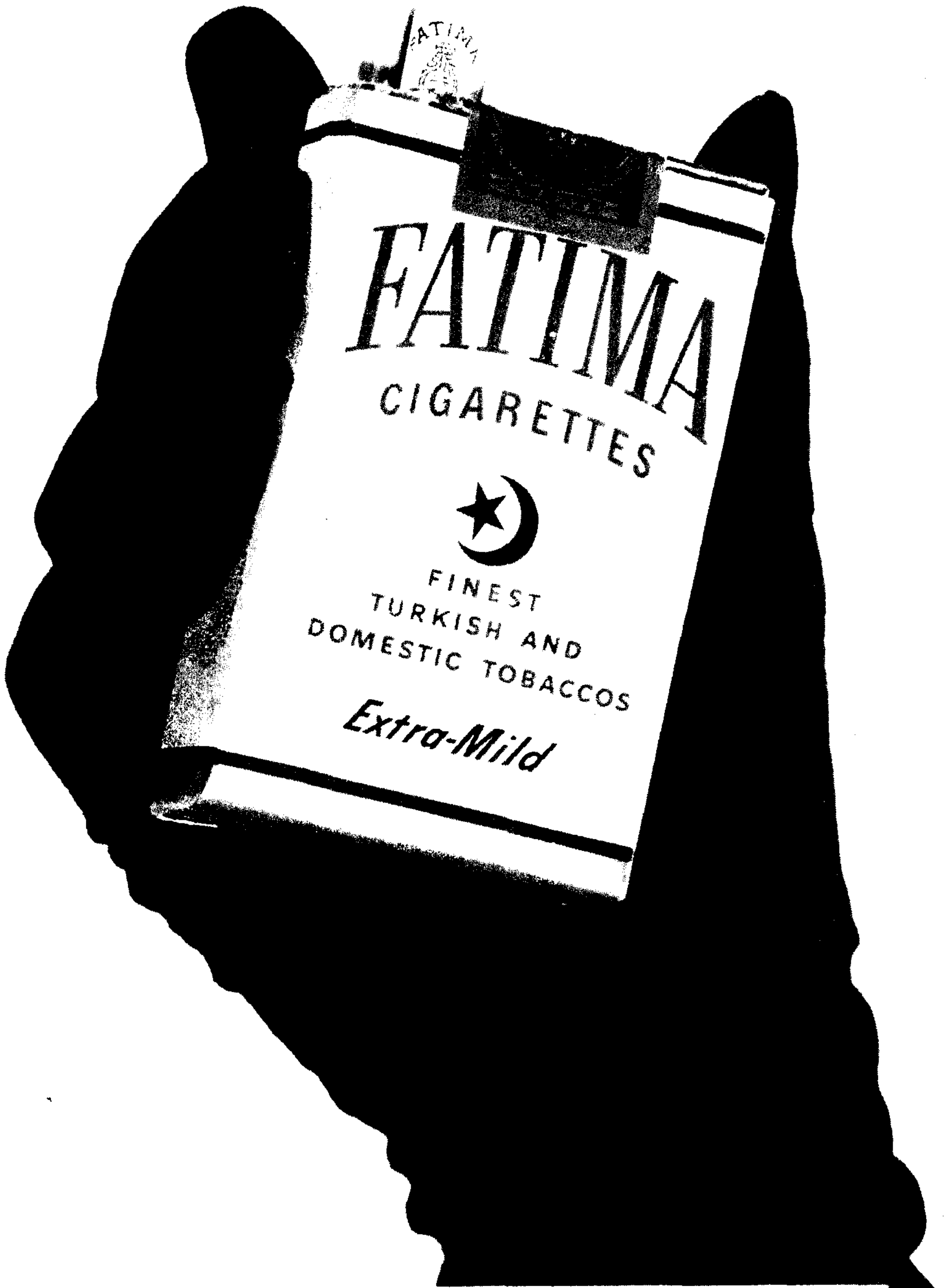
These million men and women owners live in 19,000 communities throughout the United States. They are in cities, towns and on farms and from all walks of life.

Most of them are small stockholders. More than half are women. Over 350,000 have held their stock for ten years or longer. Some 200,000 are telephone employees and thousands more are buying the stock under the Employee Stock Plan. About one family in every forty-five in the United States is now an owner of A. T. & T.

You can see that many, many people have a stake in the telephone business. It's their savings that have helped to give this country the most and the best telephone service in the world. Important in peacetime, the telephone is vital in time of national emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

In FATIMA the Difference is QUALITY



Smokers Everywhere Agree—

NANCY KELLY
Broadway Star

Vice Admiral
LELAND P. LOVETTE
U.S.N. (Ret.)

JACK WEBB
Star of "DRAGNET"

MRS. CLAY BORDEN
Palm Springs

Elegant, distinctive, with a truly different flavor and aroma—FATIMA continues to "click" with long cigarette smokers.

FATIMA—Best of All Long Cigarettes

Copyright 1951, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

The Cover

Chicago, the second largest U.S. city, is No. 9 in our metropolitan cover series by Tom Fransioli. From a point in the Tribune Tower, the artist's view includes, from the right, the Wrigley Building, the Pure Oil Building, the Lincoln Tower, the London Guarantee and the Carbide & Carbon Buildings, and, at left, 333 North Michigan, which houses Collier's Chicago offices. The excursion boat steams east out of the Chicago River into Lake Michigan. Famed Wacker Drive is across the river at right. For five other memorable paintings of Chicago scenes, by artist Chen-Chi, turn to page 32.

Week's Mail

Replies to Mrs. Mack

EDITOR: In Week's Mail of April 7th, the letter from Mrs. Everett E. Mack is so biased and unkind I am moved to ask: Has she studied the *cause* of Mr. Hoover's being President for only one term on the awful mess that was dumped into his lap by the era just concluded? Who brought on the bread lines and the apple men? Has she thought of that? Could not history very easily repeat itself? Is the present regime not leading us into another such experience?
MRS. RANDOLPH BAILEY,
Kerrville, Texas

. . . In reply to Mrs. Mack's letter objecting to your magazine printing Hoover's memoirs, I'm neither Democrat nor Republican, just an American voter, but this business of a workingman's party makes me sick.

She remembers bread lines and apple men under Hoover. I remember coal strikes, railroad strikes, steel strikes and men and women by the millions out of work under Truman. I remember sky-high prices which we still have, and trying to live on an average of $30 a month for almost a year—in 1949, not 1930.
MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON,
Bristol, Conn.

. . . Like millions of others I was bitter toward Hoover during the early thirties but long before this I have learned to appreciate him as a great American. When Mrs. Mack blames Herbert Hoover for the bread lines she places herself in that uninformed category who still haven't found out that the cause for said bread lines was much closer to home.
MRS. HORACE B. USNER,
Chicago, Ill.

. . . Most of Mr. Hoover's former critics are keeping notably silent. The experience our country has passed through during the last 18 years, and is still passing through, has made them conscious of the great mistake they made back in 1932. Had we the men at the head of our government endowed with the wisdom of Mr. Hoover it wouldn't be in the mess it is today.
E. H. BARTON, Glendale, Cal.

In a Rut

EDITOR: Happy to see how many are writing in to Week's Mail and boosting Dewey. It looks like Taft's hopes are gone.

My wife and I went through school with William Jennings Bryan getting defeated every four years.

My children went through school with Franklin Roosevelt getting elected every four years.

Maybe my grandchildren will go through school with Dewey getting defeated every four years.
EDGAR F. GATES,
Springfield, Ill.

Sheba Land

EDITOR: May a reader who could well sign herself "constant" tell you how much my family has enjoyed Wendell Phillips' two articles about south Arabia (Exploring Queen of Sheba Land, April 7th-14th). They are instructive and truly fascinating.

The "Queen of the South" has always been an intriguing character but what is (or was) her name? I have read that she was called Balkis. A. E. Southard, United States Minister to Ethiopia, called her Makeda. What does Mr. Phillips say?
A. T. ROGERS, Boston, Mass.

. . . Is it possible to get Wendell Phillips to continue writing about his findings in south Arabia in future issues of Collier's? Also, while I am asking, I could take some more of the Lowell Thomas articles.
BEVERLY JONES, Waco, Texas

. . . I would like to hear more from The American Foundation for the Study of Man via Wendell Phillips' articles.

My desire to travel and learn more about mankind is, in part, fulfilled through these revealing stories. If ever a chief cook and bottle washer is needed on a short expedition conducted by Mr. Phillips, I will be willing to offer my services.
BETTY HUFFMAN, Salisbury, N. C.

Wendell Phillips is heading another expedition in Arabia at present. The question of future articles, also of Mr. Phillips' designation of Balkis and/or Makeda and Miss Huffman's voluntary service, will have to await his return.

Gobbledygook

EDITOR: There will be no Congressional medals struck off for you—but from me you get three cheers! It chanced I was drinking a cup of coffee when I happened on your editorial, Keep It Simple, Boys (April 7th). I held my cup high and toasted your health and wished more power to your pen.

As an ex-federal employee, U.S. Naval Hospital (disestablished), Long Beach, Cal., as one who never in seven years there had the intelligence to decipher the N.C.P.I.s, you will understand why I so thoroughly enjoyed your editorial.
MARY O'HARE, Cathedral City, Cal.

. . . Thank you for reminding the gobbledygook boys in your fine editorial that none of us appreciate or understand their abstruse

(Continued on page 38)

Every week, send me
Collier's

☐ for a YEAR (52 issues) $5.00
SAVES YOU $2.80
from single copy price

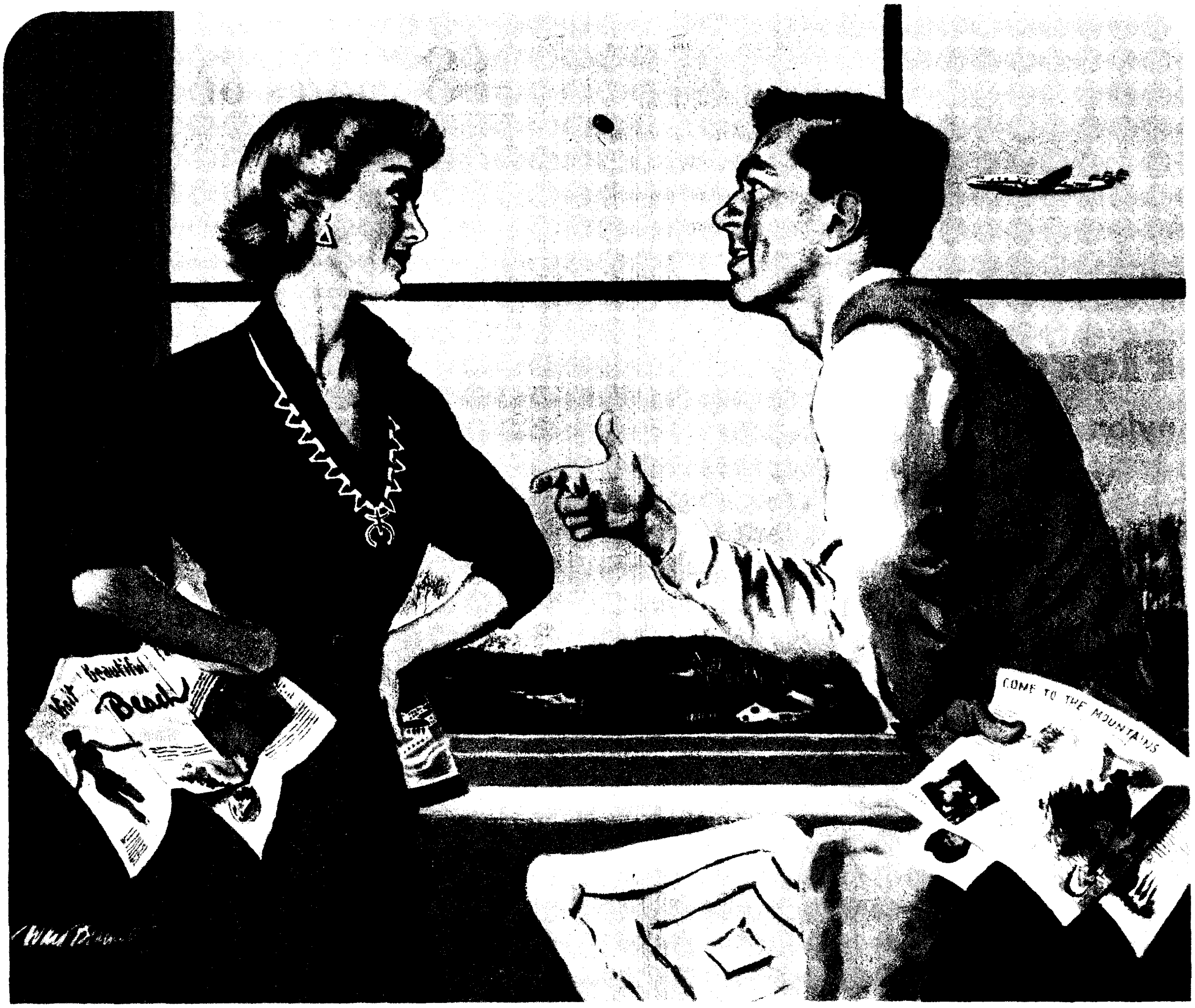
☐ for 2 YEARS (104 issues) $8.00
SAVES YOU $7.60

☐ REMITTANCE ENCLOSED

☐ PLEASE BILL ME 653

NAME ________________

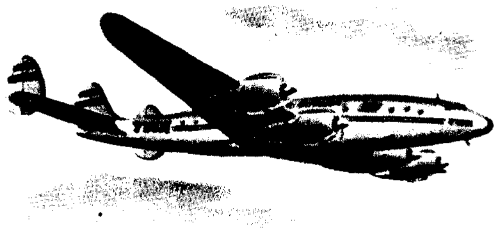
Send your order to
COLLIER'S, Springfield, Ohio


Visit Beautiful Beach
COME TO THE MOUNTAINS

Whatever your vacation choice...

LET TWA TAKE YOU THERE

When your family's vacation ideas start going in opposite directions, try this. Try putting a plane in your planning—a TWA Skyliner—and watch a world of new ideas open up. Fly across the U. S. or to nearby Europe . . . Skyliners do it in hours. Mountains or seashore . . . there's time enough for both on one vacation when you leave the way up to TWA.

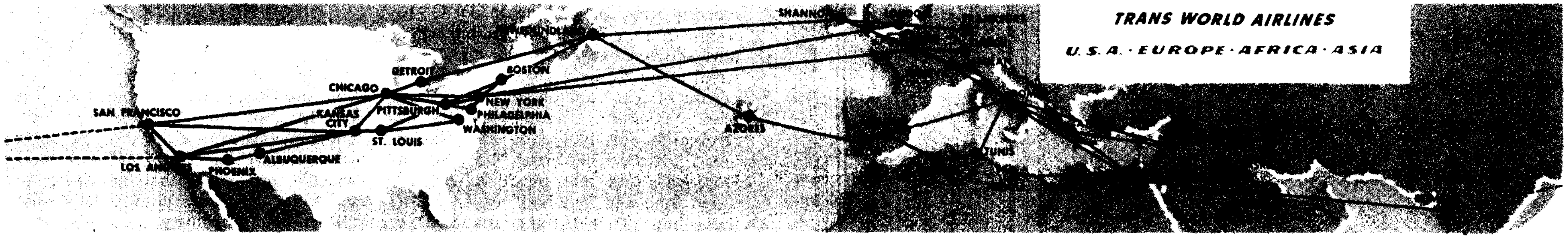


Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or your travel agent

ACROSS THE U. S. AND OVERSEAS . . . YOU CAN DEPEND ON **TWA**

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

U. S. A. · EUROPE · AFRICA · ASIA


SHANNON
DETROIT
BOSTON
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
KANSAS CITY
PITTSBURGH
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON
ST. LOUIS
ALBUQUERQUE
PHOENIX
AZORES
TUNIS

Listen to Cary Grant and Betsy Drake as "Mr. & Mrs. Blandings" every Sunday PM, NBC

There's nothing cooler than mesh . . . and nothing stronger than Nylon! For the lightest, coolest, most comfortable Florsheim shoes you ever set foot into, with all the two-season wear you expect from regular summer shoes, get Florsheim shoes of Nylon mesh; they're light as a cobweb, strong as a cable.

Florsheim

nylon mesh

ventilateds

The WILSHIRE, *S-1282*
calf and nylon mesh
wing tip.

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

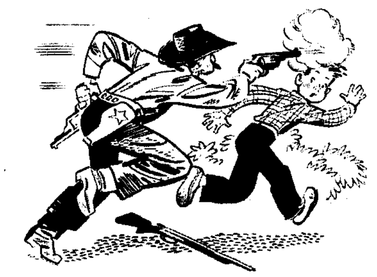
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Being an old soldier ourself, we know the value of an occasional word of encouragement to our armed forces. In this case we address ourself to the 250,000 American lads in Korea. Since that war started, 266,000 civilians have been added to the nonmilitary departments, bureaus, administrations and lesser side pockets of your federal government in Washington. We understand that quite a few of them are so determined we shall win in Korea that frequently they go without their mid-morning coffee. We're sure this self-denial will inspire you guys in Korea to equal sacrifices. And that's not all. Recently, in Nebraska, a delegation of state legislators accepted invitations from the state's Air National Guard to fly from Lincoln, the capital, to Scottsbluff, clear across the state. On arriving back in the capital, one of the legislators said: "I wouldn't want to do it again, but it was worth while just to learn what our fliers had to go through in war." Another said that it was a pretty harrowing experience, but he too was glad to know what a tough life it must be.

★ ★ ★

Recently a young man was arrested by a United States deputy marshal in Spokane, Washington, for illegally possessing a shotgun. He hadn't used the shotgun. But mere possession is a minor offense in the eyes of the state law. The kid didn't use his head either. He broke away from the officer and ran. The marshal fired two shots over the young fellow's head. The lad was less than ten yards away. The marshal could easily have plugged him and been legally within his rights. But he refused. The lad tripped and fell a few yards farther on and the marshal recaptured him. Whereupon the United States government suspended the marshal for 30 days for not shooting and probably killing the boy. "I hated to kill a guy for a little charge like that," said the marshal. "I figured it would be worse to kill him than to let him get away." At long last we arrive at our point: What would you have done had you been the marshal?

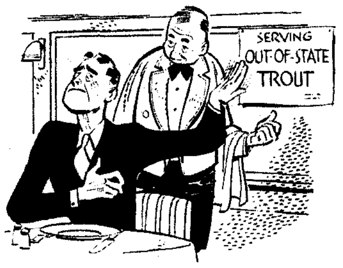


★ ★ ★

Two ladies from Washington State recently went to Washington, D. C., to complain about a Yakima Indian tribal law, adopted five years ago, giving the tribal council the right to expel any person of less than one-quarter Indian blood or who has been absent from the reservation for five years. Both ladies are Indians. The first, Mrs. Joseph Hoptowit, said that they'd have protested long ago, but had just heard of the ruling. Then turning to the other lady, Mrs. Minnie May Whitefoot, she said: "Isn't that so, Minnie?" Mrs. Whitefoot said, "Ugh." Mrs. Hoptowit looked gratified. "I tell Minnie to give with an occasional 'ugh,'" she said. "People expect an Indian to sit around and say 'ugh' every now and then."

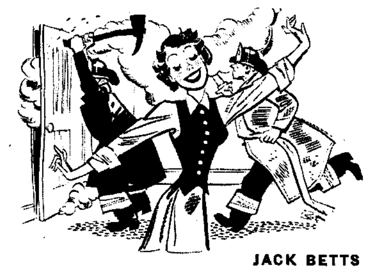
★ ★ ★

The Honorable Montgomery F. Crowe, a member of the Pennsylvania State Senate, was surveying the international situation and, like many another American, he deplored it. Nevertheless, Senator Crowe, fully aware that these are not times to let one's emotions dictate one's actions, remained calm until he discovered the United States is being invaded by trout from Iceland. Without wasting a moment, he drew up a bill which would compel all Pennsylvania restaurants serving out-of-state trout to say so in large wall signs and on their menu cards. After that it would be up to the individual diner's patriotism, in which Senator Crowe hopes his confidence is not misplaced.



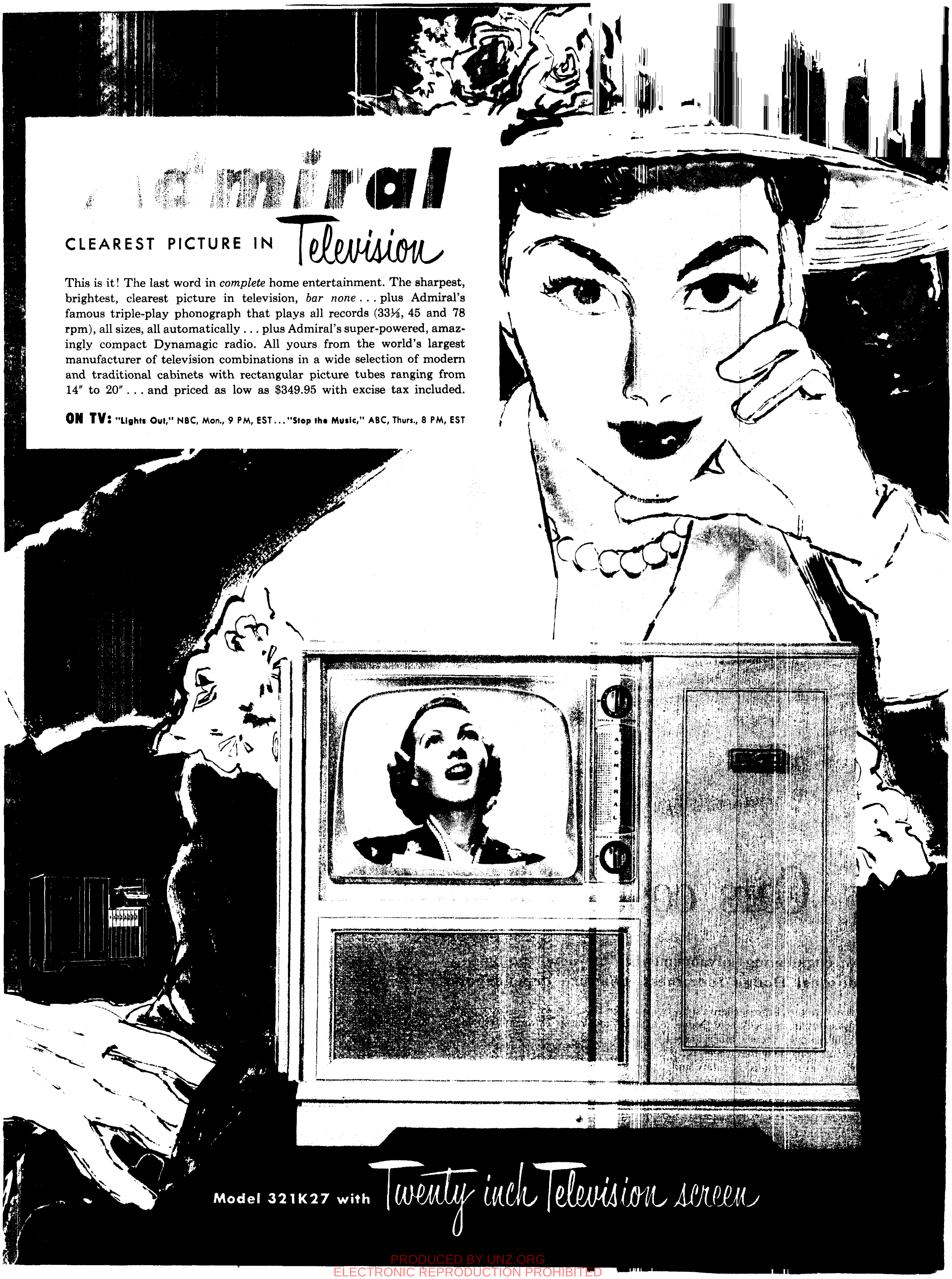
★ ★ ★

It always happens, when we're feeling pretty chipper and plan to cut a caper or two, that someone comes along and puts us in our place. There was that rally of 6,246 Future Home Makers of America in Oklahoma City, for example—all teen-agers. The rally was directed by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, of Chicago, a family-relations authority. Before this meeting adjourned, it was decided that daughters should try harder to understand their fathers, even though fathers just don't understand their daughters. That wound up with a declaration that "fathers too are people," although this was accepted by a very slim majority. "Remember," said Dr. Duvall, "maybe some parents are old-fashioned. The world has changed a great deal since they were young. Try to help them understand the new world you are living in." From that, the FHMA took on the subject of love. Someone asked: "How do you know when you're in love?" The answer which came nearer than any other to satisfying the future homemakers was: "When you're feeling grand all the time, no matter what's happening." Well,



JACK BETTS

(Continued on page 90)



Admiral

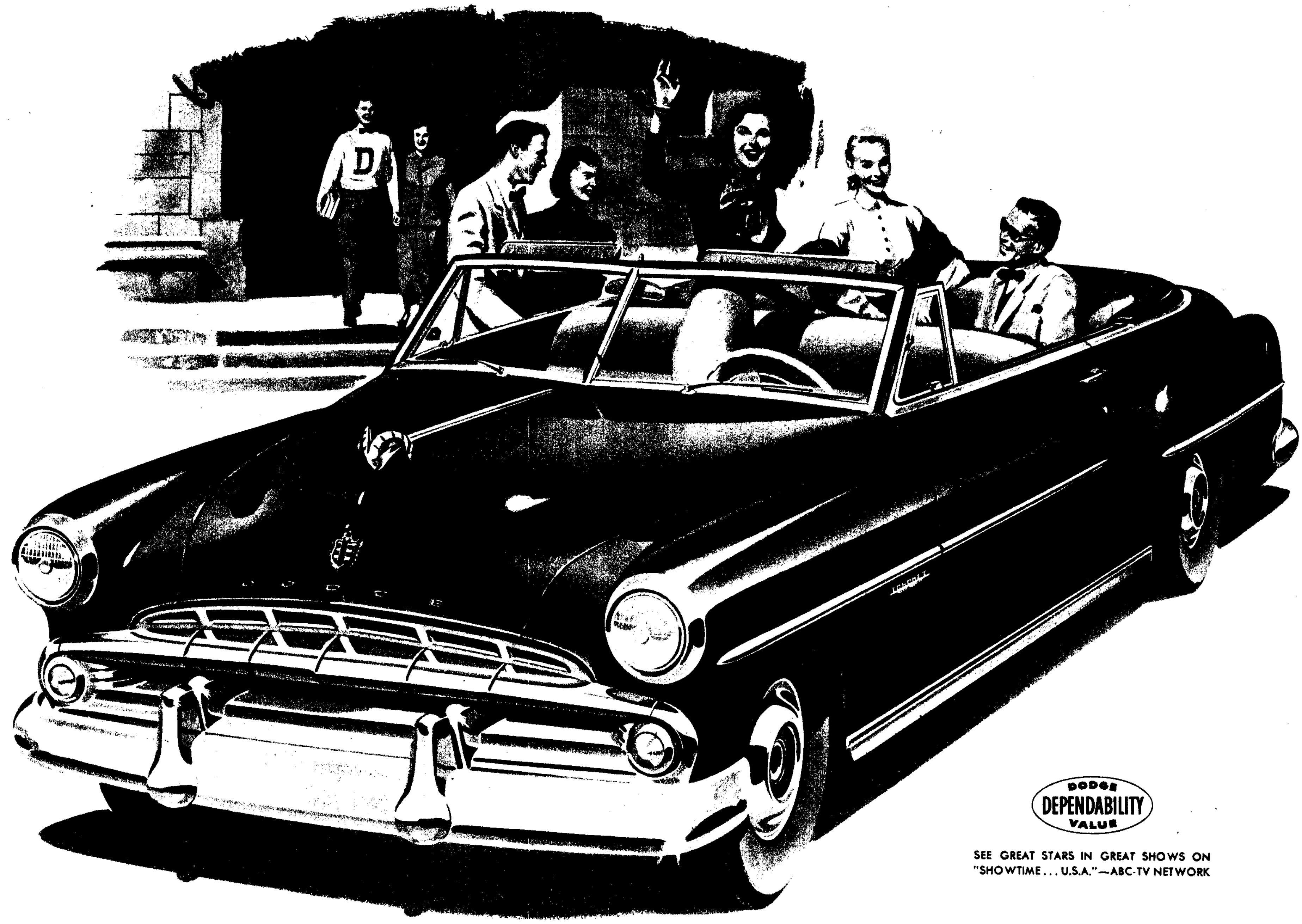
CLEAREST PICTURE IN *Television*

This is it! The last word in *complete* home entertainment. The sharpest, brightest, clearest picture in television, *bar none* . . . plus Admiral's famous triple-play phonograph that plays all records (33⅓, 45 and 78 rpm), all sizes, all automatically . . . plus Admiral's super-powered, amazingly compact Dynamagic radio. All yours from the world's largest manufacturer of television combinations in a wide selection of modern and traditional cabinets with rectangular picture tubes ranging from 14″ to 20″ . . . and priced as low as $349.95 with excise tax included.

ON TV: "Lights Out," NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST . . . "Stop the Music," ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EST

Model 321K27 with *Twenty inch Television screen*

Smarter to look at



SEE GREAT STARS IN GREAT SHOWS ON "SHOWTIME . . . U.S.A."—ABC-TV NETWORK

Cars costing up to $1,000 more can't

New engineering advancements . . . new styling . . . traditional Dodge roominess, comfort, dependability

The way eyes turn is proof there's style-setting beauty in the sleek new Dodge. But you discover there's much more the minute you take the wheel . . . in comfort, in roominess, in safety and ease of handling for today's traffic.

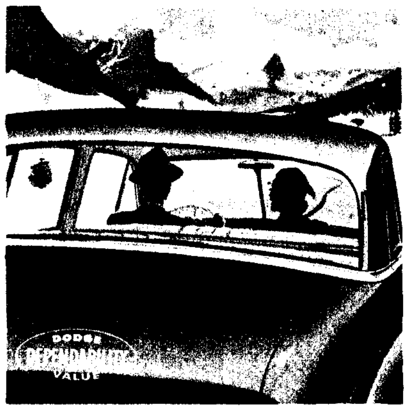
Count just a few of the ways Dodge makes cars safer . . . Safe-Guard brakes, stall-free Fluid Drive, the road-hugging smoothness of the new Oriflow ride. You see more from the knee-level seats, through the wider, bigger windshield, over the sloping hood that uncovers the road. That means extra safety, too.

The dependable performance of the big "Get-Away" engine adds to your safety, and so do Dodge Safety-Rims. It's all part of Dodge value . . . value that quickly demonstrates how you could pay up to $1,000 more and still not get all today's big Dodge gives you.

Spend five minutes with your Dodge dealer today . . . prove Dodge comfort, safety and bigger value yourself!

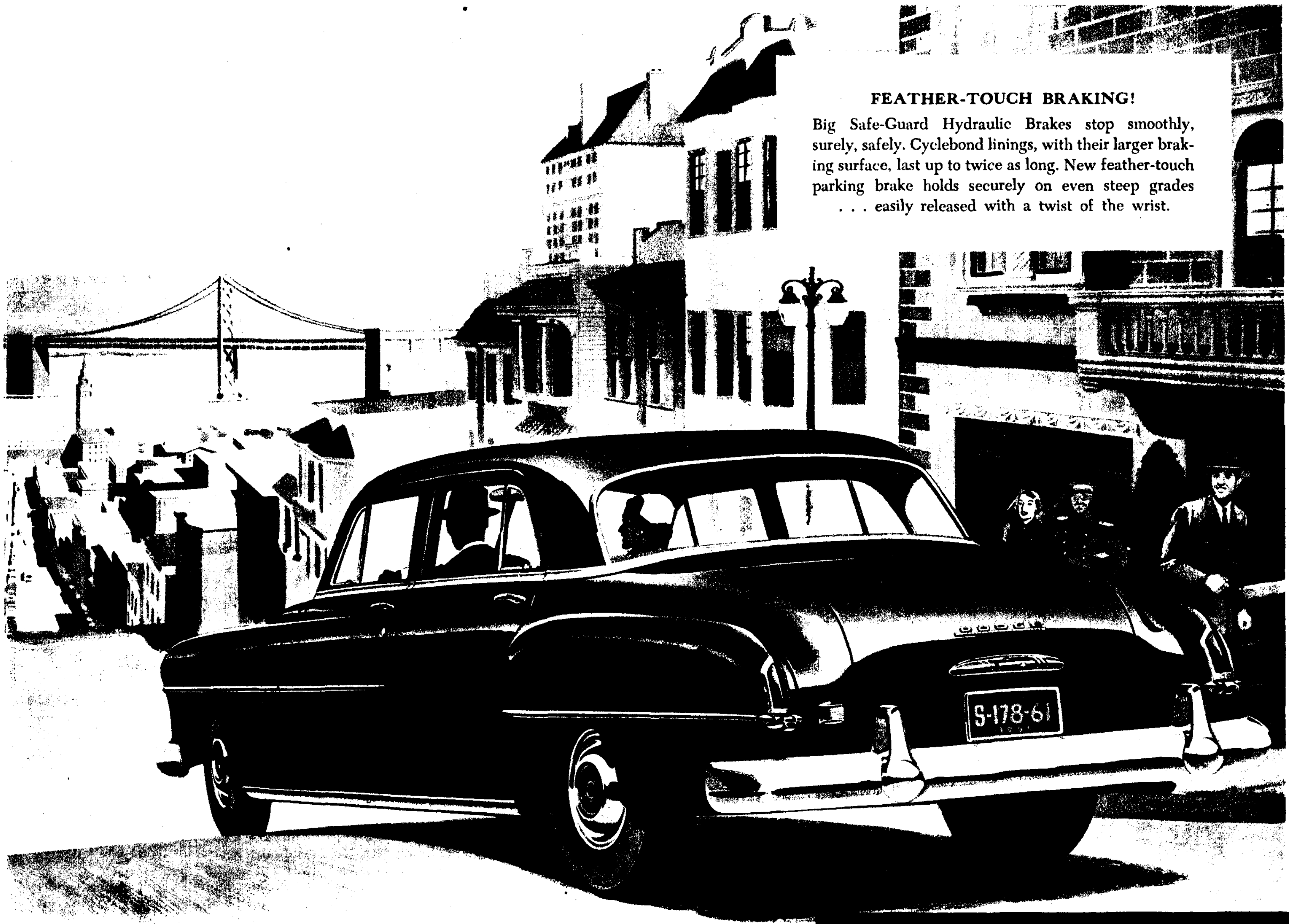
DODGE DEPENDABILITY VALUE

Gyro-Matic . . . Lowest-Priced Automatic Transmission! Along with Fluid Drive, it makes all your driving smoother, easier and safer. You drive without shifting . . . no jolts or jerks.



New Watchtower Visibility! Huge "Landscape" windshield . . . narrower corner posts eliminate blind spots. Wider, deeper rear "picture window" makes backing, parking easier.

. . . Safer to drive!



FEATHER-TOUCH BRAKING!

Big Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes stop smoothly, surely, safely. Cyclebond linings, with their larger braking surface, last up to twice as long. New feather-touch parking brake holds securely on even steep grades . . . easily released with a twist of the wrist.

match this combination

DODGE
DEPENDABILITY

Defies All Weather! Improved sealing protects you from drafts and dust . . . insulation keeps out heat or cold. Electric wipers insure constant clear vision. Improved air circulation prevents "window fogging."

DEPENDABILITY
VALUE

New Oriflow Shock Absorbers! Truly a *new kind* of ride, a revelation in smoothness! No wheel "hop" or bounce over roughest roads. You must actually feel the bumps and ruts melt away to believe it! Stop in for a convincing demonstration Oriflow ride today.

Dependable

DODGE

for '51

GOOD DRIVERS DRIVE SAFE CARS . . .

CHECK YOUR CAR—CHECK ACCIDENTS

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.

Du Pont brings you
TODAY'S BIG VALUE IN AUTO POLISH

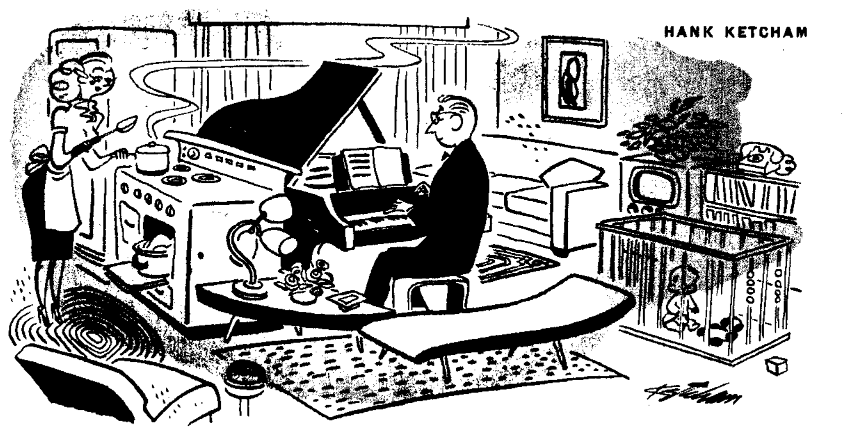
1. You clean off dirt film . . . put on a super-shine at the same time with Du Pont No. 7 Polish. It's the quick, easy way to keep your car beautiful.
2. Much less work, too, when you use Du Pont No. 7, because it contains "stroke-saving" methyl cellulose, found only in the Du Pont patented formula.
3. Safe for *all* cars, No. 7 Polish is made by Du Pont, makers of "Duco" and "Dulux," leading auto finishes.
4. Still only 75¢ for a pint can—and it does the *whole* job. Cleans up, shines up! Get a can today at your service station or auto supply store.

DU PONT Nº7 POLISH
CLEANS *as it shines . . .*
SHINES *as it cleans*
ONLY 75¢ A PINT AT MOST STORES
DU PONT POLISH 7 AND CLEANER
The only polish containing "stroke-saving" METHYL CELLULOSE

DU PONT CAR WASH
a new detergent which speeds up car washing and makes manual drying unnecessary. Makes car washing a pleasure.

DU PONT SPEEDY WAX
made especially for *new* cars—and those fairly new. Cleans and wax-polishes in one *easy* operation. Gives a brilliant lustre quickly.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



In modern architecture, a home is simply a matter of . . .

A Room Is A Room Is A Room

By PARKE CUMMINGS

WHEN I was a lad we lived in a seven-room house. The rooms were separated from one another by fairly thick (and entirely permanent) walls. In certain cases a door led from one room to the next. It was made of wood, swung on hinges, and had knobs on each side of it. When it was shut it made even more distinct the separation between rooms. You were very definitely "inside" a certain room or "outside," and that was it.

Rooms were not only distinct from one another physically but in atmosphere and *décor.* You could tell that the kitchen was the kitchen because it contained a stove, a sink, a refrigerator—and no overstuffed chairs. A dining table identified the dining room, and the presence of comfortable chairs and a sofa made the parlor's function clear.

Our house had stairs. This meant that, even though you might not know the exact whereabouts of a member of the family you could give somebody at least a partial clue by saying: "He's upstairs," or "She's downstairs."

All of this presents a vivid contrast to some of the houses I see nowadays. In them the exact line of demarcation between a certain room and another is at least as nebulous as that between left field and center field when two outfielders are hotfooting it after the same fly ball. The same holds true with many of the drawn plans I see in various publications—coupled with an announcement that the architect responsible for them has pulled down a $1,500 award for dreaming up a house more "functional" than anything that has been dreamed up before.

The basis of these awards all seem to be the same: no matter what size the house (though most of them are pretty small), it should have as few rooms as possible and each room should have as many different purposes as an active family (or an ingenious architect) can think up. A budding architect drawing a plan with a separate room labeled "dining room" would be thrown out of school as quickly as a basketball player convicted of taking a bribe. In fact, in some modern architectural schools and firms the very mention of that term is cause for immediate dismissal.

There are several new-style houses in my general neighborhood, some of which I had occasion to visit recently when I canvassed for one of the major fund drives. I came to the first one, and knocked on the varicolored plywood door. The lady of the house opened it, and the first thing that caught my eye was an electric range.

"Pardon me," I apologized. "I'll go around to the front door."

"This *is* the front door," she said. "Won't you come in?"

I entered a large, rambling, low-studded room and commented: "Lovely kitchen you have."

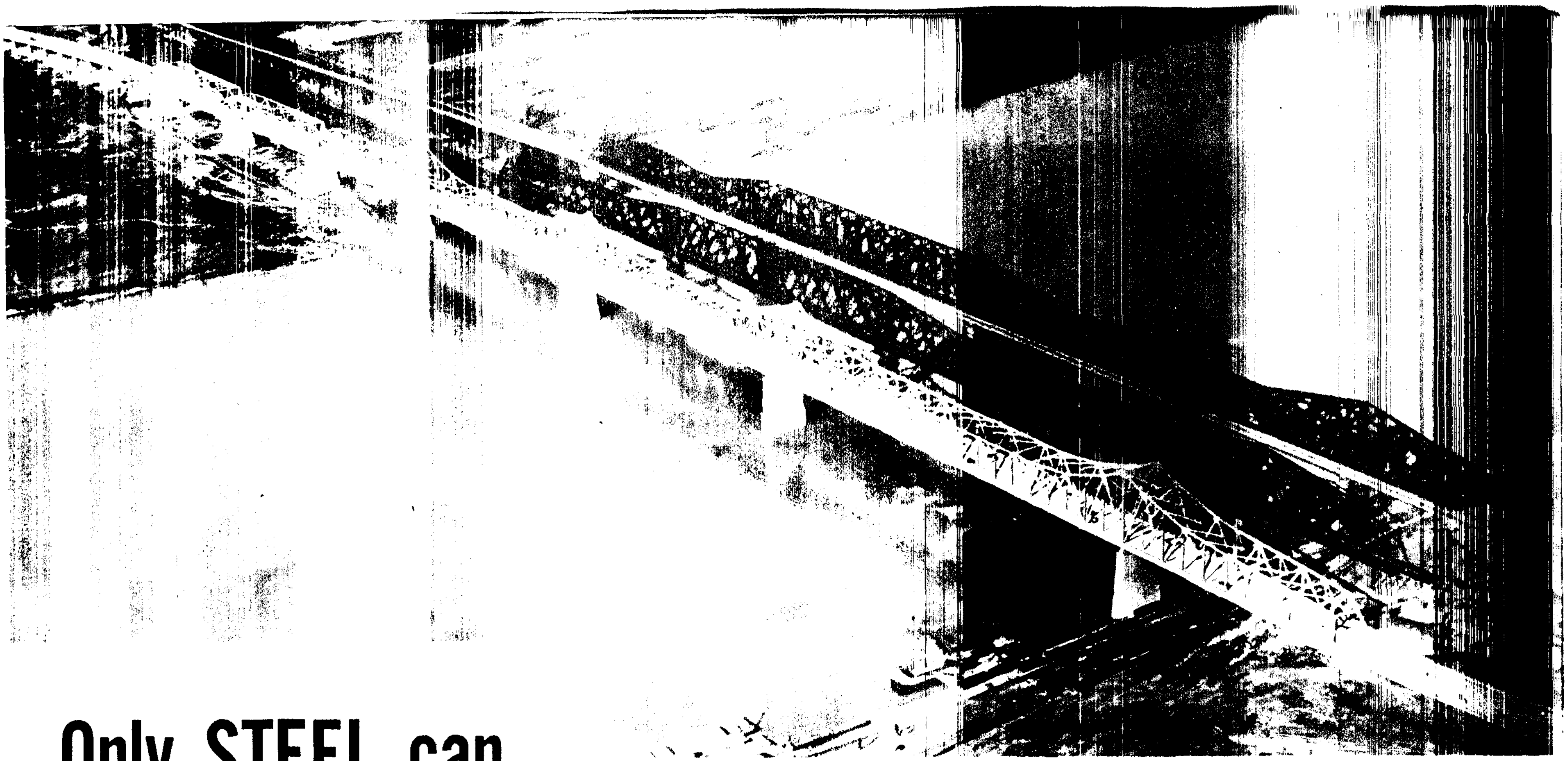
"Food preparation area," she said. "Won't you come into the living space?" I followed her for a few steps, at which point she sat down in an easy chair and signaled me to do likewise. I drew out a cigarette, offered her one, and then fumbled unsuccessfully in my pocket for matches. "Never mind," she said. "There are some in the den."

She arose, took six steps in a northwesterly direction, and secured them from a low table. As we smoked, and she gave me her donation, she pointed out several other "rooms." There were, if I recall correctly, a music room (midget piano), a social room (divan), and a library (bookcase). All three of them, I finally came to perceive, were distinctly separated from one another by small scatter rugs.

I did not inquire about the bedrooms although it is possible that I was unconsciously viewing the master one when I gazed at the two settees in one of the far corners of the room. If I am wrong in that assumption (maybe those settees were disguised frozen-food units) there is one thing I can guarantee—if the house boasted more than a single bedroom, these could instantly be converted into one large room (suitable for Ping-pong or doing the laundry) simply by pushing back a sliding partition.

In any event it is an absolute cinch that these bedrooms (or sleeping areas) were on the ground floor. Next to putting permanent interior walls into an up-to-date house, the worst thing an architect can do is to call for—or even consider—stairs. The one-story house seems to be the rule these days—a fact that results in some phenomenally high television masts in low-lying localities.

I'm afraid I sound like a reactionary, but don't get me wrong. The kind of house that is becoming more and more prevalent these days has plenty in its favor in convenience and comfort. In fact, as the lady I visited pointed out the myriad advantages of her domicile, I found myself completely converted. It's the best one-room house I ever saw. Or do I mean 11 rooms? THE END



Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well . . .

NEW MEMPHIS-ARKANSAS BRIDGE. The giant cantilever bridge, nearly a mile long, that now spans the broad Mississippi at Memphis, has two 24-foot roadways of concrete-filled U·S·S I-Beam-Lok Steel Flooring. This type of bridge flooring goes in quickly and easily. It's light in weight, very strong. And it provides a safe, skid-resistant, fireproof, smooth-riding surface. Only steel can do so many jobs so well!

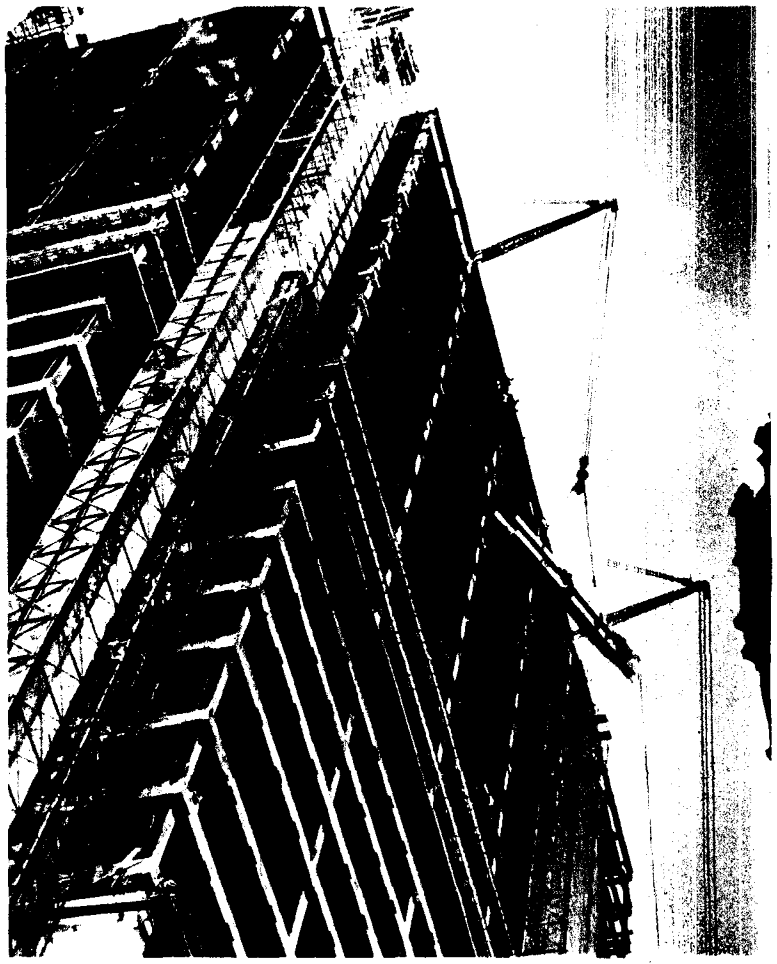
. . . and this label is
your guide to quality steel

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

By the end of 1952, the American steel industry will have an annual capacity of more than 117,500,000 tons of steel—over 3 times the capacity of all the communist nations combined.

55-MILLION-YEAR-OLD JAWBONE. This fossil jawbone, part of one of the smallest mammals in the history of the world—a 2-inch shrew that lived in Wyoming 55,000,000 years ago—is here being examined by a scientist at The American Museum of Natural History which sponsored the fossil-hunting expedition in conjunction with the University of Wyoming. The tiny bone is mounted for study on a fine steel wire. United States Steel makes all kinds and sizes of steel wire, for unusual uses such as this and thousands of other purposes.

105 MM. HOWITZER SPEAKS OUT. Weapons like this, essential to help build America's security, call for steel, steel, steel. It's fortunate that U. S. Steel and other American steel companies can produce huge quantities of this vital metal . . . enough not only for howitzers, but hospitals, for tanks as well as tin cans.



GOING UP! Every sidewalk superintendent gets a thrill out of watching a skyscraper go up, seeing the tough steel skeleton of the building take shape, holding his breath as heavy loads are swayed aloft on spidery cables of steel. United States Steel gets an extra thrill out of this one . . . not just because it produced, fabricated and erected the structural steel, and made the U·S·S TIGER BRAND Wire Rope, but because this building will be U.S. Steel's own new home in Pittsburgh.

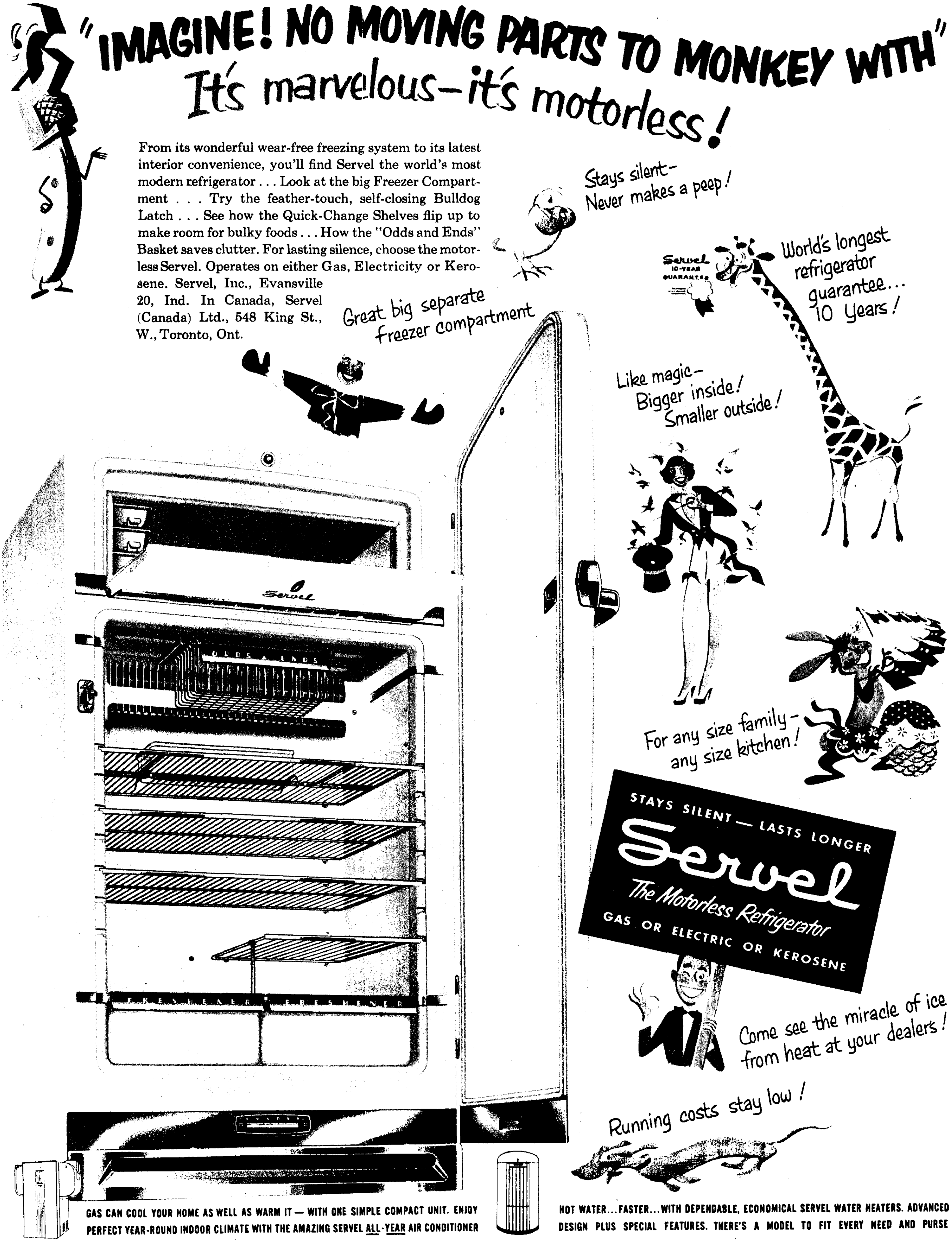
UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL CORPORATION • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY
UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

"IMAGINE! NO MOVING PARTS TO MONKEY WITH"

It's marvelous—it's motorless!



From its wonderful wear-free freezing system to its latest interior convenience, you'll find Servel the world's most modern refrigerator . . . Look at the big Freezer Compartment . . . Try the feather-touch, self-closing Bulldog Latch . . . See how the Quick-Change Shelves flip up to make room for bulky foods . . . How the "Odds and Ends" Basket saves clutter. For lasting silence, choose the motorless Servel. Operates on either Gas, Electricity or Kerosene. Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Ind. In Canada, Servel (Canada) Ltd., 548 King St., W., Toronto, Ont.

Stays silent-
Never makes a peep!
Servel 10-YEAR GUARANTEE
World's longest refrigerator guarantee... 10 Years!
Great big separate freezer compartment
Like magic-
Bigger inside!
Smaller outside!
Servel
ODDS & ENDS
FRESHENER
FRESHENER
For any size family-
any size kitchen!
STAYS SILENT — LASTS LONGER
Servel
The Motorless Refrigerator
GAS OR ELECTRIC OR KEROSENE
Come see the miracle of ice
from heat at your dealers!
Running costs stay low!

GAS CAN COOL YOUR HOME AS WELL AS WARM IT — WITH ONE SIMPLE COMPACT UNIT. ENJOY PERFECT YEAR-ROUND INDOOR CLIMATE WITH THE AMAZING SERVEL ALL-YEAR AIR CONDITIONER

HOT WATER...FASTER...WITH DEPENDABLE, ECONOMICAL SERVEL WATER HEATERS. ADVANCED DESIGN PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES. THERE'S A MODEL TO FIT EVERY NEED AND PURSE

The Love Man

Twenty years ago, when Thornton Sayre was a romantic movie hero, you might have fallen in love with him. Now you will find him older, and wiser—and quite a bit more foolish

By JOHN D. WEAVER

I

ALL through breakfast Carol Sayre waited for her father to explain the long-distance phone call, which she felt sure was connected with those mysterious letters he had been getting from New York all week. She sat at the opposite end of the table from him, the polished cherry expanse suggesting the thirty-year span which separated her untidy world of dungarees and lemon Cokes from Thornton Sayre's arch-preserver shoes and digestive pills.

"New York, wasn't it?" Carol finally said, and the Old Boy went on nibbling his Melba toast, apparently not hearing. "Wasn't it New York calling?"

"Yes."

"Business?"

"No." He adjusted his tortoise-shell glasses, then dropped a tiny saccharin pill into his coffee. He was a man of precise movements, seeming to attach importance to even the most trivial gesture, a trait which had become instinctive with him in the almost unremembered years when he had been a professional actor.

"Stella get home?" Carol asked, drawing the tines of her fork across the tablecloth, making lines which always suggested railroad tracks. The Old Boy nodded, and she said, "She have a good time?"

"Yes, I think so. Do you have any idea where my suitcase is? The good one?"

"I lent it to Dick last summer."

"Would you mind getting it back?"

Carol leaned forward, her dark eyes widening. "You wouldn't go to New York without me?"

"Why did you lend him the *good* one?"

"He can't travel around with the ball club looking like a hobo." She smiled across the table. "I've never been to New York."

"A great many people lead long, useful lives without ever visiting New York."

"But I've never been *anywhere.*"

"You've been to Kansas City."

"When I was a child."

"You're still a child, and now will you please go get my suitcase?"

Carol, with a pouting frown, pushed away from the table. Never in her life, which seemed much longer to her than to old people her father's age, had she felt so keenly the suffocating narrowness of Rockport's corporate limits. She stalked out to the kitchen, where Lavinia was eating her breakfast. Lavinia had come to work at the Sayre house two months before Carol's mother died in childbirth.

"He doesn't want me to have any fun," Carol said, leaning back against the kitchen sink, rubbing the woolly itch of the new plaid shirt which spilled down over her blue dungarees. "He just wants to keep me locked up until I'm an old hag."

Lavinia looked up from her fried eggs, smiling. "You'll get your chance, honey. Later on."

"You know what I think, Vinny?"

Lavinia shrugged. It was too early in the day to fret herself with the child's wild notions, particularly when her feet hurt, and it wasn't even nine o'clock yet. No telling what her feet would be like by dinnertime.

"I think I was a love child and Mother just married him to give me a name."

"Honey, you wanta do me sumpn nice? Fetch me 'at coffeepot."

ACROSS the street, Mrs. Stella Baker was watering her potted plants, going about her regular Saturday-morning routine as though she had never been away from home and had no concern other than her ivy and philodendron, the leaves of which seemed to have curled and darkened a bit during her absence. She was a small woman, well made, with dark-brown hair and brown eyes of great liveliness and warmth. After three weeks in Tulsa she was struck by the curiously detached feeling of home-coming, the sense of being at once an intimate and an alien here in this old gabled house to which she had come as a bride and lived so long as a widow.

Through the front window she caught a glimpse of Carol in plaid and blue, trotting across the street, the long-legged, boyish image of Kay Sheldon as Peter Pan in a forgotten film. Stella, a week after Kay's funeral, had gone to the hospital to bring Carol home to the nursery she and Lavinia had fitted out in the room farthest from Thornton's.

Carol had been a plump, good-natured baby, with thin black hair which even then had had something of a curl. Stella, childless herself, had taken charge of Carol, nursing her through the bewildered pain of the first tooth, and, in time, the first serious crush.

She had seen the child through mumps and teeth-straightening, pneumonia, plane geometry, and the early stages of adolescence, helping pick her clothes and holding her hand through a dozen pain-filled romances with pimply lovers from the Rockport Military Academy.

"It's the least I can do for the poor little thing," she said at first, but in time there was no need to explain. It was one of the accepted situations in town, and when, after her husband's death, Stella began to extend her aid to Thornton's wifeless household, it was considered natural and inevitable. Stella began by supervising Lavinia's summer preserving and ended by ordering the winter fuel oil, running the kitchen budget, and even making regular dental appointments for both Thornton and Carol.

Everyone in Rockport thought and spoke of them as "Thornton and Stella," and they were always invited together to dinner and to parties. All year it was "Thornton and Stella," but at Christmas one card went to Mr. Thornton Sayre at 306 Sycamore Drive, and another to Mrs. Stella Baker at 303 Sycamore Drive.

"Thornton's never gotten over Kay's death," people said in explaining why the couple had never married, and even newcomers in Rockport felt they understood, although they had known Kay only as a lovely shadow on long-ago picture screens.

Stella was considerably less patient with Thornton than appeared to outsiders who didn't know and probably wouldn't believe that for the last year Stella, not Thornton, had delayed their marriage. Although she had been slow in realizing the almost impossible situation she had created for herself, Stella was determined to come to him as a wife, not a housekeeper. She had made him dependent on her for a well-managed house, had even pampered his incipient hypochondria with pills and diets, until he had come to take her for granted. She was like a neglected wife, with one disturbing difference: she wasn't his wife.

She had tried to back away from her dilemma, but with no success. If she had had any gift for compromise, she would have settled for an arrangement of established pleasantness and security. Every Saturday night she had dinner with him, and, sitting across the table from him, with Carol between them, she had the feeling of being part of a family, and later Thornton would walk across the street with her, unlock the door, and kiss her good night. It was always the kiss of a well-fed and somewhat drowsy husband—that is, until last night when Stella had come back from visiting a Tulsa cousin she detested.

Thornton had met her train and driven her home, and it seemed at first as though nothing had been changed by her absence. He talked about small, domestic matters. Carol had decided she was going to be an air-line hostess. Lavinia had been off sick two days and they'd had to eat at the hotel. Carol had tried to make a soufflé one night. Thornton had closed the Balderson deal.

"Did you have a good time?" he asked, a little late.

"Oh, wonderful."

"That's good. We missed you."

"Yes, a perfectly wonderful time."

He carried her luggage into the house, and she asked if he'd like some scrambled eggs, and he said no, it always upset him to eat just before going to bed. "I'm glad you had such a good time," he said, and she said, "There's so much to see in Tulsa." She had, of course, seen almost nothing of Tulsa, or cared to see it. She had gone away with the hope that distance might improve her perspective on the pattern into which her life had fallen.

She had come back to find everything just as she'd left it, and it had been almost with resignation that she'd lifted her cheek to be kissed, but Thornton hadn't kissed her cheek, he'd kissed her mouth, kissed her hair, and it suddenly wasn't the loyal housekeeper back from her vacation. It was quite different and quite wonderful.

"Stell," he said, "I never knew how much— I kept looking over here, and the place seemed so empty. Everything did."

"Oh, darling, I missed you too," she said, and in that first moment of this new tenderness, all her doubts and misgivings had almost been swept aside.

"It should be very simple, don't you think?" she heard him saying.

"What, dear?"

"The wedding. Just Carol, Jeff and Susan, a few friends."

He seemed to be taking her readiness for granted, as the town had done long ago, and Stella was conscious of the old nettlesome fears creeping back, pulling her away from him. She was afraid of becoming only a housekeeper for a man who seemed deliberately to be making himself older than he was, as though his youth were something he was eager to bury beneath digestive pills and absurd diets. She had no intention of moving across the street simply to save him the bother of seeing her home every Saturday night. She wanted the feeling of his carrying her across Sycamore Drive, like a lover, in triumph.

CAROL called from the hall, "Stella?" She had walked in, as usual, without knocking, because this was the same as home.

"In here, darling."

Carol sauntered into the living room. "You have a good time?"

"Marvelous."

"Really?"

"No, not really. I was miserable."

Carol smiled, inordinately pleased with herself and with Stella. "Did it work?"

"What do you mean?"

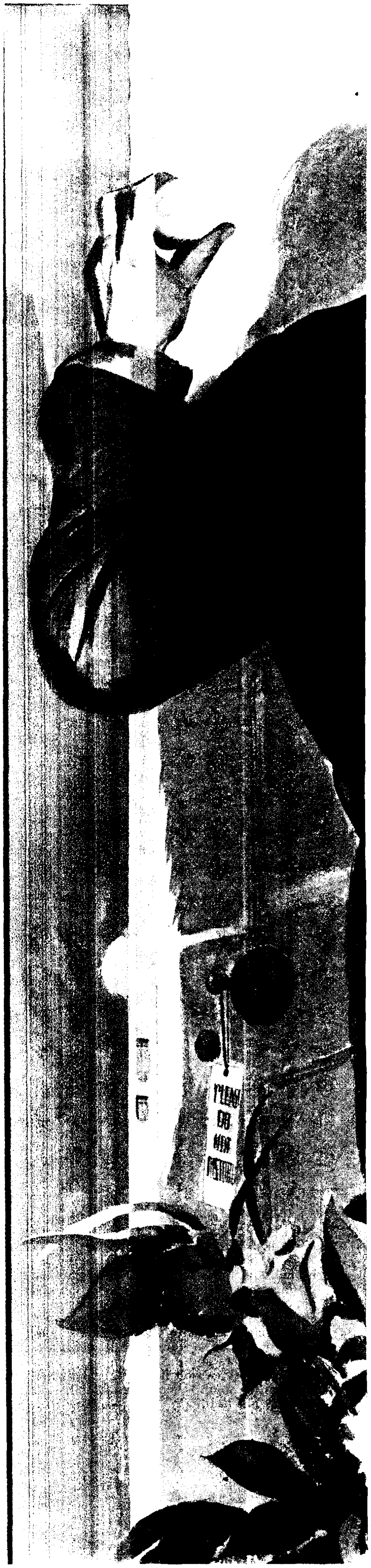
"Did it bring the Old Boy around?"

"I certainly had no intention of— Well, it didn't quite work, but it helped."

"Then why's he going to New York?"

Stella frowned. "New York? When?"

"Tonight." Carol wandered restlessly around the room without apparent purpose. She brushed her hand against small things *(Continued on page 82)*



Thornton peered at them through sleep-fogged eyes. His face seemed aged, and his eyes had the frantic look of the hunted. "Can't *anybody* leave me alone?"

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

From the record it's clear that Kluszewski is the key player in Cincinnati's 1951 campaign. If he has a great year, there's no saying how high in the standings Manager Luke Sewell (l.) might pilot the club. "Kloo" hit .307 last year, belted 25 home runs

Ted's attractive wife, Eleanor, comes to the rescue whenever he falls into a batting slump. She takes her own motion pictures of Ted swinging at the plate, then they sit down together to study film and diagnose his mistakes. She was once a softball pitcher

Baseball Hercules

By TOM MEANY

Who's the strongest man in the game? Kloo, that's who. But the low batting averages of Cincinnati's clouting Ted Kluszewski never matched the big power of his swing, until his wife solved the mystery

LEO DUROCHER was holding court in the Giant dugout, watching the Dodgers take infield practice early this season. He was talking about the physical powers of Gil Hodges, the Brooklyn first baseman. Vigorously pounding the concrete roof of the dugout with his palms, Leo said, "That's just how hard Hodges is. His muscles don't ripple—they breathe. He's the strongest human in the whole world!"

"Yeah?" questioned a writer. "What about Ted Kluszewski?"

"Kluszewski?" repeated the Lip. "Well, that's different. Kluszewski ain't human."

It was, at best, a dubious compliment. But it was sincerely intended, for the Giant manager was one of the first to climb aboard the Kluszewski band wagon; he regards the Cincinnati first baseman as one of the most dangerous batters in baseball and as the most improved player in the National League.

There must have been times in Ted's early days with the Reds when his bosses had doubts as to whether he was human, for he was perhaps the poorest excuse for a defensive first baseman the major leagues had seen since Dutch Schliebner, playing for Brooklyn, made three errors in an opening game in 1923. Dutch didn't get the chance to make many more.

Kluszewski isn't making many more, either. Luke Sewell, his manager, now gazes upon big Ted with a doting eye. He has a right to be proud. Sewell has done many amazing things in baseball—including piloting the St. Louis Browns to that club's only pennant in American League history—but the sow's-ear-silk-purse metamorphosis he worked with Kluszewski must rank among his more remarkable achievements.

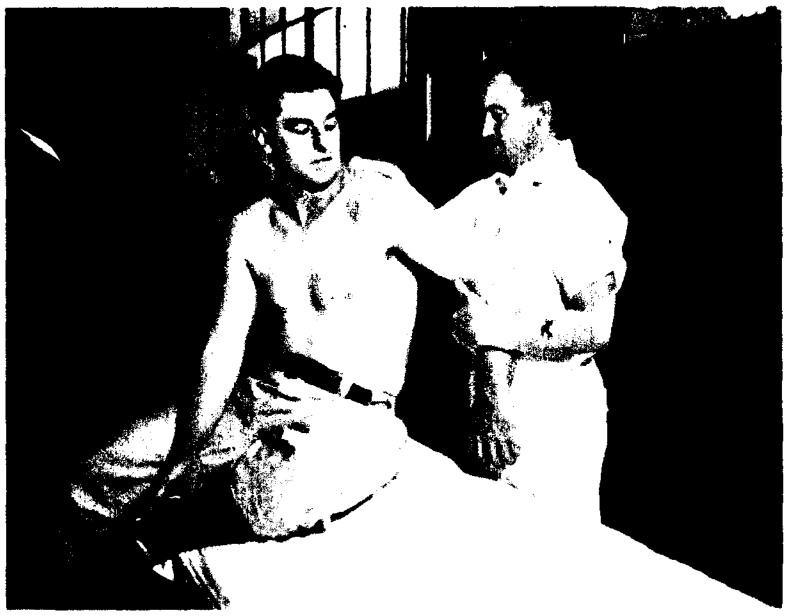
It might be said truthfully that Sewell wrought this improvement by taking a stick to Ted, although actually it was coach Tony Cuccinello who wielded the stick. Luke had Cuccinello bat grounders to the first baseman by the hour in morning workouts, until Ted's tongue was lolling on his belt buckle. Eventually, Kluszewski got both the idea and the grounders.

"Kluszewski has had to learn the hard way," declared Sewell, "right here in the big leagues. If he continues to play as he did for the last two thirds of 1950, he'll be the best first baseman in the league. His fielding, from being raw and crude—even horrible—has reached the point now where it is not only adequate but actually good.

"Ted reminds me a great deal of Lou Gehrig, not only because of his power but because of his perseverance. Lou had to learn his trade one step at a time, too. It's been even more difficult for Kluszewski, because he's easygoing and really had to drive himself to work. We had to sell him on the fact that his fielding wasn't hopeless. But one thing about Ted—when he learns something, it sticks."

That Kluszewski today is an accepted major-leaguer and a probable candidate for the All-Star game in July can be considered nothing less than a minor miracle by anybody who watched him a year ago. It was only last June that Ted began to move—and it is indicative of his value that the Reds moved with him.

At the end of the first week of last June, Kluszewski was batting a puny .267, with a half-dozen home runs and 24 runs-batted-in. Within three weeks, during which he batted at a .400 clip, he had hit seven more homers and driven across 26 more runs, advancing his average to .307 (the mark, incidentally, with which he finished the year). In all, Kluszewski belted 25 home runs during the season, and knocked in 111 runs, a remarkable feat considering that the Reds rarely had anybody on base for Ted to knock across. It was the highest RBI total for any Cincinnati player since Frank McCormick's bat brought the Reds a World Championship in 1940.



For years, "football shoulders" hampered Kluszewski's swing. Cured now, Ted keeps loose, aided by trainer Wayne Anderson

Cincinnati had been a cozy last when Ted made his move in June. The Reds eventually inched their way up to sixth—but more significant is the fact that, once Kluszewski started hitting, Cincinnati virtually broke even for the rest of the season, winning 51 of its last 104 games, after winning only 15 of the first 49.

Kluszewski became a professional ballplayer with a minimum of experience. In two seasons with the high-school team of his native Argo, Illinois, he played a total of about 24 games. At that time, he was more interested in softball than in hardball, and pitched in a league which used the 16-inch softball, instead of the more popular 12-inch size. Matt McBride, Ted's coach at Argo High, was convinced the boy had the makings of a baseball player, but Kluszewski had greater enthusiasm for football.

In a roundabout way, it was football that brought Ted into baseball. One of a family of six, Ted spent the first two years after his graduation from high school working in a factory and trying to raise enough money to marry Eleanor Guckel, his school sweetheart. He played practically no baseball. "After a hard day at the factory, it would have been no fun to catch a local into Chicago to play twilight ball," he said. "And I didn't like the game enough to play it on my free time, week ends."

What he did play was a species of sand-lot football which is called "prairie football" in and around Chicago. While engaged in this sport one day, he attracted the attention of a semipro official whom Kluszewski remembers only as "Mr. Stringer." It was Stringer who obtained a football scholarship for Ted at Indiana University.

College baseball is almost an informal sport, and although Kluszewski played on the team (under coach Pooch Harrell, now Indiana's athletic director), and even dabbled in basketball, he devoted himself largely to his first love, football, under Bo McMillin.

Kluszewski was an end, and a good one. In 1945, his sophomore year, he was named to the All-Conference team and received All-America mention. That year he caught a pass from Ben Raimondi which gave the Hoosiers their winning margin over Michigan in the game that clinched the Big Nine title. Ted's partner at end was Bob Ravensberg, and in the backfield was Pete Pihos, who has been something of a wow as an end for the Philadelphia Eagles the last few years.

Ted had one extraordinary experience. Playing against Illinois at Champaign, he scored three successive times only to have two of the touchdowns called back. The first was canceled when an official ruled Kluszewski had stepped over the end-zone boundary before taking Raimondi's pass.

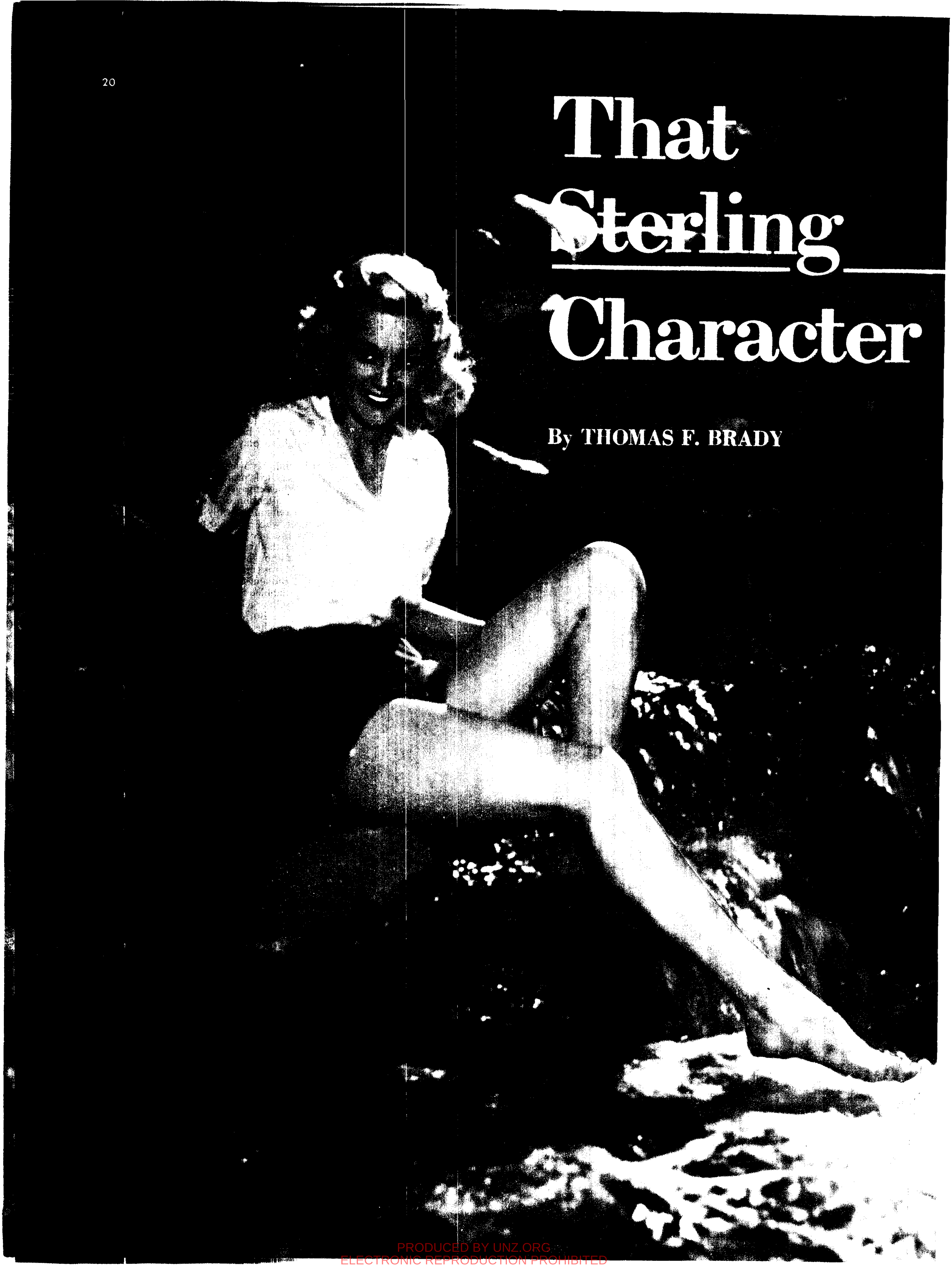
Once again Raimondi passed to Ted for a score, but this was called back because just before the ball was put into play a Dalmatian dog had wandered into the Indiana backfield. There was nothing left but to try again. Once more Brooklyn Ben shot the leather to Ted. This time, neither infractions nor Dalmatians stopped the score. It was the only one of the game.

During the war years, Judge K. M. Landis, the baseball commissioner, restricted the area in which the clubs might train in an effort to co-operate with the Office of Defense Transportation. With the exception of the St. Louis teams, which were located west of the Mississippi, the boundaries set for spring training were east of the Ohio River and north of the Potomac, a phrase that sounded like something out of a treaty during the French and Indian War.

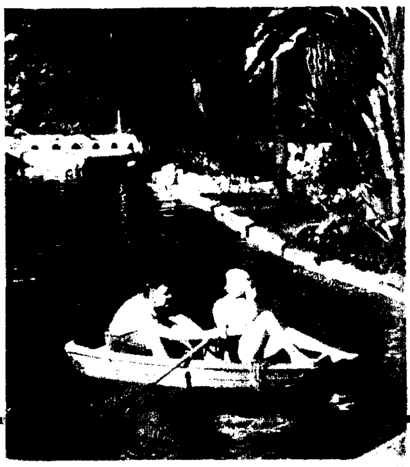
Cincinnati chose Bloomington as its training base and worked out on the Hoosier campus. Kluszewski, who had been classified 4F because of a childhood pelvic operation, helped Cincinnati groundskeeper Lenny Schwab get the field in shape for the Reds. After the major-leaguers worked out, the collegians would take over the field and Schwab noted that an (Continued on page 64)

That Sterling Character

By THOMAS F. BRADY



For a girl who started in the Social Register, Jan Sterling has carved a strange career in Hollywood. She played wicked women so successfully in films that it took her three years to get a sympathetic role


JOHN FLOREA

Jan and husband Paul Douglas go boating in their 360-foot pool

WHEN actor Paul Douglas saw a motion picture called Ace in the Hole in a Paramount projection room not long ago, he turned to his wife, Jan Sterling, the leading woman in the film, and said admiringly: "You may call me Mr. Sterling for the rest of the evening."

The characterization Jan had just finished on the screen was that of a wife with imagination so self-bound that while her husband lay trapped and dying in a cave-in she could not even share the avid tension of a mass of curiosity seekers. She could think only of running out—with the profits on hot dogs sold to the crowd and with a newspaper reporter who had, in effect, manufactured the disaster.

"Now," said Douglas with a wry sort of proprietorial pride, "my old friends will see the kind of girl I've married." And then, contemplating the 15-year difference in their ages, he added thoughtfully: "After that performance I begin to see you as an annuity."

Ace in the Hole will undoubtedly mark a high point in Jan Sterling's career. The picture is as cruel and polished an exposition of the vulgar human emotions and the cynical exploitation of them as the screen has seen. Ace is likely, therefore, to create extreme critical excitement when it is released this July, and Jan's work will not escape attention. Her achievement is not so much that she displays a consummate shallowness on the screen, but that you, the audience, can understand and even sympathize with a girl who has always wanted so much for tinseled excitement that her mind has grown hard and dull.

Jan Sterling says she decided to marry Paul Douglas, after a rather unpromising courtship, because she liked him in a film called Everybody Does It. But if Douglas married Jan on the basis of her screen characterizations, he is either a masochist or a man with a peculiar flaw in his judgment. As a matter of fact, he is neither; he married her, he says, because he found he could talk to her or listen to her or be quiet with her, not only without discomfort but with positive gratification. After a year of matrimony, he still admires her as much as ever. But there must be moments when he wonders where she learned to be the woman she depicts on the screen—a woman who, thus far, has never been admirable.

In the seven films she made before Ace, Jan appeared twice as a gangster's moll, once as a promiscuous tramp who got murdered, once as a female convict called Smoochie, once as a mean and selfish village belle, once as a secretary hopeful of breaking up her boss's marriage and once as a married woman prowling after men other than her husband.

The Domestic Side of the Picture

The contrast between her personal life, which is pleasant and quiet, and the existence she portrays on the screen is just one of several paradoxes apparent to her friends.

The Douglases live quietly in a great, bizarre house in Bel-Air, a suburb of Los Angeles. The house, erected by a local tycoon in the twenties, is a vast, pink place with a vague resemblance to a French château, and is a source of great amusement to its present occupants, for whom it is much too big. It has giant bedroom suites, servants' quarters for a platoon, a breakfast nook the size of a normal dining room, a dining room the size of a mess hall, a balconied drawing room, and—obviously the original owner's jewel—a ballroom with an orchestra stage, fitted out with colored footlights.

The establishment has been through several changes of hands; at present it is owned by actress Marion Davies. The Douglases have it at a relatively low rent because they got in at the tail end of a complicated chain of leases and subleases. They pay $500 a month, which includes upkeep of the grounds.

Those grounds are the special delight of Jan's young friend Maggie, Douglas' six-year-old daughter by his earlier marriage to Virginia Field. A long, fat, 360-foot swimming pool winds through the place; better still, a 100-foot, rock-strewn waterfall, with a tremendous underground pump house to send the water back up after it roars down, was provided by the tycoon, apparently for Maggie's special edification. Finally, down at the bottom of the hill, there is a string of quiet pools filled with fish for her to look at.

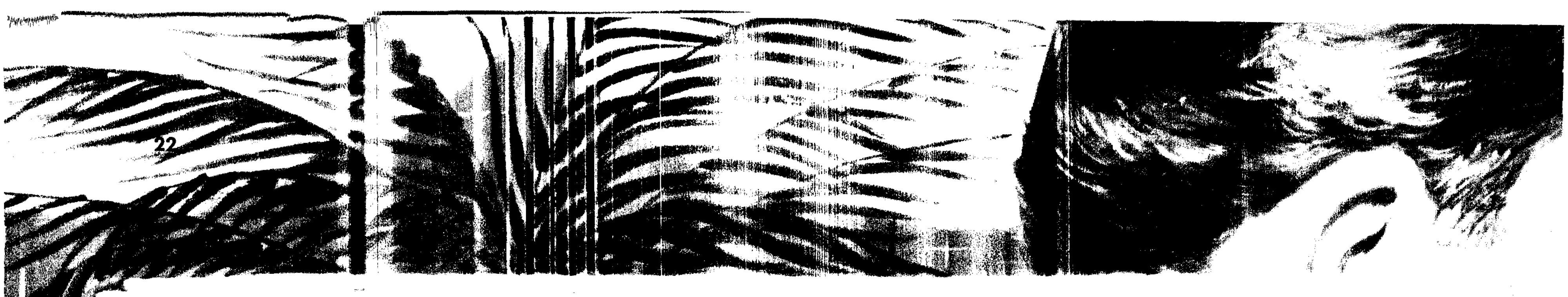
The whole layout represents the Hollywood fable at its hugest, and the possibility exists that Jan, who laughs at the monstrous establishment when she thinks about it, enjoys it more than Maggie does.

Maggie spends one month out of every four with the Douglases, and the other three with her mother. She sums up her opinion of Jan with the words, "She's nice"; further questioning indicates that her admiration is *(Continued on page 78)*

After playing selfish village belle in Johnny Belinda, Jan was cast as gangster's moll in Appointment with Danger, above. Others shown are Alan Ladd, left, and Paul Stewart

Jan finally plays a "good" girl in her latest film, Rhubarb, with Ray Milland

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA



NO TABLE for the Lady Plumber

You can get very tired of being suave. I had—and Cromwell knew it and disliked me for it. But I was good at my job and he'd never fire me

By JOE McCARTHY

THE Monaghans asked us over Saturday night to meet their week-end guests, a couple from New York named Fenton who were supposed to be a lot of fun. "You kids will love them," Evelyn Monaghan said. "They're a riot." No doubt the Fentons have a large personal following, but halfway through the first drink I decided that I'd rather listen to Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca.

Mrs. Fenton was doing the talking. She was letting us rubes on Long Island know how much time she spent in the smart Manhattan night spots.

"Ted and I were at the Côte d'Azur on Thursday," she announced. "Larry Cromwell sat at our table for a while. You've probably read in the columns about Larry Cromwell. He owns the Côte d'Azur. It's almost impossible to get in there unless they know you. I guess it's just about the most exclusive place in town, isn't it, Ted?"

Ted said it was, just about.

I felt like pointing out that 21, the Colony and the Stork Club had not yet resorted to barkers on their sidewalks to entice customers.

Ted mentioned the name of a well-known movie actor and said, "I understand he was turned away from the Côte d'Azur last year. That will give you some idea."

Ted had it wrong. The movie actor was not turned away last year. He was turned away in 1939. And Ted had left out the best part of it. Cromwell fired the doorman for two weeks and sent the movie actor apologies and gifts and begged him to come back. When the movie actor came back a week later, whoever was on the door didn't recognize him either and he was barred a second time.

"We were with Bill Westcott, a man who handles Ted's advertising," Mrs. Fenton said. "Bill is one of Larry Cromwell's best friends."

I knew Bill Westcott's type. I would give ten to one that Cromwell wouldn't know Bill Westcott if he fell over him. Before the Fentons arrived that night at the Côte d'Azur, Westcott grabbed Cromwell by the lapels and explained that he wanted to make an impression on a customer. He arranged with Cromwell to be greeted by his first name.

"Have you, Mr. Delessio?" Mrs. Fenton was saying to me. I had not been listening.

"Have I what, Mrs. Fenton?" I said.

"Please, folks," Evelyn Monaghan said. "A little less formality. In this house, you are Lillian and Ted and Maggie and Andy. After all, you're already becoming old friends."

Evelyn meant well.

"I was asking you if you've ever been to the Côte d'Azur," Mrs. Fenton—Lillian—said to me.

"Oh," I said. "No. Not recently."

"Now you stop it, Andy," Evelyn Monaghan said. "Lillian, I'm afraid Andy's being coy. Or he's trying to rib you. He's not only been at the Côte d'Azur, he worked there for ten years. He was Larry Cromwell's right-hand man."

"Really?" Mrs. Fenton said. "My, what a simply fascinating job that must have been. Why did you ever leave it?"

"Maggie made me a better offer," I said. "She said if I married her, she'd give me a job out here in her plumbing business."

It took Mrs. Fenton a moment to digest that one.

"You actually mean you left the Côte d'Azur to go into the plumbing business?" she said.

"Well, the plumbing-supply business. We don't fix leaks. We sell faucets and pipes and things to the plumbers who do fix them."

"But why, how, did you ever bring yourself to make such a change?" Mrs. Fenton said. "Good heavens. It must have been so interesting, so glamorous working with Larry Cromwell. He's such a charming person. After ten years with him, how could you possibly be contented in a small town like this?"

I flashed an SOS at Maggie and said, "It's a long and pretty dull story."

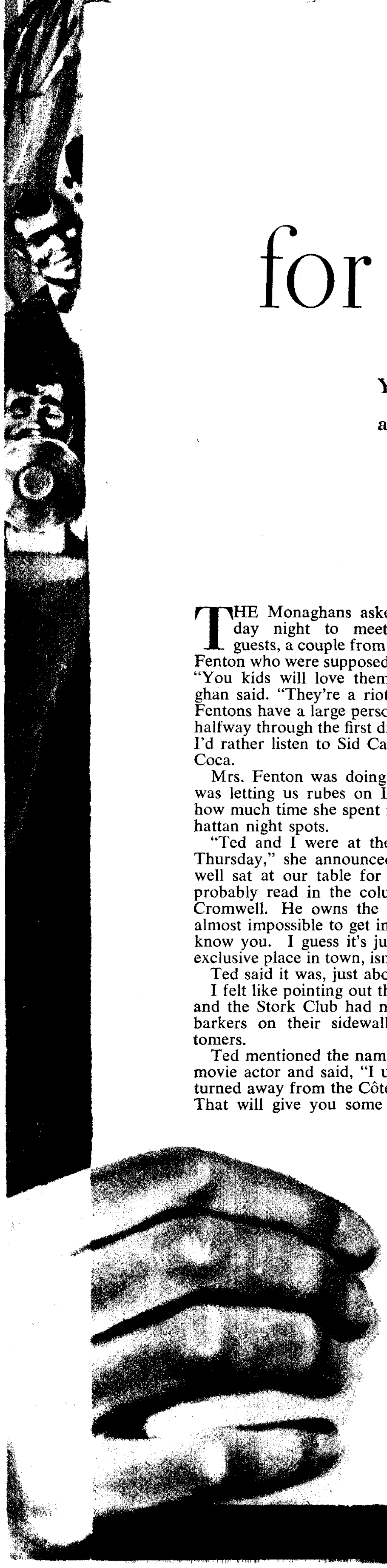
Maggie came to my rescue. "I don't want to interrupt," she said. "But, speaking of plumbers, did you hear the one about the plumber who wanted to buy his wife a mink coat?"

While she was telling it, I slipped out to the kitchen to help Hugh Monaghan fix another round of drinks. When I came back, they were talking about something else and nobody, thank Heaven, mentioned Larry Cromwell or the Côte d'Azur for the rest of the evening.

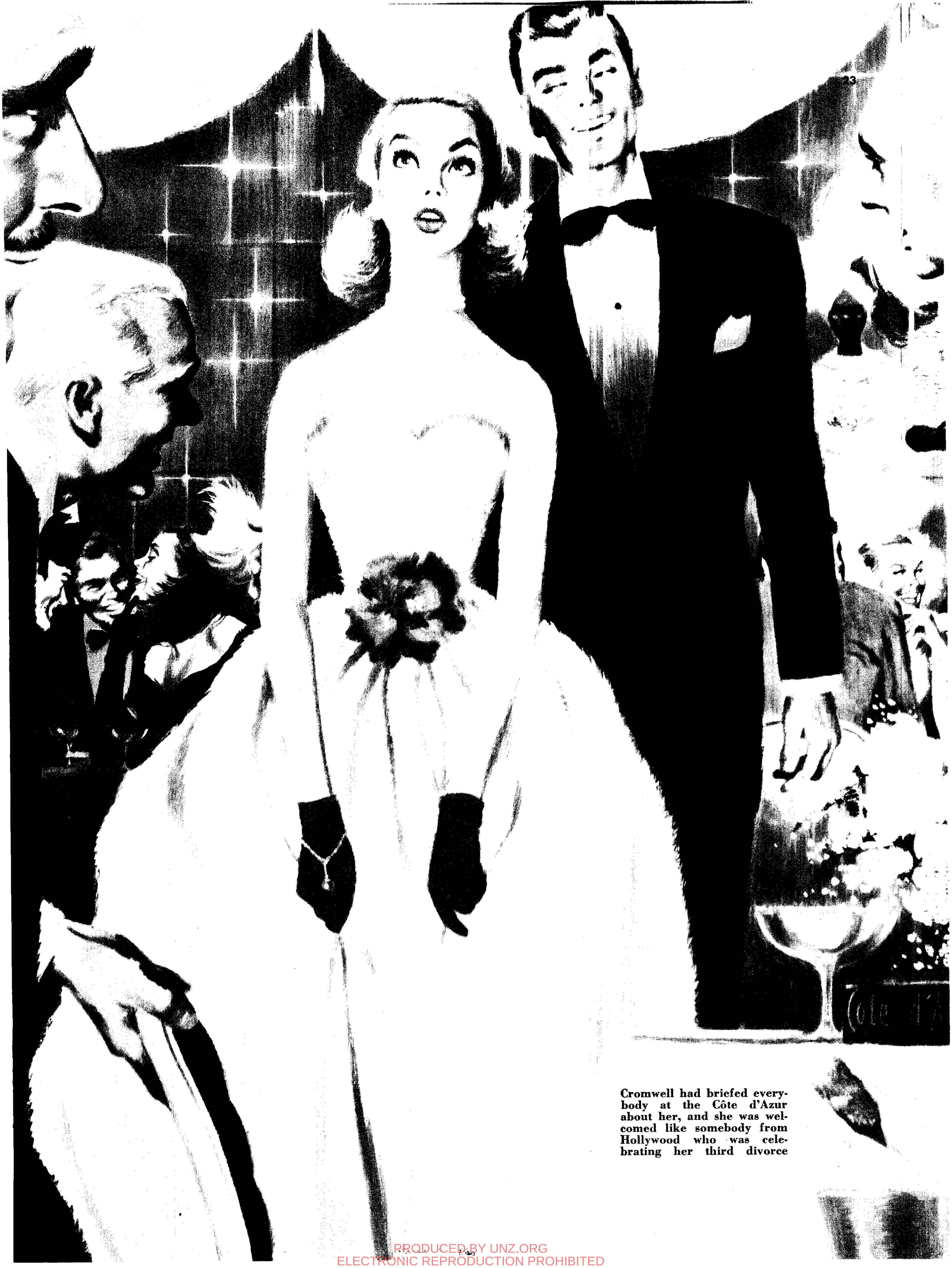
WE BROKE away from the Monaghans and the Fentons around midnight. When I came into the house after putting the car in the garage, Maggie was upstairs getting ready for bed. The cocker spaniel jumped all over me and I let him out the back door. I took a couple of bottles of beer out of the refrigerator and poured them for Maggie and myself and waited in the kitchen for the dog to return from his tour of inspection so I could lock up for the night.

I looked at the clean, comfortable kitchen and listened to Maggie moving around upstairs and I thought how happy I had been in the two years I had lived in this house. I thought about the afternoons lying in the sun with Maggie at

(*Continued on page* 72)



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY



Cromwell had briefed everybody at the Côte d'Azur about her, and she was welcomed like somebody from Hollywood who was celebrating her third divorce

CANCER QUACKS

By BILL FAY

Medical fakers with fantastic "cures" find it conveniently easy to prey on the desperate victims of the dread disease. Here's the low-down on how they squeeze $8,000,000 a year from hapless Americans

An estimated 4,000 cancer quacks are trading in human misery in this country today. At Detroit, Michigan, the Christian Medical Research League grosses approximately $500,000 a year distributing thimble-sized ampoules of Glyoxylide, a so-called cancer remedy which government chemists have testified cannot be distinguished from distilled water. Price: $25 per ampoule, F.O.B., Detroit.

In Chicago, the notorious Dr. George Franklin Smith, who surrendered his Indiana license in 1948 to avoid charges of gross immorality in the practice of medicine, occupies plush downtown offices and has been retailing Glyoxylide at $325 per treatment.

As Dr. Smith's fees would indicate, cancer quackery is big business. A nation-wide survey recently completed by Collier's reveals that get-rich-quick charlatans such as Smith are peddling their worthless salves and secret serums in every state and in virtually every city with a population of 100,000 or above.

According to information furnished by the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research, the total amount of money which these heartless quacks squeezed out of their desperate victims last year was $8,000,000.

Each year, more than 200,000 Americans die as a result of cancer. No one can say with certainty how many of these unfortunate victims are hoodwinked into using quack nostrums.

For example, witnesses in Federal District Court at Dallas, Texas, testified during the course of a civil action for libel and slander in 1949 that Harry M. Hoxsey operated upon the breast of a woman, using a razor blade, and packed the incision with an arsenic compound. According to medical authorities, the use of arsenic on external lesions is both dangerous and outmoded. Hoxsey's patient, treated in his nationally advertised cancer sanatorium at Dallas, died of heavy metals poisoning within 10 days.

Incredible as it may seem, Harry M. Hoxsey is not a doctor. His formal education ended in the eighth grade. He is under permanent injunction in Iowa for unauthorized practice of medicine. He once admitted under oath that he has been arrested "several hundred times, I imagine" for practicing medicine without a license. When he attempted to operate a "cancer clinic" at Taylorville, Illinois, the local obituary columns carried such headlines as "Death-a-Day Week's Record at the Hoxide." His subsequent attempts to establish "clinics" at Wheeling, West Virginia, and Detroit, Michigan, were frustrated by alert medical licensing boards. Yet the income from the cancer sanatorium which Hoxsey is currently operating in Dallas has exceeded $200,000 a year!

No one is absolutely safe from cancer quacks. A list of their dupes would include a wealthy Pennsylvania industrialist, a distinguished United States senator, a prominent Southern clergyman, the mother of a famous male film star and the wife of a trustee of an outstanding Midwestern university.

A clever quack might fool anybody—even *you*.

Perhaps that statement sounds fantastic, but it is tragically true. When suddenly confronted with the fear of cancer, the most intelligent person may become panic-stricken and grasp at medical straws. Here is a typical case which illustrates how even a *scientifically trained* person can be fooled by a clever quack.

In November, 1948, a registered nurse employed by a hospital in a large Southern city discovered a lump in her right breast. Biopsy revealed the tumor was malignant. Diagnosis: cancer.

In February, 1949, the nurse underwent surgery. Her right breast was removed. A month later, she received supporting X-ray therapy.

The surgeon who performed the operation told her bluntly: "I think we got it all out, but we can't be sure in these cancer cases—you know that as well as I do. If you don't have a recurrence within five years, you can consider yourself cured."

Late in March, the nurse went home to convalesce. She was weak, underweight and experiencing severe attacks of nausea. Mentally, she was tortured by the fear that malignant cancer cells—which might have escaped the surgeon's knife—were spreading throughout her body.

On April 9th, she described her condition in a letter to Dr. John E. Hett, a Canadian physician who advertises that cancer can be diagnosed with 95 per cent accuracy by microscopical examination of a drop of blood. In reply, she received from Dr. Hett a small cardboard box containing a glass slide.

Following instructions, the nurse daubed three drops of blood on the slide and returned it to the Hett Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation, 1441 Sandwich Street, E., Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Three weeks later, she was informed that her test was positive (indicating cancer).

In May, the nurse entered the Hett clinic at Windsor for a series of injections with a secret serum which Dr. Hett allegedly discovered in 1931. The brownish liquid, injected directly into the vein, induced a chill followed by a high fever with temperatures ranging from 100 to 103 degrees.

Gradually, the nurse regained weight and strength. Within a year,

(Continued on page 48)

Harry M. Hoxsey (inset) runs this Dallas cancer clinic. He once admitted under oath he has been arrested "several hundred times" for practicing medicine without license

In Pittsburgh, Mrs. Lillian Lazenby and Philip Drosnes sell "cure" containing insects' wings, fungi and mites

POST GAZETTE

SAFEGUARDS AND DANGER SIGNALS

What precautions can *you* take to avoid becoming a victim of cancer quacks? There are four safeguards which, if observed universally, would put them out of business:

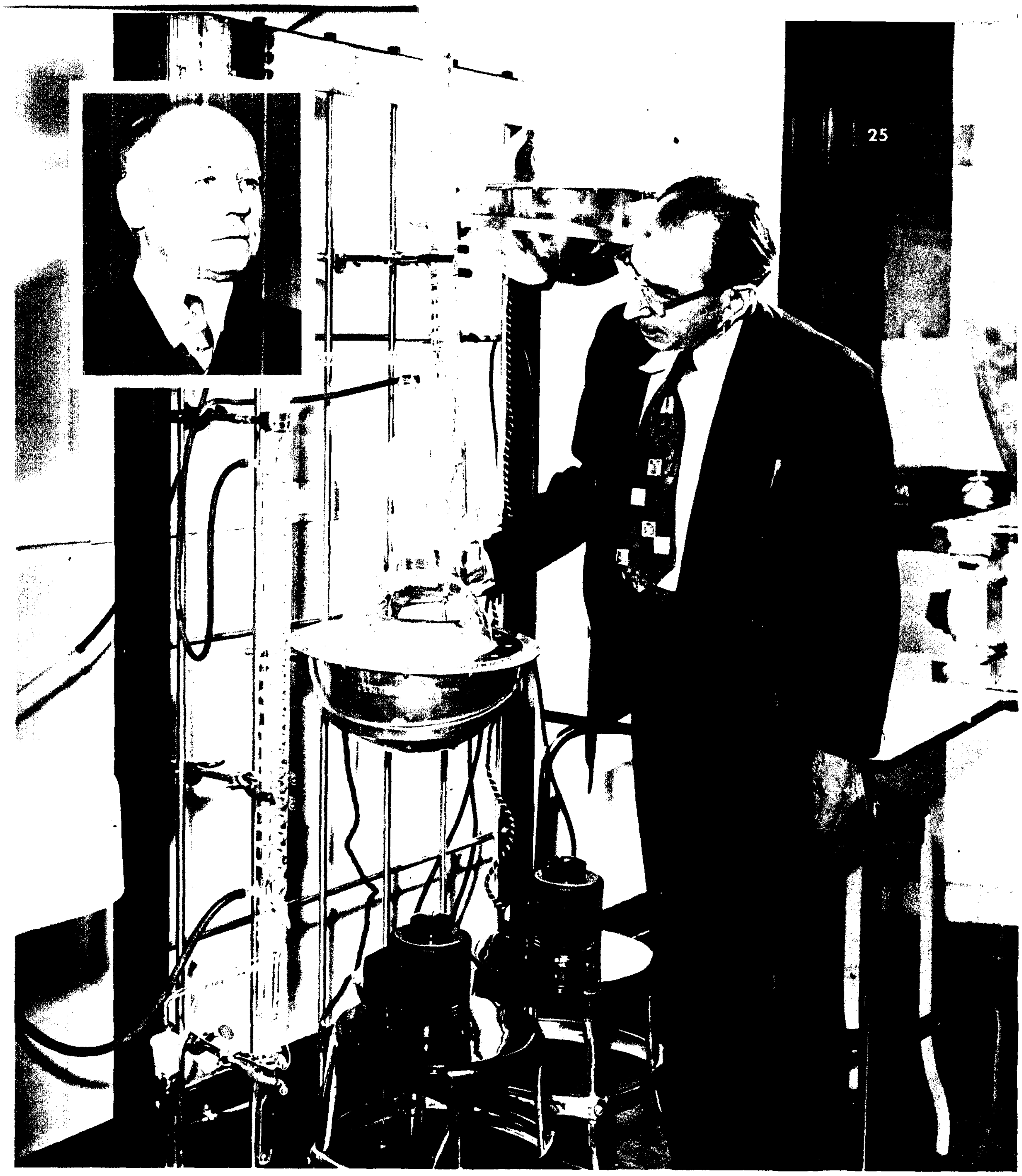
1. Beware of friends or acquaintances who tell you about miraculous cancer cures, no matter how well-meaning these informants may be.
2. Beware of doctors who advertise or use a "secret formula."
3. Beware of doctors who employ only uranalysis, iris diagnosis or microscopic examination of a drop of blood as a test for cancer.
4. Beware of doctors who tell you that you have cancer without confirming their visual diagnosis by accepted laboratory procedures, which include the taking of tissue by surgical means for examination by an expert pathologist. In cases of internal cancer, X-ray or fluoroscopic examination should also be made.

These precautions will defeat the quacks. But what about cancer itself? What signs should a vigilant person watch for to indicate the possibility that he may be suffering from cancer?

The American Cancer Society has compiled a list of seven physical signs which indicate the need of prompt medical diagnosis. These Seven Danger Signals are:

1. Any lump which does not heal.
2. Any painless lump or thickening, especially on breast, tongue or lip.
3. Irregular bleeding or discharge from any body cavity.
4. Change in color or size of wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Change in normal bowel habits.

If one of the Seven Danger Signals flashes, consult your family doctor *immediately*. There is no reason for panic. Remember that most cancer cases can be cured completely when diagnosed and treated promptly. By following your doctor's advice, you can make sure that you will receive correct care, and eliminate any possibility of becoming another tragic victim of the cancer quacks.



GEORGE EMME

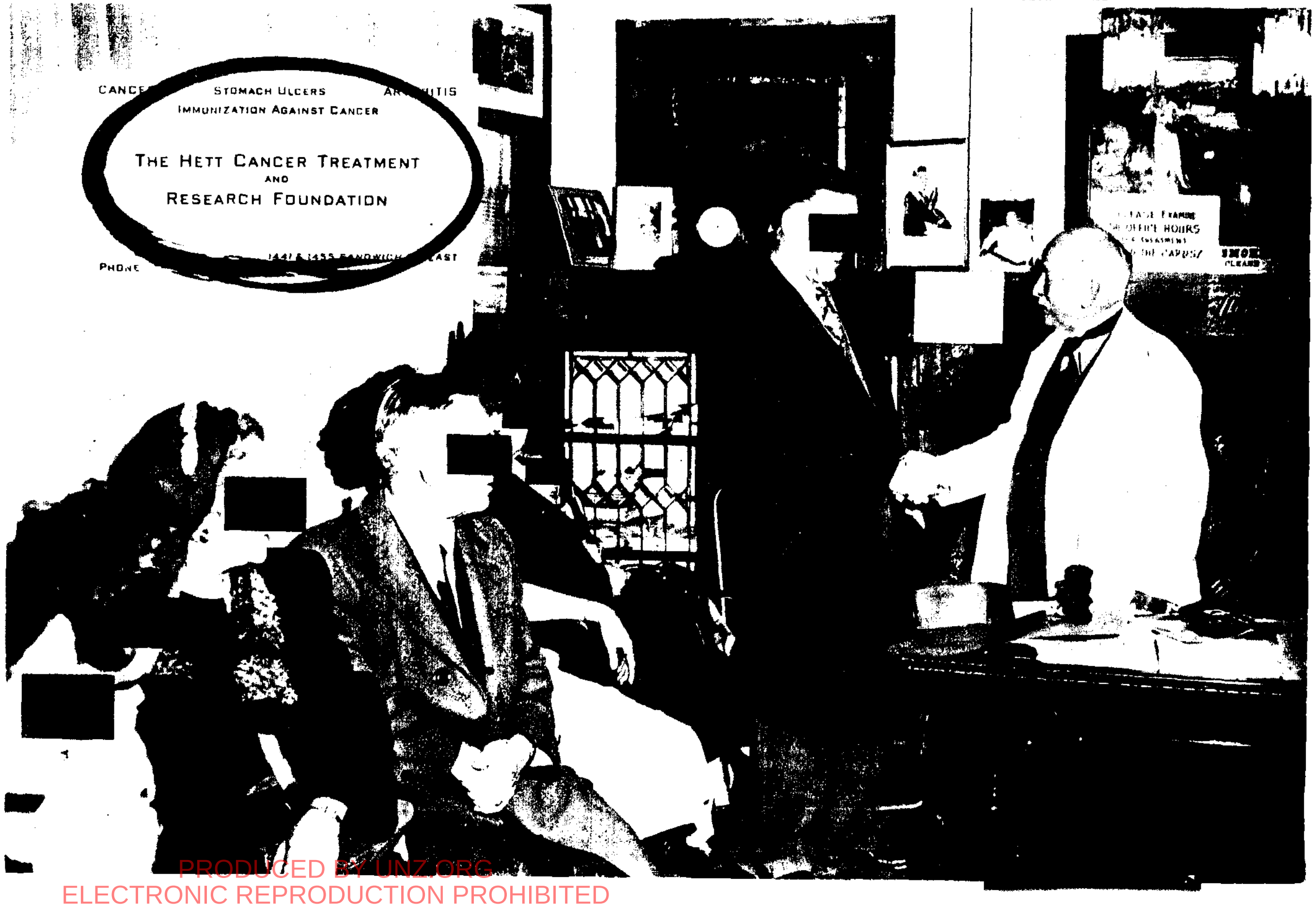
At Detroit offices of Christian Medical Research League, cofounding evangelist Sam Swain displays equipment which makes cancer "treatment" invented by Dr. William F. Koch (inset)

Ruth Drown of Los Angeles devised a machine which, she claims, "tunes in" to effect cure

LOS ANGELES HERALD EXPRESS

Deluded U.S. patients flock to clinic run by Canadian Dr. John E. Hett, located just across border in Windsor, Ontario. Calling card (circled) advertises "immunization against cancer"

GEORGE EMME

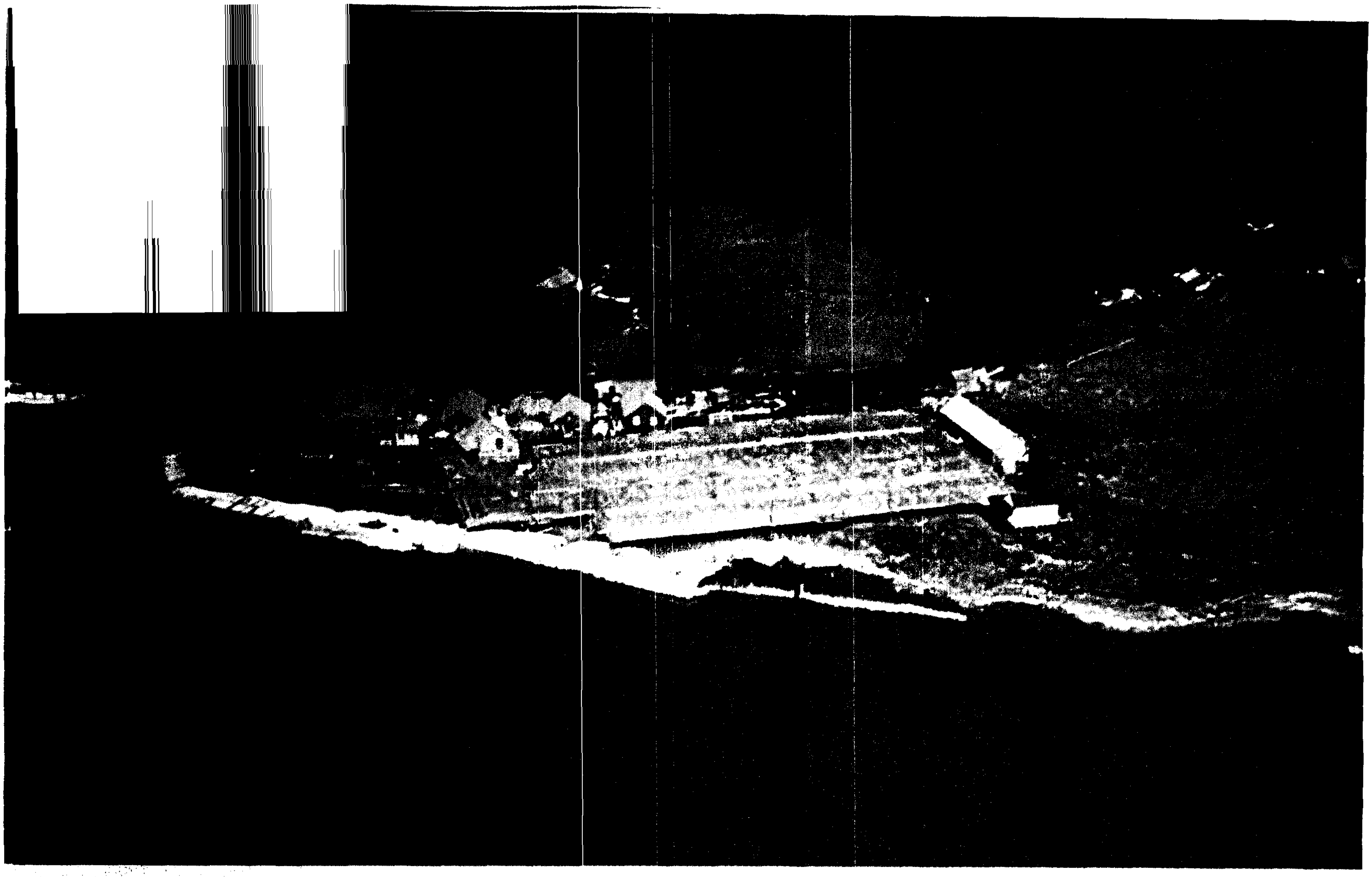


[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]



One of Barataria Bay's four shrimp settlements. In season, platforms are home to 200 men, their origins often unknown, and never questioned

VILLAGE on STILTS

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

In the lush marshlands of Louisiana dwells a colorful band of shrimp fishermen —a many-tongued, roughhewn Foreign Legion of the remote bayou country

THEIR names are Gee Dip, Ping Wing, George Lum and Ah Hee. They live in strange wooden villages built on stilts far out at sea. The voyager in a boat, looking at these queer structures with their Oriental occupants, might think for a moment he was passing some exotic settlement near Shanghai or Hong Kong or Singapore. Actually, he would be in Barataria Bay, that ragged arm of the Gulf of Mexico which reaches up into Louisiana, only a few scant miles from New Orleans. The Chinese would be the owners of the shrimp platforms near Manila Village, in the great marshes at the mouth of the Mississippi.

It is a place of mystery, this region of the marshes, a half-world that is neither land nor water, of giant reeds and green floating islands that dissolve into the sea. Overhead the great man-of-war birds fly in their stately circles, and the porpoise, which the fisherfolk say are really men, dance and play in the sunlight. The fleecy clouds that drift across the sky become camels and graceful sailing ships and all the shapes of fantasy. It is a land like the Sahara, where the horizon seems to enclose only a world of mirages, and all life seems to be moving in a dream.

It is a background appropriate to the shrimp platforms, for even as the traveler comes closer to inspect them in detail the sense of illusion continues, the feeling that these tiny buildings and the figures moving about them are something conjured out of the sleeve of an Oriental magician.

For they are a perfect stage set, with their netted shrimp boats moored alongside, like a trading post in some Pacific archipelago. They are a stage set populated by actors of extraordinary variety, men who come from every quarter of the globe with no questions asked as to their history, a Foreign Legion of the Mississippi. They are one more manifestation of that amazing phenomenon that is America.

The platforms are, in effect, large wooden islands, several acres of buildings and boardwalks, with a store and sheds and numerous tiny dwellings to house the motley inhabitants. Their trade is a considerable part of the vast Louisiana commerce in shrimp, which has totaled half the shrimp commerce of the nation. Yet the whole industry of the platforms has sprung from an oddity of appetite—a peculiarity of the Oriental palate. The Westerner, in eating shrimp, likes them either canned or fresh; the Oriental is not satisfied unless his shrimp are dried.

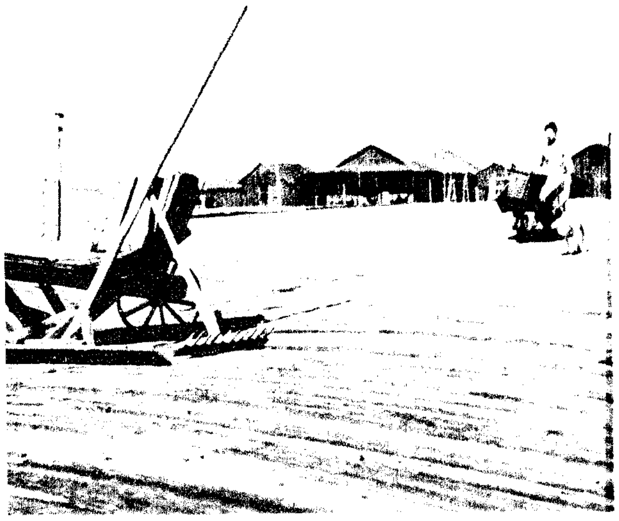
The most prominent feature of these structures, therefore, is the row of drying platforms, long narrow elevations built in waves, like roller coasters. Workers take the shrimp from huge kettles of boiling brine nearby, and place them at the top of the wooden hills so that the water will drain quickly away.

For days the shrimp lie in the burning sun, protected, if it rains, by wide tarpaulins. When the last drop of moisture has vanished, they go off to the shelling machines, revolving drums with long spikes inside, like medieval instruments of torture. Soon the shells are broken away, and crushed into powder. The shrimp are packed into barrels and made ready for a long journey.

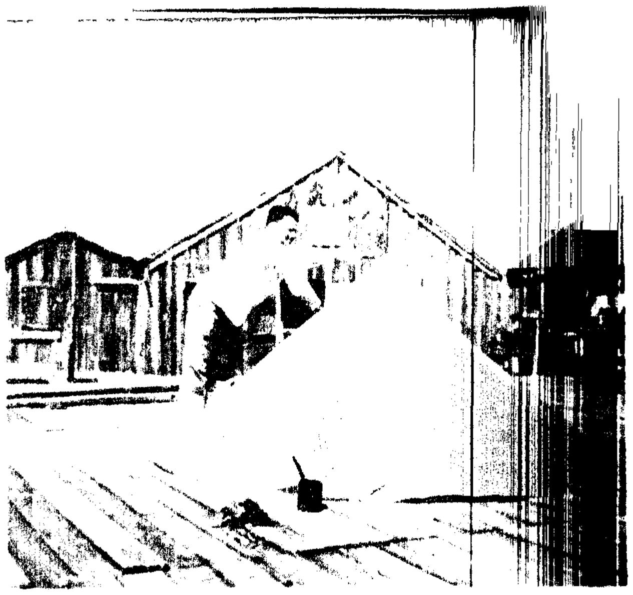
Weeks later, they will appear in a Chinese restaurant in New York or South America or faroff Honolulu. The casual Broadwayite, as he bends over his steaming chow mein or Hawaiian shrimp flavored with pineapple, will eat and have no slightest thought of his meal's strange origin.

A walk about one of the platforms is a tour around the world; the *(Continued on page 68)*

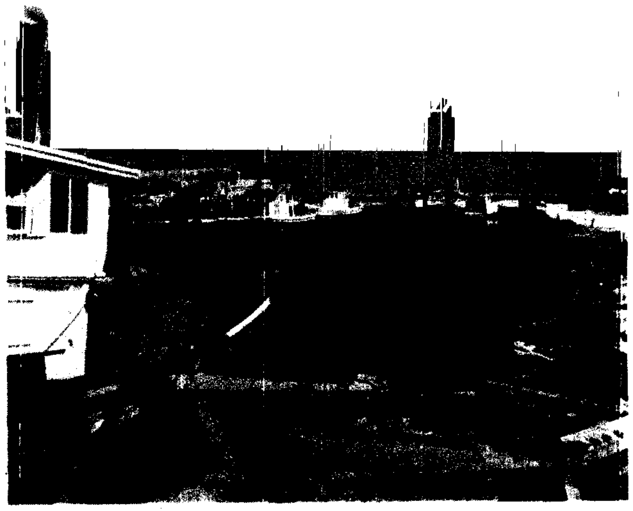
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



Fresh-caught shrimp are piled on the peaks of these rolling platforms, so water can drain



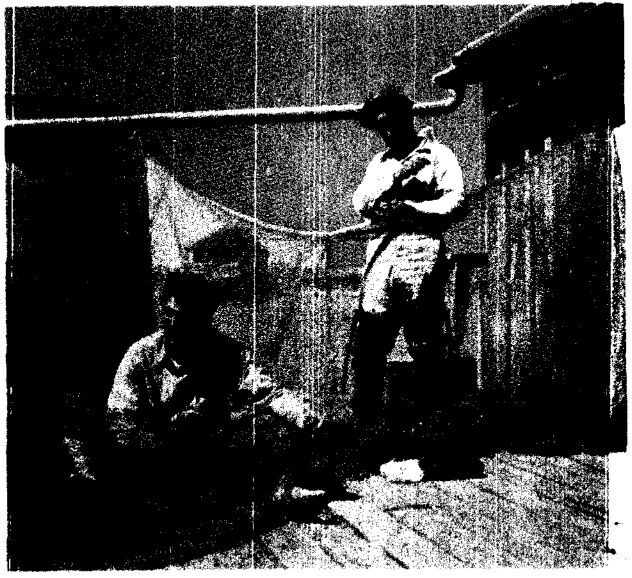
Shrimpers take excellent care of the metal cisterns that catch the rain, only source of drinking water



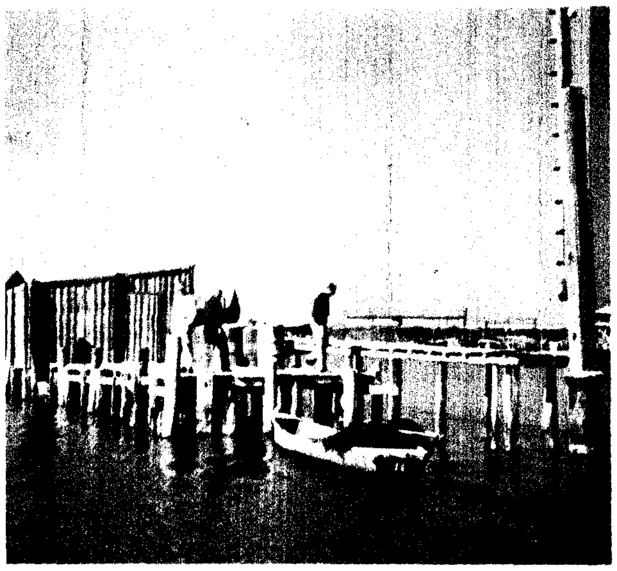
Bayou Rigaud, peaceful on Sunday, is a center of activity during the working week

Richard de Monye, one of many foreign-born shrimpers, came to the U.S. from Holland

Gee Lin Dip, Jr., is a practiced hand with a crab net. His father owns one of the shrimp platforms



James Timonet, left, and Philip Alexie mend nets. Shrimp seines cost about $150 apiece

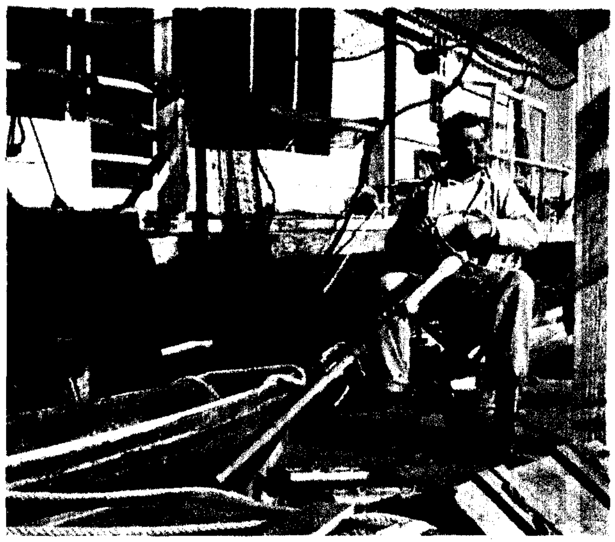


Shrimp season is limited by law. Here, game wardens conduct a routine check of platform

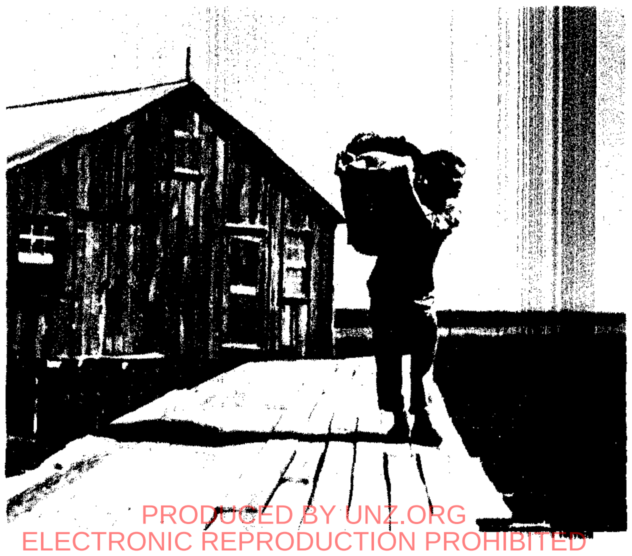
Minter Hawkins has been a shrimper for 12 years. Fishermen value cats highly as weather forecasters

Though few women live in shrimp villages, wife of Gee Lin Dip is a year-round resident

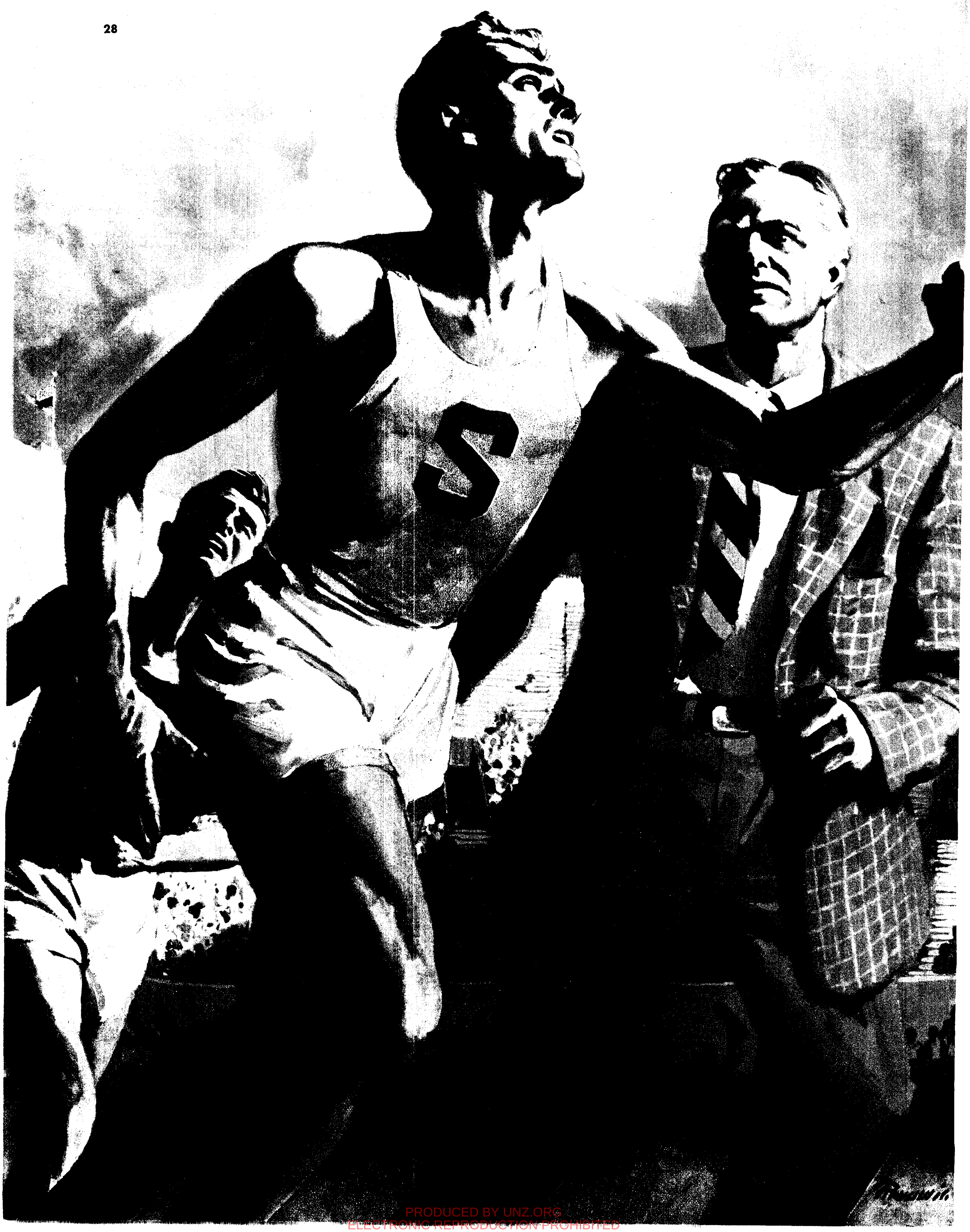
Luke Adam once served as policeman, but prefers shrimping. Note pirogue, lower left



Fisherman Elmer Chin is one of the many Chinese who work on platforms. He doesn't speak English



Dederim Damtin (r.) with Perry (center) and Hilray Cheramie, descendants of pirates


S

Mechanical Doll

He was a machine—all springs and screws and gears—with a stop watch where his heart should be. He wasn't allowed to be human

BY FRANK [illegible]

I SUPPOSE many people have big ambitions, but very few attempt to realize them with the single-mindedness and devotion which distinguished Pug Harding. Perhaps most people prefer smaller ambitions not only because they demand less effort and are more easily achieved but because the penalties for failure are less tragic. That Pug Harding's ambition should have been, first, a determination to run a mile in four minutes flat and, later, an even greater determination to have his son, Jack, run it was, I submit, fairly juvenile. The dedication of his life to that ambition was not.

Some years ago Pug Harding was head track coach at State University and I was his chief assistant. Since there were ten thousand students enrolled that year, there were three other assistant coaches. The football team had played in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day and the track team had won all its dual meets and was favored to win the IC4A, which was to take place in Chicago in May and is, of course, the national event for collegiate track. Our schedule called for two more dual track meets, an open date on the following Saturday, and then the IC4A.

Up to the time I speak of, the last week in April, the team, with one or two exceptions, was in excellent shape. We had won by a lopsided score on the preceding Saturday and Jack Harding, Pug's son, who was a twenty-three-year-old senior at the university, had run the mile in four minutes, two and one-fifth seconds, the fastest time yet turned in by an American miler. I remember reading the Monday-morning accounts of that meet aloud to my wife, Edith, as we sat finishing breakfast.

"Here's something," I said. "Irving Rasher's column in the News."

"What about it, Fred?" Edith said.

Edith is a pleasantly pretty woman in her early thirties, warm and companionable, and I myself am simply an ex-athlete who discovered he could run faster than he could think. So I decided to teach track instead of English.

"Rasher's made up a nickname for Jack," I said.

"What? The little wooden soldier?"

"The Mechanical Doll."

"It could be worse."

"But not any truer. Damn it, what more perfect description could you get?"

"Now, Fred."

"All right," I said. "Only I should have told you this before. Last Saturday, after the race, Jack went under the grandstand, where he thought no one could see him, and vomited for five minutes."

"How do you know that?"

"I followed him under the grandstand, of course. It's not my business to go in and finish off Pug's gut-shot animal, but if I'd had a gun— Anyway, Jack was all right later."

"That's all Pug is interested in, isn't it, Fred? The four-minute mile?"

"He's been pointing for it all his life. First himself and now Jack. The other athletes are just background for Jack's performances. I'm running the team. I've been running it all year."

They were into the last hundred yards and Jack was running in an agony of exhaustion, head twisted, lips distended. He had set his pace and he'd hold it—hold it until he broke

"And Pug gets paid for it. What's his salary? I wonder. Just in case."

"I don't want to be head coach at State, Edith. It's more money, of course, and there's the prestige. Or maybe I want the job but I don't want it over Pug's dead body. Well, I don't know what I want. I just hate to see Jack pushed around like a—well, like a doll."

Edith patted my hand. "We like Pug, don't we?"

"Yes." And that was the truth. I don't know why we liked him except perhaps that we knew he was a person to whom something out of the ordinary would happen. Sometimes you cherish people you think that about.

Later, walking across the campus toward the gym, I thought of what Pug had told me about Jack: the boy's mother had died when Jack was seven years old, and Pug had started him running that year. I thought of Pug shaping the boy's life toward the running of the four-minute mile—the rigid schedule, the planning of what Jack should think and do, what he should eat and wear, how many hours he should sleep; the warning to keep away from girls, the ultimatum that he must neither drink nor smoke. The clean life—clean and sterile.

I found Pug sitting at his desk in his office in the gym building—a short, powerful, big-headed man in his fifties, as gray as cigarette ashes. He was dressed in his field costume—baseball cap, gray sweat shirt, gray flannel trousers, tennis shoes. I put the list of my evaluations of last Saturday's performances on his desk. "About Bishop," I said. "He ran the eight eighty in one fifty-seven. He can do better than that. I think he's stale."

"All right," Pug said. He pushed the list aside.

"I think you ought to talk to him. Give him one of those 'My lad, the honor of the school depends on you' routines."

"If you think so, Fred."

"Then there's Johnson. I think you should reinstate him." Pug had suspended Johnson, a high jumper, because he thought the boy hadn't been trying hard enough. "He did have a bad ankle, you know," I said. "I can vouch for that."

"What does he want me to do? Buy him a crutch?"

"That's not fair, Pug."

"What the hell do I care what's fair and what isn't fair?"

PUG stood up and began to walk heavily around the room. It didn't seem possible that he had ever run a mile in four twenty—even years ago when that was good time for a mile.

"You'll talk to Bishop, though?" I said.

"I gave him a stop watch when he was seven years old."

"Who? Bishop?"

"Jack. It was just after his mother died. Jack had good legs. Better than mine. Saturdays and Sundays we'd go out along the river and run. That was in Missouri."

"Sure." I had the feeling—not for the first time—that Pug and I lived in two different worlds. By now I was getting used to these reminiscences about Jack and to having Pug bring them out at just any time and without preparation. Jack never talked about anything, least of all himself. Even in the privacy of their home he called Pug "Coach." Not Dad or Pop. Coach.

"I let him run in grammar school," Pug said. "But I didn't let him compete in anything. I made him run the sprints and the four forty in high school because I always thought a miler should be fast."

"Didn't he run for distance at all?"

"Only with me. I used to take him up to the school on Sundays. He'd run the mile and run it right. I *taught* him to run it right."

"Sure."

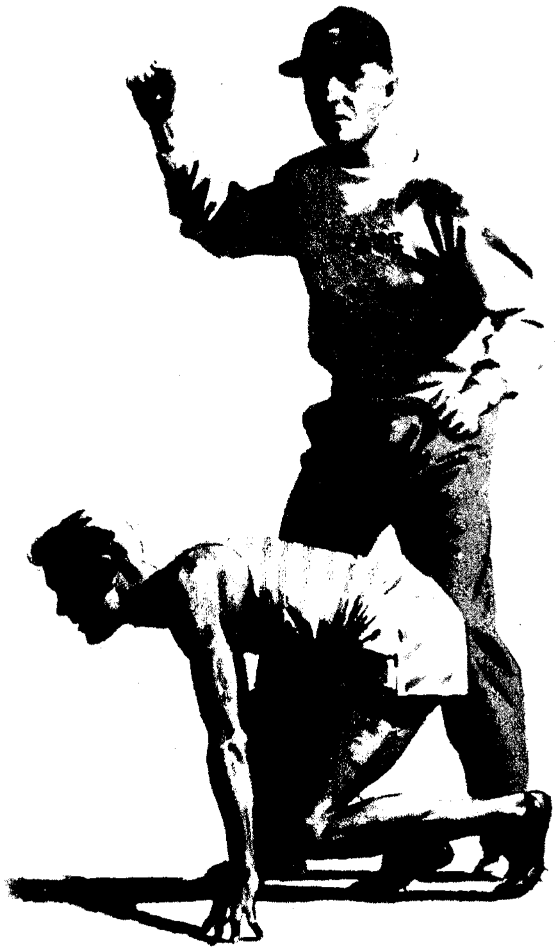
"I kept him out of college for a year so he'd mature. No miler's worth a damn until he's twenty-two. Some milers don't reach their peak until they're twenty-five."

He was right, of course. Cunningham, Lovelock, Nurmi . . .

"He's twenty-three now. He's ready."

That was when I should have told him about Jack being sick under the grandstand. I wanted to, but Pug was a man with an obsession and to tell him something that would run counter to his obsession was beyond me. It was a nice situation and it began to resolve itself quicker than I had expected. That afternoon, to be exact.

I had been working with the shot-putters over in one corner of the practice field and was crossing the track on my way to the pole-vault pit when I saw Pug talking to Bishop. Jack was standing to one side, waiting for Pug to finish or possibly just waiting for one *(Continued on page 99)*



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

The Man Who Says NO

Karl Gruber, Austria's Foreign Minister, tells the Reds off when they tr bluffed and he can't be scared. In any showdown, he would unflinchingl

By SEYMOUR FREIDI

Karl Gruber and his Tyrolean wife Helga in their garden. Together they plotted the resistance which drove the Germans from western Austria

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

to Stalin

to make him their puppet. He can't be put his country behind the United States

At forty-one, Gruber (right, at head of table) is 20 years younger than the average Foreign Minister, has been in office nearly six years. Congress of Vienna met in this room in 1815

Vienna

RAIN slanted in cold sheets across London on a spring day five years ago and passers-by at the Soviet Embassy blinked unbelievingly from upturned collars at the tall figure of a sandy-haired young man who strode hatless and coatless to the entrance.

A few seconds later he was in an opulent drawing room shaking hands with two men whose uncompromising obstinacy so soon after World War II proved that the Soviet Union wanted co-operation only on its own terms.

Phlegmatic V. M. Molotov and his tart-tongued side-kick, Andrei Vishinsky, ganged right up on the visitor. A translator relayed their staccato Russian in English to the young man, who sat quietly flexing and unflexing his sturdy fingers.

For an hour he listened to their accusations and vitriol. The charges were all alike; only the language varied. Austria was un-co-operative. Austria was anti-Russian. Austria had better change her tune.

In fluent English, tinged with a strong American accent, the visitor spoke up: "Gentlemen," the words came measured, "the Soviet Union favors a system alien to us. We must reject illegal interference in our institutions and in our government. If you want to thrust your system on ours, you must use force."

Molotov and Vishinsky glared in response. The interview was over. The visitor bowed and left the embassy. He walked a mile in the driving rain to his hotel, exhilarated that at last he had been able to declare himself, face to face, with the men who carry out Soviet foreign policy.

"I just had to set the record straight with them, the top men," Karl Gruber explained to me. "You never know what interpretations they may receive from their people in the field."

For Gruber, Foreign Minister of Austria, and his uncompromisingly anti-Communist government, the issues always have been clear. Their solution: be firm and don't let the Russians bluff you. They cautioned against appeasement, even in the murky days at the end of the war when the Western Allies persisted in the belief that somehow there could be an understanding with the Soviet Union.

From the time Gruber took control of Austria's foreign affairs—six years ago next September—he showed the Russians he meant business. He would not be a Soviet puppet, he would not permit Communists to work for him, and he would unflinchingly side with the Americans on any showdown.

Gruber, a six-foot-two, 200-pounder is a paradox among European statesmen. He's only forty-one, about 20 years younger than the average Foreign Minister.

Out of frustration, the powerless Austrian Communists sneer at this husky ex-rail-splitter who was a resistance leader against the Germans. They call him "Der Gruber"—the digger.

He digs, all right, and gets in his tenacious way staggering concessions from the hostile Russians. It took him a year, for example, to convince the Soviets virtually to relinquish their coveted veto powers in the Allied Control Council. Molotov still wonders why he ever consented.

Then he talked the Russians out of establishing rigged companies which would have given the Soviet Union a stranglehold on Austrian industry. While he plugged at that for a couple of years, he also induced the Russians to permit Marshall Plan food and goods to enter their zone.

Gruber's diplomatic triumphs, buttressed by adamant refusal to heed Soviet and Communist threats, are only a few reflections of his leadership in Austria's stirring fight for survival. The constant struggle of this nation of 7,000,000 to maintain its sovereignty under the most trying circumstances ever thrust on a country is a political epic without parallel in the world today.

Collier's is the first publication to obtain from Karl Gruber an actual behind-the-scenes glimpse of this bitter cold war. Until now he and the government have avoided interviews.

For many hours Gruber and I talked about the issues at stake. We discussed some in the tranquillity of his home, the refurbished rookery where Prince Eugene kept falcons over 200 years ago, in the park of the Belvedere Palace. When Gruber could manage, we reviewed Russian pressures and Austrian Communists, meeting in the tapestried suite of the Foreign Ministry. Here Prince Metternich guided Austria's sagging fortunes to their peak at the fabulous Congress of Vienna in 1815.

Naturally, Gruber has the unflagging support of his conservative Catholic People's Party-Socialist coalition government, one of the most avowed anti-Communist administrations in the world. It takes indomitable courage to be anti-Communist here when you remember that one third of Austria is occupied by the Russians and that the capital is 50 to 100 miles behind Red Army lines.

Moreover, you should not forget it's only a few hundred yards from the government's historic chancellery on the Ballhaus Platz to the Hotel Imperial, the Soviet military and political headquarters. To that rococo hotel, once a gay rendezvous for the international set, the Russians summon Austrian officials to bluster threats in their effort to reduce Austria to vassalage.

Just a few hours after Gruber took office, he was asked to call on Colonel General Alexei Zheltov, bull-necked, humorless *(Continued on page 42)*

CHICAGO

According to a good number of books, Chicago is a rough, tough, hard-hitting town full of boosters, hucksters and gangsters. Carl Sandburg called it a "stormy, husky, brawling City of the Big Shoulders." It has become a synonym for high power, high pressure, cheek, brass and solid, unsophisticated, unadulterated bigness. All of these things are, of course, essentially true. Chicago *is* lusty, broad of beam, vigorous in outlook and proud as a cop on parade, but there is more to it than gilt and varnish. It has its own kind of depth, breadth and beauty—basic warmhearted qualities which native Chicagoans know well, but which somehow manage to escape most casual visitors.

One visitor who didn't let the yammer of reputation confuse his view was Mr. Chen-Chi of Shanghai, China. Mr. Chen has been living in the United States since 1947, recording his impressions of the American scene in magnificent water-color paintings which combine in a remarkable way delicacy of technique with profound insight.

Not long ago he was in the "City of the Big Shoulders" arranging for several showings of his Oriental and American water colors. He spent only 10 days in the big town, but he made a score or more color sketches of what he saw in and around the Loop—Chicago's slam-bang financial heart—and along the shores of Lake Michigan. He finished his paintings in his New York studio, and five of the best of them appear on these pages. They are simultaneously like and unlike Chicago: while succeeding in capturing the Chicago scene as it actually is, they also succeed in portraying that element of almost delicate beauty which escapes the untrained eye and the "hurry-up-let's-move-on" tourist.

Travelers by train, plane and auto enter Chicago by various routes. Because they are back-door entrances, virtually all of them are glum and somewhat dismal. The city was founded on the shores of Lake Michigan and has grown back away from it during some 115 years. The Lake is, therefore, the city's front doorstep, and everything west of it falls away to back yards, industrial work piles and run-of-the-mill metropolitanism. But anyone who knows Chicago's lake front on a spring or summer's day knows a city of fair enchantment and surprisingly unhurried charm.

Lake Shore and Outer Drives rim the eastern edge of the city along the lake. Beaches sprawl out from them, interrupted along the way—from the South Side of town to the North Side—by museums, parks, docks, bridges, skyscrapers and residential areas as undisturbed as cabins in the north woods. Approximately midway between the North and South Sides, Michigan Avenue comes to life out of Fourteenth Street and strolls north to Oak Street. On the way it passes the Stevens Hotel, the largest in the world; the Art Institute, one of the finest museums in the States; the Carbide and Carbon Building, the Wrigley Building and the Chicago Tribune Tower—all impressive examples of the skyscraper architecture in which Chicago pioneered.

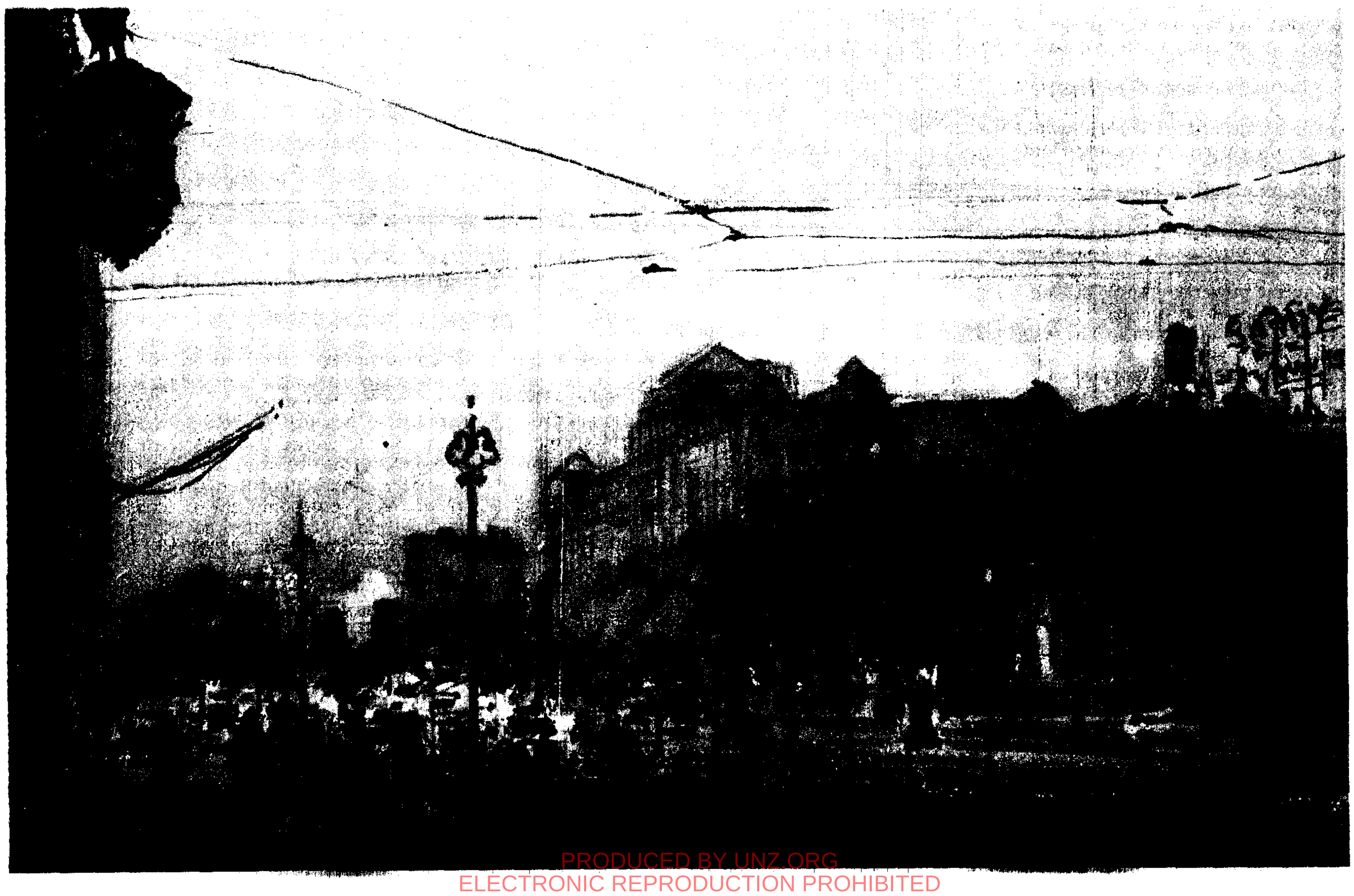
Finally, the Avenue meanders past the curious, outdated old Water Tower and on up to the extremely simple but hugely imposing Palmolive Building. The Avenue is broad enough to disperse city noises, and with relatively few trees manages to convey the effect of greenery; so that at times, just before and after the noon-lunch-hour rush, Michigan Avenue has the air of a promenade in a historic city or of an illustration in a child's storybook.

All of these things have been captured by Chen-Chi, the Chinese artist who never saw Chicago before he put up his easel on the city's busy street corners. Mr. Chen did not confine himself to Michigan Avenue. He painted the side streets, too, as well as the rumbling old elevated line and the seamy backwash of South Wabash Avenue. But wherever he painted, he kept the essence of Chicago proper in his artist's eye. "The people of Chicago," he says, "are warmer and quieter than they think they are. I tried to paint their city in that light."

These paintings, then, should be a surprise to Chicagoans who think of themselves as rough and unsentimental, and to other citizens of the U.S. who think of the sprawling Midwest city as tough and bombastic. Mr. Chen came to Chicago with a fresh, interpretive eye, and his pictures may help the city to see itself in a rare, new light. THE END

PAINTINGS BY CHEN-CHI

Pure Oil Building clock: artist Chen-Chi stood on Wabash Ave. (foreground) and looked west under clock along Wacker Drive. In right background, on Chicago River, is Merchandise Mart, business building covering 93 acres

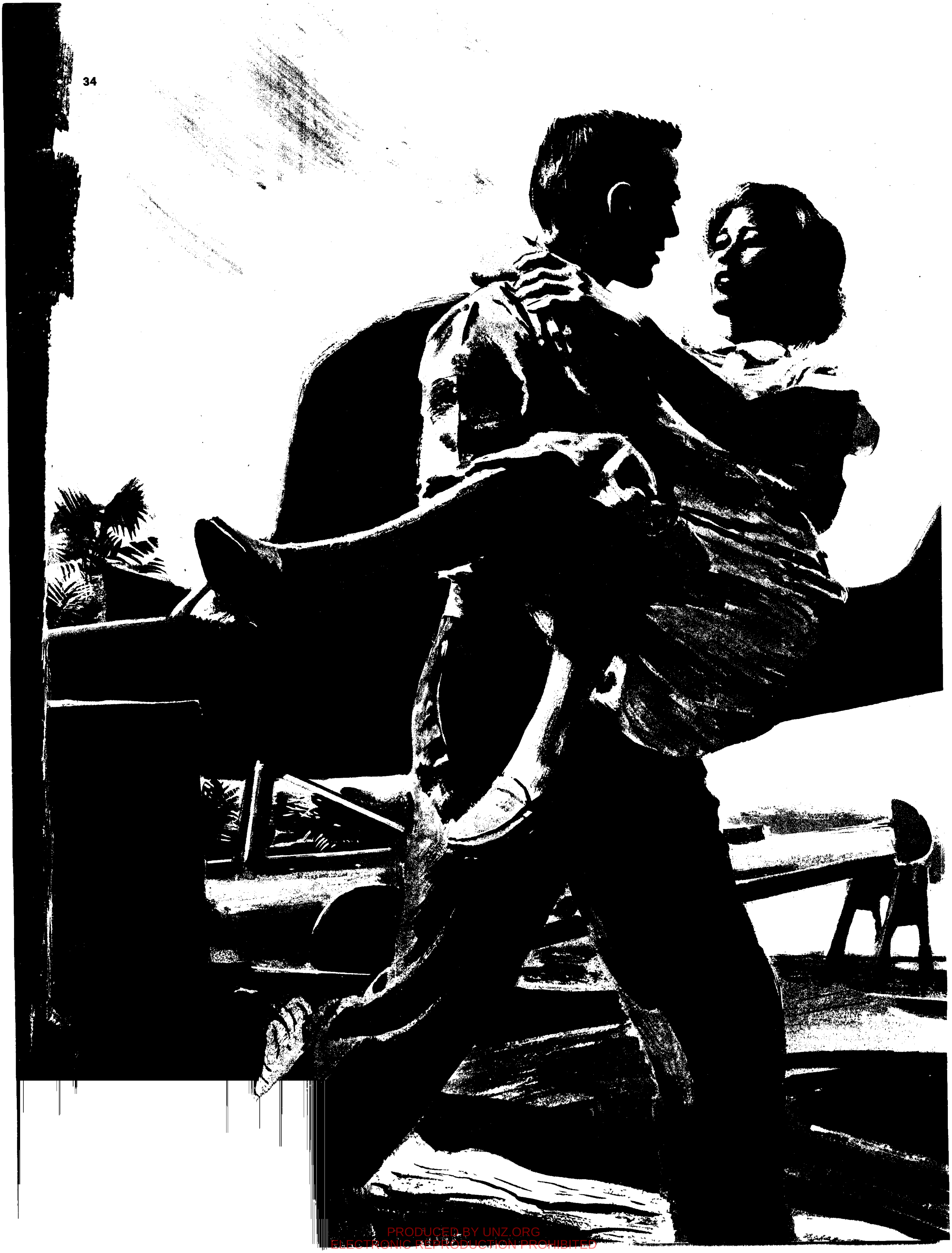


Wrigley Building by night: its white-tile facade, spotlighted to brilliance, dominates the approach to north end of Michigan Ave.

Adler Planetarium: motorists speeding southward on Outer Drive see it beyond trees, from this viewpoint—like a temple far away

Wrigley Building by day: with the Tribune Tower (right) and Sheraton Hotel (center), it forms a gateway to exclusive North Side shopping area

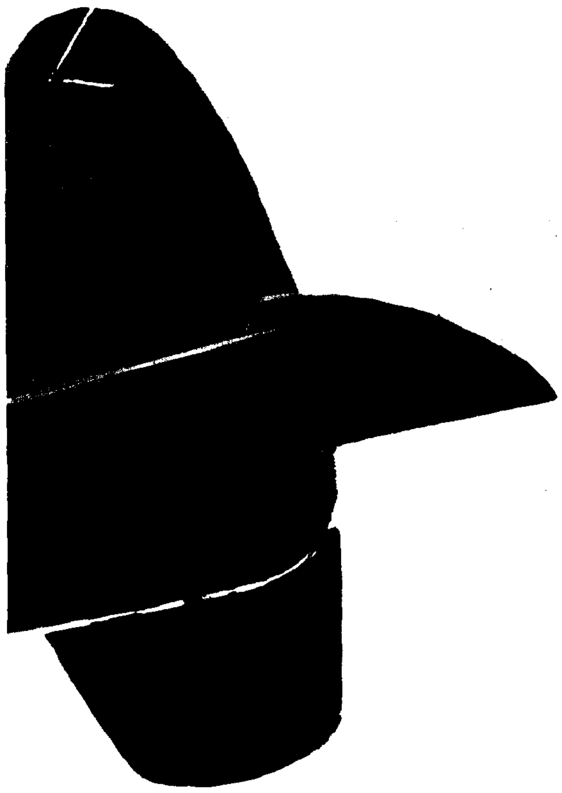
Side streets: like all big cities, Chicago has drab side. This part of South Wabash is only one block from magnificence of Michigan Avenue



A SHOT in the DARK

By RICHARD POWELL

This murderer's game of hide-and-seek had got pretty rough—and both sides were out to tag Johnny. If the smugglers didn't get him, Tim McCarter would



He picked her up and started carrying her. "I'm sorry," she said in a tight voice. "That wasn't a faint"

The Story: For months JOHNNY EDWARDS had been setting traps for a killer, and someone else—usually SALLY MCCARTER—had stumbled into them. Johnny was an inspector in the United States Border Patrol in Fort Myers, Florida, looking for the man who headed an alien-smuggling gang, the man who had killed his friend TONY MENDOZA. But he had told no one the reason for his man hunt, not even TIM MCCARTER, his partner in the Border Patrol and Sally's brother.

The first good lead Johnny got was that a fisherman named HOWARD PINGREE was bringing aliens in on his boat. Johnny surprised him unloading, but Pingree slugged him and got away. For days Johnny watched Pingree's boat, figuring he would come back, but the only person to show up was Sally.

Johnny told her the whole story of his search, and she agreed to help him. Together they made a list of all the possible suspects in Fort Myers, but before they could use it, Tim got a tip that another fisherman was taking supplies to a Cuban schooner in the Gulf. He asked BOB TATE, a private pilot and a friend of Sally's, to fly him and Johnny to the schooner.

The schooner was obviously not on a fishing trip, and when they went aboard, Tim noticed a pile of brand-new Western magazines. When they left he suggested checking local magazine stores on the chance that the person who had bought the magazines was one of the gang.

Johnny wanted to go straight home instead. He had an uneasy suspicion that GEORG RANKOSCI, a member of the gang he'd run into in Havana, was in Fort Myers and he was worried about leaving Sally alone so long. But when he tried to explain his fears, Bob, who was jealous of Johnny, suggested he was a coward, and Tim, who disapproved of him, was inclined to agree.

Johnny saw that it was futile to argue. He jumped into the driver's seat of Tim's car and drove to the McCarter house. As he'd feared, Sally was gone, though her purse was on the table. Tim scoffed at his suspicions and ordered him to drive into town. Johnny refused and dashed out of the house. As he ran, he could hear bullets from Tim's gun whiz past his head.

CONCLUSION

BEHIND Johnny, the .38 let go. His body jerked. He stumbled and almost went down and then knew that he was trying to drop dead before he was hit. Tim McCarter had missed. It was unbelievable, but it had happened. Two more shots came, slow, spaced. Echoes hammered the air. Either he was carrying around a lot of bullet holes he didn't know about or Tim had missed again. Any time Tim missed three in a row it was on purpose. Those shots were just for the record. They were aimed high. Tim didn't know whether he was a coward or a crook, and had given him the benefit of the doubt by six feet.

He plunged gasping into the orange grove and kept going until he was hidden by the trees.

Back at the house, Bob Tate yelled a question and Tim said something in a disgusted tone. The faint glow of the back-yard floodlight vanished. Two minutes dragged by. Then a car started and headlights tunneled through the lane, wheeled in a quarter turn onto McGregor Boulevard and disappeared.

Johnny sat down. Gradually the roaring in his head faded. Little normal sounds began to reach him: the call of a tree frog, the hum of insects.

He was, he decided, in about as bad a fix as a guy can dream up for himself, short of jumping off a skyscraper and regretting it halfway down. And he had only a few hours to get out of it. After that, with both the Border Patrol and smugglers looking for him, he would have all the future of a mullet being chased into a fish net by a school of barracuda.

He got up and crept toward the house. He wasn't worried that Tim had set a trap, because Tim was anxious to get to Howard Pingree's boat and wouldn't have let himself be sidetracked. But it was quite possible that whoever had snatched Sally had come back. It would simplify matters if he could run across the guy right now. If he wasn't careful, however, it might simplify matters for the wrong person. He moved quietly through the shadows to the garage.

The doors were open and his car was there, heading out. For a moment he was tempted to wait in a dark corner and hope for a visitor. He had done enough waiting, though. Night after night of it on Pingree's boat. It didn't seem to bring him any luck. He slipped into the garage and got in the car and started it and took it out of the garage like a bronco bursting out of a rodeo chute. Nothing happened.

FIVE minutes later he was downtown. He parked and started on the rounds of magazine dealers. He drew a blank at two drugstores and a teen-age soda parlor. Parker's Book Store, which had a lot of magazines, was closed. He walked to the shop near the Arcade Theater on First Street and asked if anybody had bought a lot of Western magazines lately.

The proprietor said, "Would it have been about a dozen?"

Johnny began sweating. "Yes," he said.

The guy was maddeningly deliberate. "Would they have been magazines like these?" he asked, pointing to a gaudy row.

"That's right. Some of these were in the bunch. Did you know the guy?"

"Would it have been, say the day before yesterday?"

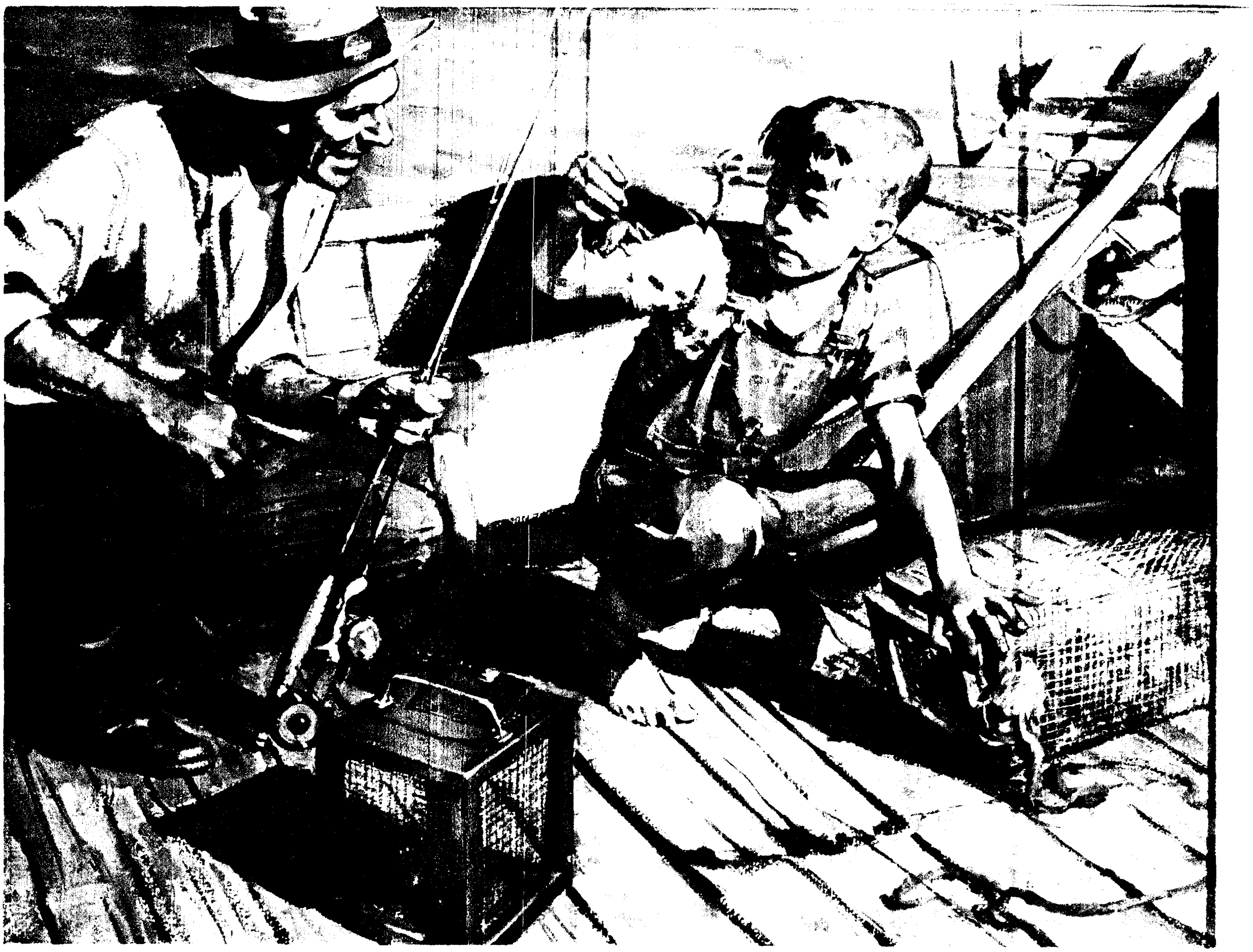
Johnny tried to take it easy. You couldn't rush things in Fort Myers. If you said it was a life-or-death matter, things didn't move any faster, because people around here even took a hell of a time dying. "It could have been," he said thickly. "It could have been the day before that."

The man chuckled and said, "The way we're talking reminds me of a yarn I always liked. An old cracker was sitting on a dock and a Yankee came along and said his boat had drifted away the night before and had the feller seen it? The cracker said, 'Was it a twenty-five footer?' The Yankee said, 'That's it! That's it! Where did it drift?' The cracker said, 'Did it have one of them fighting chairs in the cockpit?' The Yankee said, 'That's the one, Pop. Where'd it go?' The cracker said, 'Was the name Eleanor on her stern?' The Yankee said, 'Yeah, the Eleanor! Where is it?' Then the cracker yawned and said, 'Sorry, I ain't seen your boat.' You like that story?"

"Yes," Johnny muttered, "I like that a lot. So you haven't seen the guy.

(Continued on page 91)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



There was a note of defiance in his voice as he said, "You want them all, Mr. Johnson? Three dozen?"

The Bridge

By HOWARD MAIER

He wasn't supposed to overhear the two men talking about her. And if what they said were true, he could never again have faith in anything

IN THE bright sunlight, Roland worked his way carefully down the stream. The trousers of his denim overalls were rolled high above his knees, and he placed his bare feet cautiously in each familiar pool. The silt bottom swirled as a crawfish fled before his approach. He didn't bother to give it a second glance: crawfish went two for a penny; frogs brought a nickel apiece at the hotels up on the lake.

Roland stopped suddenly. A big frog, a seven-center, sat staring at him from the edge of the bank, its white throat pulsing. Roland's hand darted out. The frog hit the water with a plop, and the seven-year-old boy's hand followed it swiftly. He gave a whistle of triumph as he came up with the squirming frog. Opening the wire cage slung by a rope from his bare shoulder, he popped the big frog in.

There must be at least two dozen in there, maybe a few more, he thought. There was still the shaded pool to try, and the riffle, and then the bridge. He should get at least a dozen more before the bridge. He hoped so, because once he came to the bridge, to the deep shadowy place underneath it, he took nothing. Under-the-bridge was his place. The rock with the curve that just fitted his back was his throne; and he disturbed none of the creatures that lived there. They were his subjects, free to come and go. Under the bridge, they were safe and he was safe.

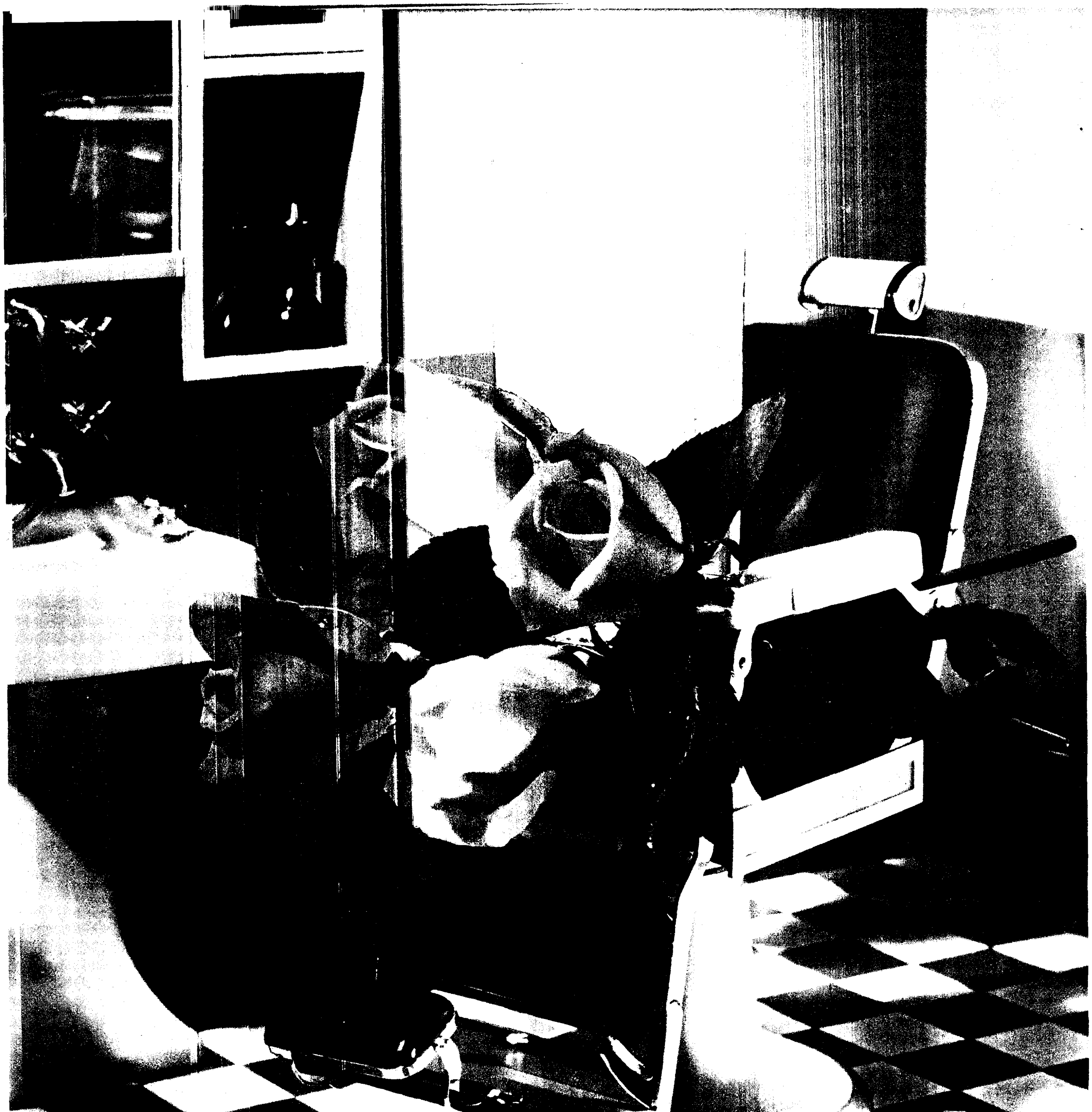
He had at least three dozen frogs by the time he came to the bridge. He lowered the wire trap into the deep pool and sat down on the throne rock, squinting his eyes until they became accustomed to the gloom; then he opened them fully and looked at his kingdom.

The light there was strange, boxed in by two bands of bright sun, and even the smell was different from any other place, dank and old; and the water, kept cool by the perpetual shade, had its own peculiar song as it swept down between the moss-grown rocks to be sucked in between the two big ones that looked like the horses of knights in armor and finally to tumble out into the sunlight again.

As he sat there in the dimness, staring at his armored horses, he thought: Roland, that's a knight's name. The Smith didn't count, because that was the last name they gave all the children at the Home when they didn't know who their parents were. At least, that was what Aunt Nelly had told him, and Aunt Nelly never told anything but the truth. Once she had said she would rather cut off her right hand than tell a lie. He tried to imagine Aunt Nelly with her right hand missing and the blood coming out. It would hurt, he knew, but the pain would never show on her face nor in her voice, which never went up or down no matter how angry or glad she was.

Ol' King, the biggest frog in Ogden County, came up from under the bank across the narrow stream and hopped up on a stump. Roland expertly tossed a pebble at him. The big frog lunged at it, caught it, then dropped it from its pink mouth and sat there, staring at the boy with unblinking eyes. The minutes went by. Suddenly there was a splash and the giant frog was gone. Then Roland heard the sound of footsteps on the bridge above his head. Then the reflections of two men wavered in the water. They were leaning on the rail talking, talking about Aunt Nelly. *(Continued on page 59)*

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER



Who's next? How about *you?* Won't you join the millions who are enjoying the superb flavor—the supreme quality—of Four Roses? This famous whiskey outsells every other brand at or above its price—even outsells most other brands at any price.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City. Blended Whiskey. 90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

• Wouldn't you rather drink

FOUR ROSES

only the revolutionary
Van Heusen CENTURY Shirt
has the patented soft collar that

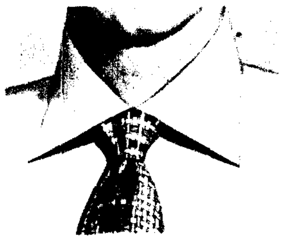
won't
wrinkle
ever!

Secret behind Van Heusen Century! Collar is woven in one piece. No sewn or fused layers to wrinkle. Fold line woven in to stay . . . can't be ironed wrong.

In white, wide-spread or regular collars, single or French cuffs — in two weaves of fine broadcloth, **$3.95, $4.95**
In blue, tan or grey, wide-spread (French cuffs) or regular collar (single cuffs), **$4.50**
Tie shown: Van Heusen Wicker Weave Print, **$1.50**

Perspiration won't wilt it! Soft collar needs no starch or stays to keep neat day and night. Has Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling.

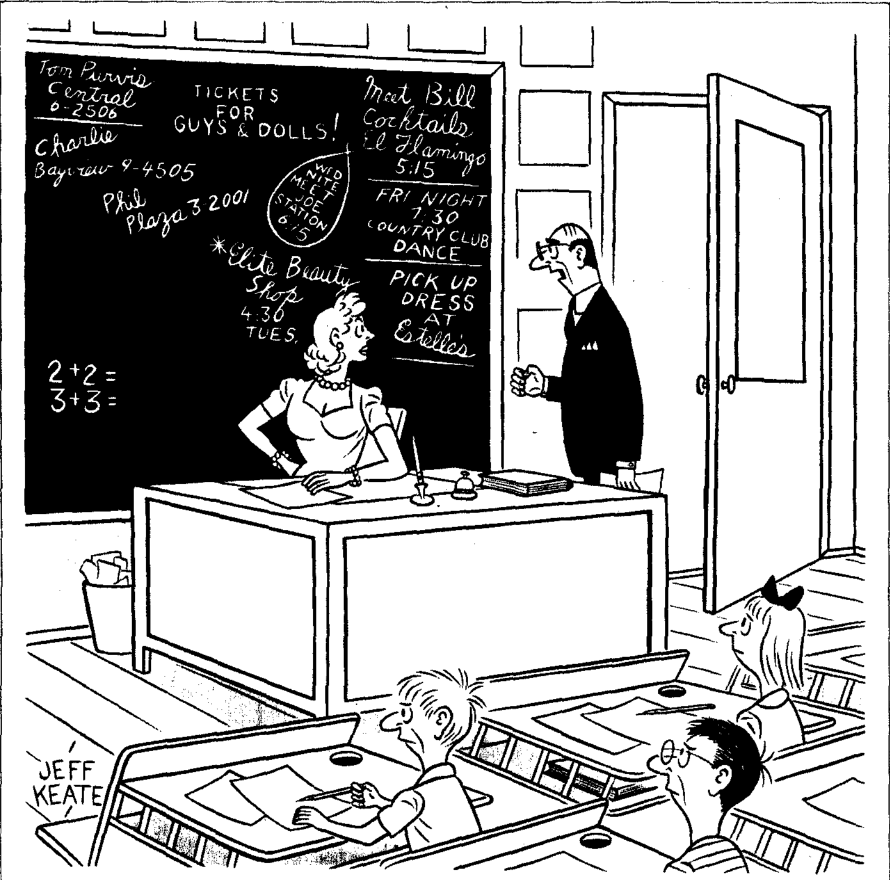
Laundering won't hurt it! Easy to launder—you can't even iron-in wrinkles. No starch, less ironing mean more comfort, more wear.



Patented one-piece collar! Has no lining—just can't wrinkle. Feels as soft as fine linen. Only Van Heusen Century has this collar.

Van Heusen
REG. T. M.
CENTURY shirts

A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size! $3.95 and $4.95
Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. 1, N. Y., Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Collars


Tom Purvis
Central
6-2506
Charlie
Bayview 9-4505
Phil
Plaza 3-2001
TICKETS FOR GUYS & DOLLS!
WED NITE MEET JOE STATION 6:15
*Elite Beauty Shop 4:30 TUES.
Meet Bill Cocktails El Flamingo 5:15
FRI NIGHT 7:30 COUNTRY CLUB DANCE
PICK UP DRESS AT Estelle's
2+2=
3+3=
JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S "No doubt it is very handy, Miss Traphagen, but I'd rather you find some other way to remind yourself" JEFF KEATE

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

drivel. We agree with the English professor who always opened his first class with the remark: "When promulgating esoteric cogitations and articulating superficial sentimentalities, eschew pompous prolixities."
H. R. CRAFT, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

. . . I am enchanted with your editorial addressed to the artifactuaries of that sesquipedalian verbiage called Bureaucreeze. When I meet that tendency in private life, I stop the slinger and say, "I'm sorry, I'm stupid. Say it again in words of one syllable." Usually, to their utter horror, they can.
D. S. MCMULLIN, Palo Alto, Cal.

. . . While I agree with the basic premise, I think your editorial writer has lost sight of the fact that there is a difference between "gold-tooth" words used correctly toward the end of concise expression with shaded meaning, and any kind of words used with the intent of concealing the writer's inadequate comprehension of what he is to say.

There is on the one hand the gold-tooth use of words, but why apply the opprobrium of "gold-tooth" to words themselves?

Why should a publication of your stature take arms against the dictionary? Why should you aid and abet the vast majority of Americans who will defend, by any blow of humor, their right to be inarticulate?
M. ARLINE LANPHEAR,
Tampico, Mexico

. . . The defendant pleads "not guilty." I don't own a green eyeshade and haven't a peptic ulcer, but I do recognize the usefulness of verbs. In fact I strongly favor them.

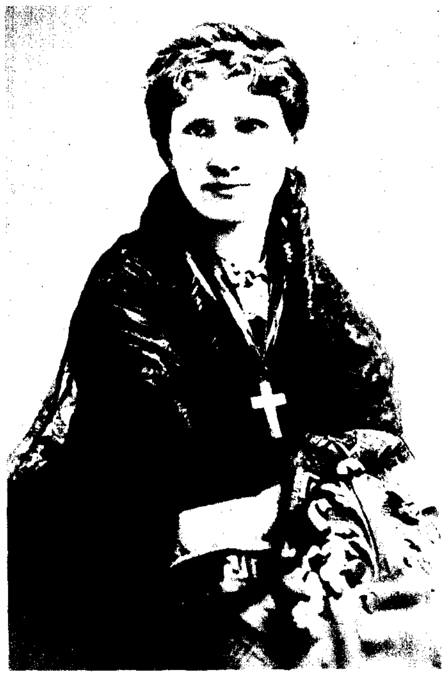
I'm happy to report that the sentence you quoted in Keep It Simple, Boys contained a verb. The latter part of the sentence read —"or other special circumstances *developed* during 1950."
PHILLIPS J. PECK, (Acting) Director of Information, Economic Stabilization Agency,
Washington, D. C.

Our apologies to Mr. Peck. The verb must have been dropped on the composing-room floor at the New York Times. We took our text from the sentence as printed in that newspaper.

The Original Anna

EDITOR: I enjoyed your recent article by James Poling (Gertie and the King of Siam, April 7th), and thought you might be interested in this daguerreotype of Anna Harriette Leonowens, the original "Anna" whom Gertrude Lawrence portrays.
MRS. KENNETH PERRY LANDON,
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Landon is the author of the best-selling Anna and the King of Siam, which provided the inspiration for the film of the same title, as well as of Miss Lawrence's current vehicle, the King and I.



Why Hudson is the most DURABLE car your money can buy

Nylon or worsted upholstery combined with crackproof, scuffproof, easily cleaned Dura-fab trim—long-wearing and luxurious.

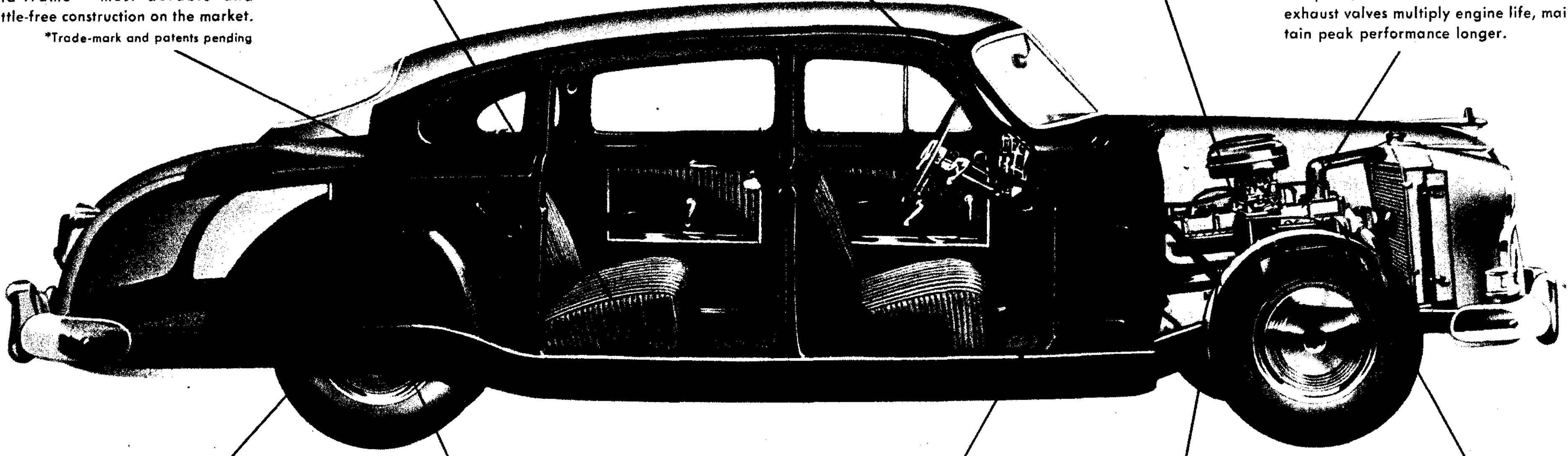
Tough steel body bulkheads front and rear—rigid to resist twisting on rough roads, give longer body life.

High-compression engine electronically balanced as a completed unit to reduce vibration, keep engine like new longer.

Rugged, all-welded Monobilt body-and-frame*—most durable and rattle-free construction on the market.

*Trade-mark and patents pending

Lighter, exceptionally strong pistons and two-piece, heat-resistant Austenitic metal exhaust valves multiply engine life, maintain peak performance longer.



Heavy box-section steel girders completely surrounding the passenger compartment even outside the rear wheels — Hudson is America's safest car!

The only hydraulic braking system with reserve mechanical brakes on the same foot pedal—best protection in any car at any price!

"Step-down" design with recessed floor for America's lowest center of gravity —smoother, steadier riding with less jounce, less wear and tear.

Chrome-alloy cylinder block — toughest in any car, and oversize engine bearings for thousands of *extra* miles of like-new engine performance.

Only pinned-in-position piston rings in the industry result in minimum oil consumption over longer engine life.

DURABLE is the word for Hudson, inside and out—in lasting style and beauty as well as time-defying ruggedness

The few notes above only high-spot the great line-up of features that make Hudson the most *durable* car your money can buy.

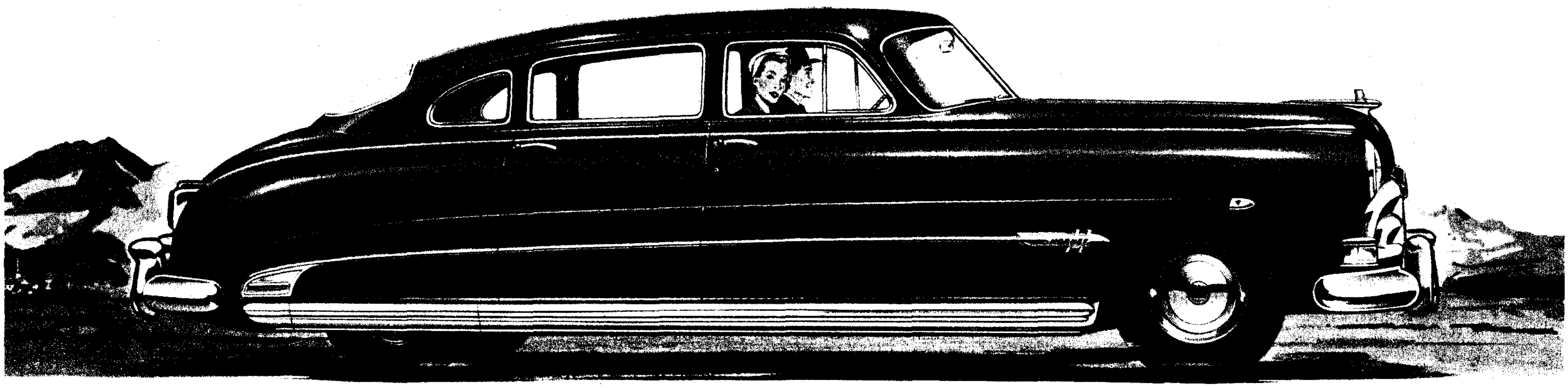
There are many more. For example, Hudson's exclusive recessed floor ("step-down" design) results in truly streamlined beauty—handsome styling that will stay fresh and durable for the long tomorrow.

"Step-down" design also gives you the *most room* in any motor car at any price! And it brings you the *best* and *safest* ride ever known!

Visit your nearby Hudson dealer—see and drive the car that is by all odds your best buy for the long tomorrow—Hudson for '51!

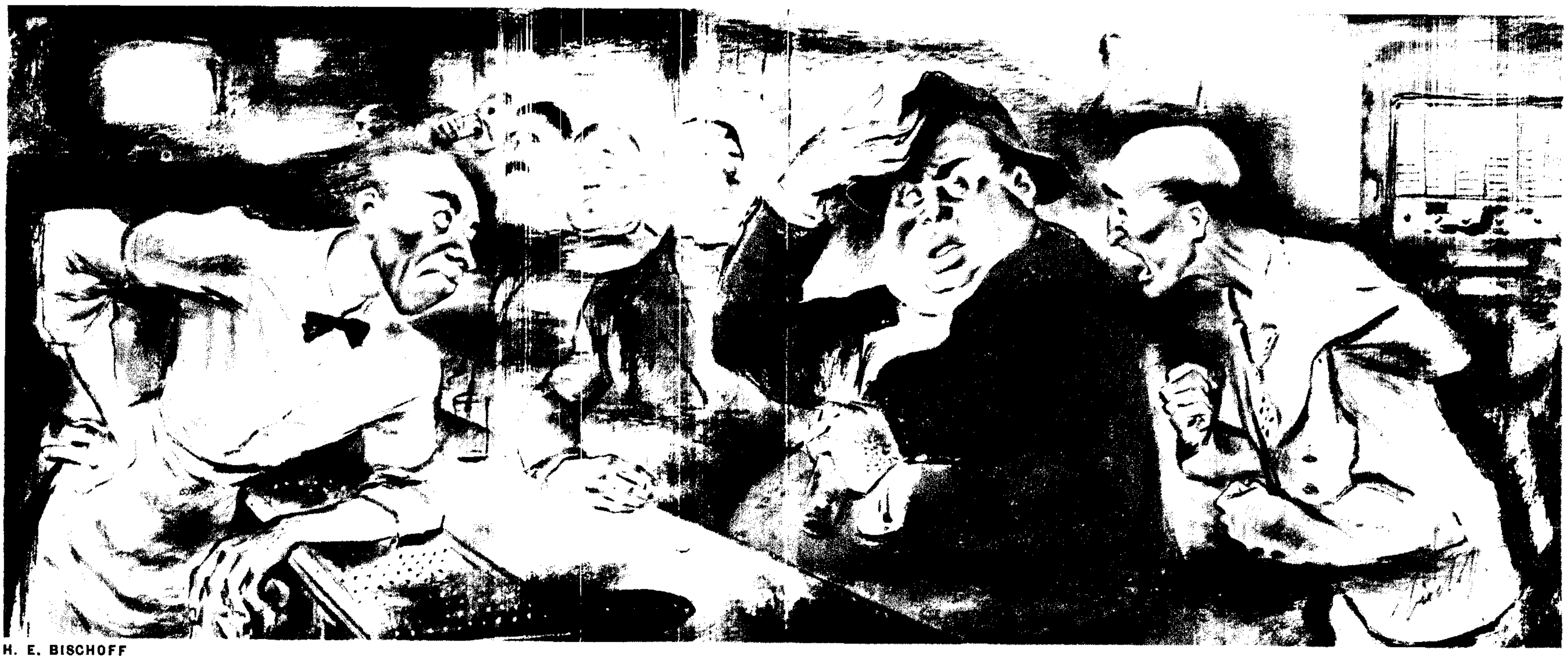
HUDSON

YOUR BEST BUY FOR THE LONG TOMORROW



FOUR RUGGED CUSTOM SERIES—Lower-Priced Pacemaker • Renowned Super-Six • Luxurious Commodore • Fabulous Hudson Hornet

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories are subject to change without notice.



H. E. BISCHOFF

Bottoms Up

BY FREDERIC SINC[illegible]

THE fat man ordered a glass of beer. He took a long drink, then went over to the cigarette machine. He dropped a quarter in the slot. He pushed the lever opposite the brand he wanted. Nothing happened. The fat man shook the machine. It rattled, but no cigarettes slid out.

He went back to the bar. The bartender was fixing a sandwich, and while he waited the fat man drained his glass.

When the bartender came up to his end of the bar, the fat man said, "Look. I put two bits in that cigarette machine, but I got no cigarettes."

The bartender looked at the fat man. He looked at the machine. His eyes came back to the fat man. "You sure you put a quarter in?"

"You think I'm lying?" The fat man was aggrieved. "For a lousy pack of cigarettes?"

"You'd be surprised what some guys do to con me," the bartender told him. "You wanna drink?"

"I want my two bits," the fat man said. He wasn't truculent. He was firm. "Then I want another beer."

"I only got two hands," the bartender said. "The fight's coming on. I'm busy. You gotta wait." He went down the bar to serve a beer.

The fat man took off his hat. He scratched his bald head. He put his hat back on. He picked up his empty glass, studied it morosely and put it down. He went back to the cigarette machine. He pushed the lever in and out. Nothing happened. He shook the machine. It rattled. Then he kicked it.

The bartender called out, "You there, Mister! Whadda you trying to do—wreck the joint?"

"My quarter," the fat man said. "I put two bits in this damn' machine. I got no cigarettes."

Most of the people at the bar had turned around and were staring at him. The fat man walked back to the bar. His stool had been taken by a thinnish man with a red nose. The fat man squeezed his bulk between the red-nosed man who'd taken his stool and another patron.

The bartender came up. "You wanna beer?" he demanded.

The fat man said patiently, "Look. Like I told you. I want my two bits. Then I want a beer."

The bartender put his hands flat on the bar. "Mister," he said. "I ain't got no time to check that machine to see if you put a quarter in it."

"I told you I put two bits in it," the fat man said.

"I ain't never seen you before," the bartender said, and while the fat man was trying to answer that one he walked away and began serving more beer. Finally the fat man groped in his pocket and pulled out a dime. The bartender was coming back. He had a freshly drawn glass of beer in his hand.

The fat man said, "Okay. I'll wait on that two bits. Give me a beer." He shoved the dime out.

The bartender placed the glass of beer on the bar in front of the man on the fat man's right. He looked at the clock. He said to the fat man, "You gotta wait now. The fight's coming on. I gotta adjust the television set."

"You served *him.*"

"He asked me before. You gotta wait."

"Now, wait a minute!" said the fat man, but the bartender was already down at the end of the bar, adjusting the television set. The television screen was getting everybody's rapt attention. The fight was at Madison Square Garden. An announcer said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem." An unseen band blared The Star-Spangled Banner and a large American flag fluttered across the television screen.

The thin man with the red nose to the left of the fat man, the one who had usurped his stool, belched. Then he put a hand on the fat man's arm. "Your hat," he said thickly. "Take it off."

The fat man turned. "What?" he said.

"Take off your hat."

"Why," asked the fat man, "should I take off my hat?"

"Because," the red-nosed man said with unsteady belligerence, "they're playing the national anthem."

The fat man looked surprised. "So what?"

"So what?" said the man. "You an American?"

"Certainly I'm an American," the fat man said.

"Then take off your hat."

The fat man began to look stubborn. "That's Madison Square Garden. I ain't there. I'm here."

"That's the national anthem, ain't it?" the man said darkly.

The fat man said, "Now, wait a minute—"

But the man with the red nose said suddenly, "You know what? I think you're a Communist." The fat man started to turn away, saw the bartender standing there watching him, and he sensed that others along the bar were listening. The fat man felt uneasy all of a sudden.

"Look," he said to the bartender, "forget about that two bits. Just give me a beer."

The red-nosed man said, "A Communist, that's what!" and the bartender said, "What's the matter, Joe?" and the man said, "This fat guy. He wouldn't take his hat off when they played the national anthem. I think he's a Commy." He belched.

The bartender said, "He's been acting funny ever since he came in." His eyes went up and down the fat man. "Let's have no trouble, Mister," he said. "This is a respectable place."

"Look," said the fat man. "All I want is a beer."

The fat man's face had a harried look now. He could almost taste the animosity around him. Also, he was thirsty. The red-nosed man next to him muttered something about "dirty Commies!" He got up and wove past the fat man, giving him a dirty look as he went by.

The fat man was sweating a little. His eyes ranged over the bar. The bartender came up. The fat man said, "Look. I want to buy a beer—"

The bartender said, "Didn't I tell you—"

"For the bar," the fat man said resignedly.

"Well, now!" the bartender said. He studied the fat man calculatingly. The fat man dug into his pocket. The whole place watched him. It was between rounds of the fight, and the commercial was on. The fat man dumped out two crumpled one-dollar bills. He added a dime to the dime already on the bar.

The bartender counted the money at a glance. He said, "Okay, Mister." Then he began to draw beer. When he had set beer glasses in front of each patron he came back to the fat man, wiping his hands on his apron. "That," he said, "will be two dollars and twenty cents."

The fat man pushed the two one-dollar bills toward him. Then he pushed the two dimes toward him, and then there was nothing left in front of the fat man. The bartender took the money and started for the cash register.

"Say," said the fat man, "I haven't got a beer."

The bartender turned. "That'll cost you another dime."

The fat man looked quickly down the bar. "How many beers did you serve?" he asked.

"I served twenty beers," the bartender told him, and then the fat man said with a certain triumph, "Look. I gave you two dollars and twenty cents. That leaves twenty cents I got coming. Give me two beers."

"I'll give you nothing," said the bartender. "I ain't drawed myself a beer yet, and I ain't served Joe the beer he's got coming on you."

NOW the fat man was sweating heavily. He went through his pockets. Down the bar he heard the red-nosed man, Joe, mumbling, "That's how them Commies work." Joe belched. In the bar mirror the fat man could see eyes slither his way before they went back to the television screen as the fourth round began. The fat man brought his hands out of his pockets empty.

"Skip it," he said dully to the bartender. "Just skip it." After that he just stood there, holding on to his empty beer glass sort of frantically, not paying any attention to the fight.

Just before the round ended, the bartender came up. "Say, Mister," he said. "If you ain't gonna drink, would you mind stepping back so that a customer can get in?"

The fat man stepped back from the bar. The red-nosed man named Joe staggered into the spot at the bar the fat man had vacated. He put an empty glass down on the bar. He said to the bartender, "I got one coming." He belched. "On this Commy." He jerked his head at the fat man. He belched again and nearly fell off the stool.

The bartender said, "You're loaded, Joe. Why don't you coast for a while?" But when the red-nosed man said, "Listen. That beer's paid for, ain't it? I want it now," the bartender said, "Okay. Okay. Let's have no more trouble," and he served him.

The fat man looked crushed. He started out of the place, but he went over to the cigarette machine first. He shoved the lever. Something dropped into the machine's trough. The fat man brightened. He reached down. He heaved a vast, disappointed sigh. It was a book of matches advertising the bar the fat man was just leaving. THE END

Collier's **SHORT SHORT**

SPARTON TV

. . . *first choice of all* 3

tv engineers

"A TV engineer can see at a glance that Spartons are built by *experts* in electronics. There's no skimping on tubes, vital parts or the engineering details it takes to turn out the finest in television." (Signed) Gilbert L. Anderson, Engineering Supervisor, TV Station, Cleveland.

decorators

"The authentic styling, fine lines and rich finishes of Sparton cabinets go perfectly with the finest furniture, too. Sparton craftsmanship is evident to a decorator's trained eye." (Signed) Betty Delbridge, Consulting Decorator, Maurice Wood, Inc., Grosse Pointe, Mich.

dealers

"We Sparton dealers deliver sensational *TV value*, too! Sparton sidesteps the wholesaler, sells direct to us. Savings go into the set, off the price-tag . . . and Sparton owners get higher quality TV at lower prices." (Signed) E. Olinger, Calumet Radio and Television, Chicago.

Why not take a tip from the experts in television? Compare Sparton with any other television model anywhere for picture clarity . . . for tone . . . for value! You'll see 50 years of electronic experience reflected in the performance and design of each Sparton receiver. ABOVE: The aristocratic Sheffield, with 17″ rectangular high-contrast black picture tube. In mahogany, blonde and limed oak.

Sparton Television is sold only through one exclusive dealer in each community or metropolitan shopping area, at Sparton direct-to-dealer savings. See "Sparton" in your classified telephone directory.

Sparton

RADIO-TELEVISION
Division of
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
MAKERS OF QUALITY AUTOMOTIVE AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT SINCE 1900

The Man Who Says No to Stalin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

commander of Soviet security and watchdog of Soviet political affairs in Austria. Zheltov pounded the table and raged at Gruber for firing Communists.

"I am the Austrian Foreign Minister," Gruber replied coldly. "I don't tell you how to run your department. I don't expect advice from you on how to run mine."

Unlike other small nations which succumbed to Soviet pressure, Austria has been fortunate in having the Western Allies around as a deterrent to a swift Russian coup. Besides, the U.S. has poured in more than a half billion dollars to help the Austrians get on their feet and turn a deaf ear to Communism. Nevertheless, weaker men than Gruber would have yielded to the Russians long ago.

Recently, Gruber and Vishinsky were passing through Paris simultaneously. They had a hasty informal meeting between airplanes. Vishinsky asked Gruber why he was so pro-American.

"The U.S. has practically paid for the new Austria and asked for nothing," Gruber said bluntly. "You not only take what doesn't belong to you, but also try to meddle in our affairs."

So closely does Gruber identify himself with Americans that the English he learned originally at Austrian schools has been expanded to include colorful expressions uttered by the late John G. Erhardt and General Mark Clark. The first American postwar Minister to Austria, Erhardt was born and raised in Brooklyn. Clark, the first American military commander here, comes from the Midwest. Unless he holds himself in check, Gruber can stagger a listener with his fluent Americana.

If a non-English-speaking visitor cannot speak German, Gruber will converse in English through an interpreter. Customarily, he does this with the Russians—another mark they have against him.

Proof on the Map of Europe

Much of the American interest in the welfare of Austria can be ascribed directly to Gruber. When he doesn't have time, he has a simple yet highly effective way of proving that a non-Communist Austria is vital to the security of the free world.

"Here we are," he says, pointing to a centrally placed wedge on the map of Europe. "On the east we border Czechoslovakia and Hungary, both Soviet satellites. To the south are Yugoslavia and Italy. In the west lie Switzerland and West Germany. In a Communist Austria . . .?"

He shrugs significantly. A Communist Austria means that the Russians would penetrate a couple of hundred miles farther into Western Europe, would be massed on all of Tito's northern frontier and would look menacingly down on Italy's industrial valleys.

A one-man traveling promotion agency for his country, Gruber never tires of emphasizing the necessity to keep Austria free of Russian domination. Between crises with the Soviet Union, he squeezes in trips to all international conferences to plead Austria's case. Twice—in 1946 and again last year—he stumped the U.S., hitting the whistle stops and great cities, to make Americans Austria-conscious.

His refreshing frankness about affairs of state and a country-boy air, induced by tousled hair and baggy clothes that drape a rawboned frame, brought Gruber more speaking engagements than he could handle in America. He has, too, additional appeal to women, who like his flashing hazel eyes and handsome, rugged features.

"Why don't you stay here and run for office?" an overenthusiastic lady asked him in Buffalo.

Gruber's tenure in office has earned him unstinted praise in his own party, the People's party. The other partners in the government, the Socialists, and the diplomatic corps of the Western World agree that Gruber richly deserves the accolades.

"Vice-Chancellor Schaerf keeps an eye on the Foreign Office for our party," a ranking Socialist told me. "But Gruber is very fair-minded. He's also independent and strong. He's above discussion within the parties and he's not tainted by any Fascist background."

"Gruber is one of the ablest men I've ever met," U.S. High Commissioner Walter J. Donnelly said. "He has a staggeringly broad knowledge of world problems."

"A phenomenon," a military man with years of political experience described Gruber. "For my money he's the toughest Foreign Minister in Europe, maybe in the world. You just can't scare him."

The spirit of resistance is inherent in Gruber. He was born in the mountains of the Tyrol, which produce tough-minded, taciturn men like Andreas Hofer who led the first rebellion against Napoleon. Gruber has known only the hard way to success. The third son in a poor family of five children, he had to work to earn money for an engineering degree and a Doctorate of Laws.

Splitting rails and stoking engines in the mountains gave him the prodigious stamina that today enables him to work 18 hours a day and knock off with a three-mile walk before going to bed. Since he took office, his boundless energy has resulted in three broken legs—always the right one—from skiing, mountain climbing and an automobile accident.

His drive has worn down batteries of Foreign Office aides, who view every trip out of the office as an arduous obstacle course. "I was happy to be reassigned," one of them told me. "Not that I didn't like working for the Minister. But I didn't bargain for swimming in the winter. Protocol demands that we follow, too."

When Gruber obtained his degrees, he became a technician for the Austrian Post Office. He started political life as a militant anti-Nazi, which cost him his job when Hitler forced the shotgun annexation of Austria to Germany in March, 1938. He was then employed by an electrical firm and, just after the war broke out, he met Helga Ahlgrim, a lovely, slender, Tyrolean brunette.

They were married in October, 1939, and together plotted the resistance that was to oust the Germans from western Austria. Multilingual and graciously charming, Helga Gruber is one of those rare women who combine beauty, brains and courage. Gruber's enemies like to say that Helga really runs the Foreign Office.

"That's not bad, if it's the worst they can say," Gruber laughed when I mentioned the gossip to him. "But they're very wrong. I do my own thinking and deciding—on foreign affairs."

A Leader of the Resistance

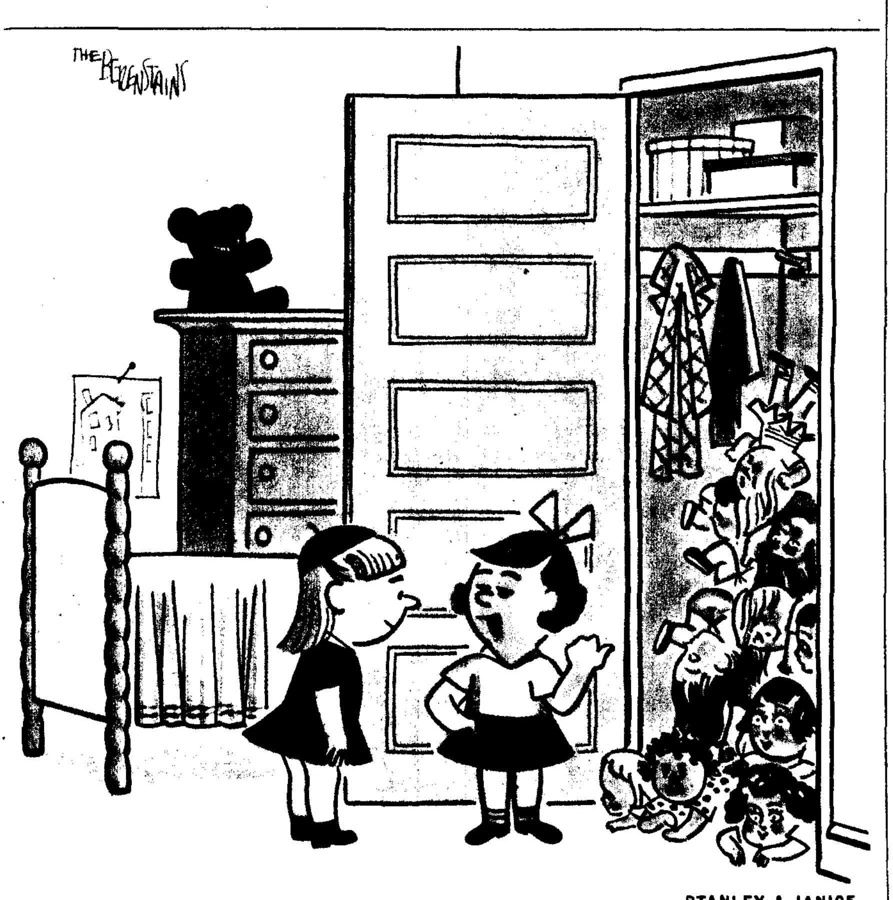
Under the *nom de guerre* of Karl Brandt, Gruber kept in touch with the American OSS after the U.S. entered the war. He was transferred to Berlin by his firm, but his wife remained in the Tyrol, communicating with him through their own courier service. Late in 1944, Gruber bolted his job and went to Innsbruck to take over active leadership of the resistance.

Everything went off fairly smoothly in the next few months except once—when Gruber and his staff had the Nazi commandant of Innsbruck under arrest in the German's own headquarters.

"The door suddenly flew open and several German soldiers entered, their rifles pointing at us," Gruber related with a grimace. "The commandant jumped out of the window, which was close to the ground. The bewildered soldiers ran for the window. Then we escaped out the other."

Gruber, however, armed 2,500 men with Wehrmacht equipment and took over the Innsbruck radio station, proclaiming the end of the German occupation. He sent a runner to American units near Munich and told them to come ahead, the coast was clear. His action was responsible for saving many American lives, because the moun-

SISTER



COLLIER'S "... and this is the nursery" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Oh my Gosh, ...that gunk in our car?

A mucked-up oil filter can cost you plenty in engine repairs. Get in a new Purolator* Refill—quick!

See what your filter can look like after 5,000 miles of driving. Choked up with over 2 pounds of sludge, it just can't continue to work effectively.

What to do? Don't delay—get in a clean filter refill—fast. **Which make?** Pays to buy the best—a Purolator Micronic*. New accordion-type design gives up to 10 times the filtering area—with pores so tiny they trap particles you can't even see. **Cost much?** Strictly small change—$1.38 to $3.00 depending on car make. **Take long?** Only a few minutes—at your favorite service station, garage or car dealer. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PurOlator MICRONIC OIL FILTER

Right you are—it's FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY on NBC every Tuesday at 9:30 PM, E.S.T.—sponsored by Pet Milk.

IMPORTED
Seagram's
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

RARE SPOT

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Grand Shave?
Looking Great!
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
FOR MEN
for that Top-of-the-World feeling
while shaving
after shaving
EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
SHIP GRAND TURK
Shaving Cream
SHULTON

SHAVING CREAM
Lather and Brushless
.50

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
1.00 plus tax
(large size 1.75)

SHULTON
New York Toronto

tainous Tyrolean area he seized had been designated by Hitler as a "last redoubt."

By the end of the war, Gruber's name and reputation were known throughout Austria. Anti-Nazi and anti-Communist political leaders were in contact with him, preparing to establish a government in accordance with the Moscow Declaration of 1943. That was the year the Allies solemnly pledged the restoration of a free and independent Austria.

The promise was blunted, though, by a little clause which said that shattered Austria also had to pay the penalty for her contribution to the German war machine. This meant occupation and reparations, no army and a woefully unequipped police force. It also meant that Austria would be divided into four zones, like Germany, although the central government would be recognized as sovereign in internal affairs.

At Soviet insistence, the Allied Control Council was armed with veto powers which could effectively sabotage Austrian administration. Prospects for Austria's rehabilitation were bleak indeed and they didn't look any better when the Russians pulled a fast one on their allies.

Jumping the gun, the Soviet high command set up a provisional government in Vienna with Communists in many of the key positions, especially the police. It was the same stacked hand the Russians dealt in eastern European countries. They had not reckoned, however, with the dedicated Austrians who today run the government.

Men like Gruber, Chancellor Leopold Figl, fresh from a concentration camp, and tough, squat Oskar Helmar, now the Socialist Minister of Interior, were determined not to tolerate any more of the kind of alien influences which softened up the country before Hitler marched in.

As soon as the news of the Soviet-blessed provisional government leaked, the anti-Communist leaders converged on Vienna. Gruber led a delegation from western Austria which got through Soviet checkposts by bribing Red Army sentries with swigs from a bottle of cherry brandy.

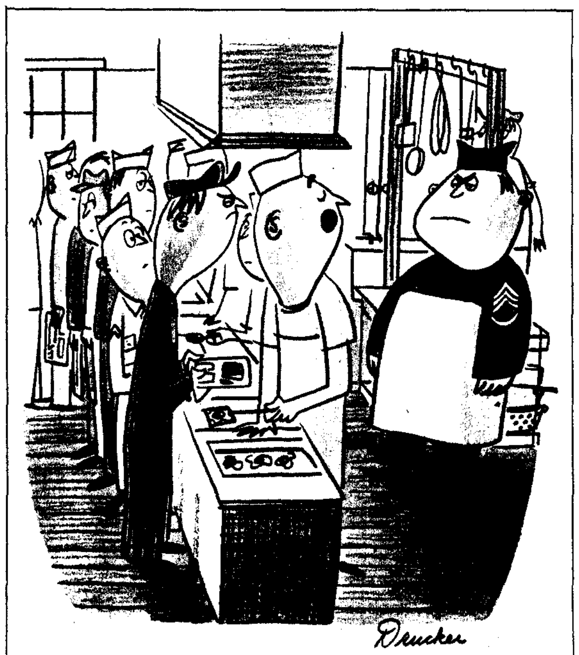
"That was the best bargain we ever made with the Russians," Gruber recalled. "That bottle of brandy enabled us to meet with the rest of the anti-Communist groups and smash Communist police power when we reformed the provisional government."

Emboldened by talks at Russian headquarters, the Communists demanded the immediate reinstatement of their handpicked police chiefs and Minister of Interior. If the jobs weren't restored, the Communists threatened, their "battalions" would march.

The People's party and the Socialists closed ranks and accepted the challenge. Every district police commissioner, including those in the Soviet zone, was dismissed. Headed by Gruber, a delegation went into the Russian zone to back up the government's action by denouncing Communist tactics.

All this, mind you, in the autumn of 1945! Those were the days when the Western World skipped lightly over Communist excesses, and anti-Communists were reviled as "Fascists." To support their defiance, Gruber and his associates had a police arsenal of exactly seven pistols.

"That didn't stop us, and our weakness in weapons has never affected our program," Gruber observed. "I've made more than 100 speeches in the Russian zone right in front of note-taking Russian officers. We had to educate the people in the spirit of resistance."



"Oh, chef—here's a new gentleman with us who isn't quite satisfied with his eggs!"

COLLIER'S BORIS DRUCKER

The elections of November, 1945, showed conclusively that the anti-Communists knew their Austria well. The Communists obtained only 5 per cent of the vote; the rest went to the People's party and the Socialists. The results hardly changed in 1949, and the Communists have polled even less in every municipal election.

"Our success rests on the conviction that you cannot appease the Russians or the Communists," Gruber said. "You cannot permit them to meddle in internal affairs. If you do, you get Russian-type elections."

The choice of Gruber for Foreign Minister was spontaneous. He spoke English, some French, and he had been in touch with the Americans during the war. In a nation drained of trained man power because of war, concentration-camp deaths or Nazi associations, Gruber was a young hope for a tired, battered Austria.

Becoming Foreign Minister meant that Gruber had to leave his native Tyrol and come to bombed-out Vienna. Even for the childless Grubers, setting up housekeeping amid the rubble was an epochal task.

Prince Eugene's old falcon house in the Belvedere was the property of the state, but in frightful shape. Yet the Grubers took it cheerfully. It was rent-free and Gruber was earning 2,000 shillings a month—worth about $10 during the inflated postwar days.

Helga Gruber told her husband to forget about making the house habitable and to concentrate on his job. She rounded up workmen, hauled timber from the Tyrol and renovated it into the pleasantest home in Vienna.

"It's easier now," Gruber said. "I get 5,000 shillings a month. That's almost $200; but the cost of living in Vienna is much cheaper than most other places. I also have a government car, so we get along."

Right after they moved into the Belvedere with their two huge Airedales, Jackie and Schnippsy, the Grubers were awakened by a great commotion in the garden. Gruber dashed out and saw that the policeman assigned to his house was being dragged away by two drunken Russian soldiers.

"The dogs had been trained to respect uniforms because of the guard," Gruber laughed. "They just licked the kidnapers' hands. Then they barked at me because I chased them away."

Gruber was in office only a short time when a frightened associate told him that the Russians demanded he inform on the Foreign Minister's activities. Characteristically, Gruber telephoned the Soviet Minister, Eugene Kisselev, once consul general

CARGO THAT BLASTS THE SEA WIDE OPEN!

Savage passions aflame in the North Atlantic... unleashed by treachery... hate... violence!

A beautiful woman learns what it means to be held captive!

DANA ANDREWS
CARLA BALENDA
CLAUDE RAINS

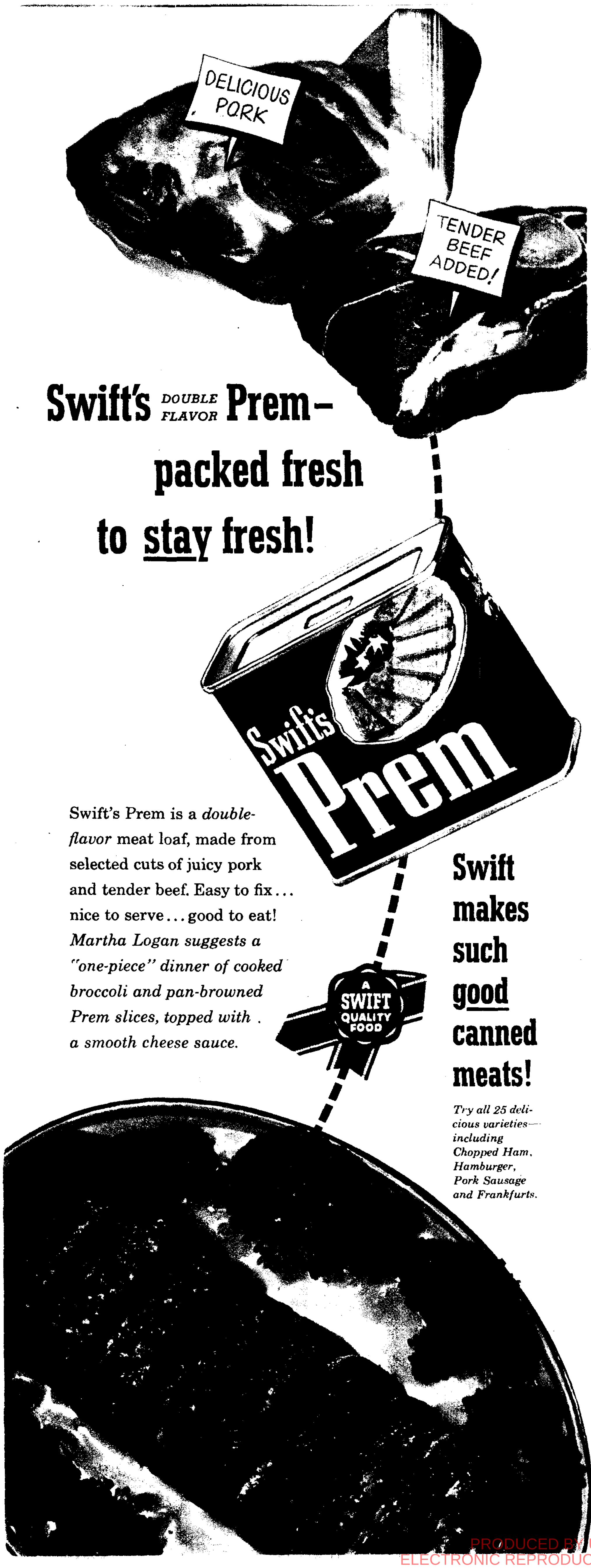
IN

SEALED CARGO

with **PHILIP DORN**

Based on the Saturday Evening Post Story "THE GAUNT WOMAN"

Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by ALFRED WERKER • Screenplay by DALE VAN EVERY • OLIVER H. P. GARRETT • ROY HUGGINS



Swift's DOUBLE FLAVOR Prem–packed fresh to stay fresh!

Swift's Prem is a *double-flavor* meat loaf, made from selected cuts of juicy pork and tender beef. Easy to fix... nice to serve... good to eat! *Martha Logan suggests a "one-piece" dinner of cooked broccoli and pan-browned Prem slices, topped with a smooth cheese sauce.*

Swift makes such good canned meats!

Try all 25 delicious varieties—including Chopped Ham, Hamburger, Pork Sausage and Frankfurts.

in New York, and asked him over. "We have no secrets," Gruber said to the discomfited Russian. "We suppose the Soviets have the courage to say so, if they want their own representative in my secretariat."

Kisselev blew up. The Russians, he said, had private ways of finding out what went on in the Foreign Ministry.

"That was his big mistake," Gruber observed. "I knew we still had leaks in our department. I narrowed down the suspects, fired them and I haven't had any trouble in my secretariat since."

His action didn't produce a cordial atmosphere for Gruber's next proposal. He wanted the Russians to temper their use of the veto in the Allied Control Council. They were indiscriminately vetoing every piece of Austrian legislation, thus making a joke of the government's sovereignty.

Extracting the Veto's Teeth

Gruber offered this solution: The veto would remain in force only for constitutional issues. On all other questions, Austrian laws would be valid, except when there was *unanimous disagreement* among the four Allies. The Western Powers quickly agreed and Gruber took the proposal to the Russians.

"They were suspicious, of course," Gruber said. "Months and months I worked the issues around. I pointed out to them that they still retained a veto. They weren't giving up much, I emphasized."

Almost a year later the Russians agreed to the change. Once they signed the amended veto resolution, the roof fell in on the Soviet high command. What the Russians, in their slavish devotion to detail, had failed to note was that constitutional questions arise about once every five years.

Molotov swiftly reshuffled his political advisers' department on Austrian affairs and paid Gruber a grudging compliment:

"I should have thought of that kind of idea myself," he grumbled.

Besides trying to outguess and outmaneuver the Russians at home, Gruber has to cope with them outside Austria as well. That has been especially true in treaty negotiations which have been dragging on for five years. Failure to obtain a treaty has not been Gruber's fault. The Western Powers and his government all agree on that.

The Russians just don't want a treaty, because they would have to withdraw their troops and leave behind an anti-Communist nation in the heart of Soviet Europe. Gruber, however, has never desisted in trying to bring them around. He keeps sounding out Big Four representatives, encouraging support among smaller nations and offering compromises that would not endanger Austria's sovereignty.

In Gruber's opinion, 1947 was the turning point in the postwar history of relations between the free world and the Soviet Union. It began with the fruitless Big Four meeting in Moscow which only widened the cleavage between East and West. Gruber is convinced that General George C. Marshall, then Secretary of State, created the vast American economic aid program—the Marshall Plan—as a result of the Moscow Conference.

"We will stand firm and we won't be beaten down by threats," Gruber promised Marshall at the end of the meeting. "But we will need help to develop our country and so instill patience in our people."

Gruber asked Marshall and General Clark if the U.S. couldn't start that aid by paying its own occupation costs in Austria. The idea struck home. Its political effects were felt not only in Austria but throughout central and eastern Europe, where Red armies live off the land.

What the agreement provided was that a victorious nation should, for the first time, pay rent for its occupation troops and disclaim all further charges against the vanquished. Unfortunately, despite constant prodding by Gruber, the British and the French haven't gone that far; but they have slashed occupation costs to the bone.

The Russians not only spurned the proposal but decided they had to get rid of Gruber: he was causing them too much embarrassment. The Austrian Communist party was instructed to do the hatchet work.

"Hang Gruber," was the slogan that opened and closed all Communist meetings. Buildings in Vienna were covered with posters demanding Gruber's dismissal. If he didn't go, the Communists threatened, they'd string him up outside his office.

Ernst Fischer, the dreamy-eyed, bumbling leader of the Austrian Reds, went to see Chancellor Figl. He asked for Gruber's resignation and wholesale inclusion of Communists in the government. Otherwise, Fischer said complacently, Austria would never get a treaty from the Russians.

Figl informed Gruber of the Communist demands. They called the rest of the Cabinet for a political council of war.

"It lasted about one minute," Gruber recalled with a smile. "We agreed unanimously to tell the Communists to go to hell."

Then Gruber went on the air with a blistering denunciation of Soviet and Communist tactics. At first the Russians, who control one of the two radio stations in Vienna, refused to permit the speech to be transcribed, unless the Foreign Minister toned down his attack. Gruber went to Soviet headquarters.

"I intend to remain right here," he informed Zheltov, "until I can get my speech out uncensored. If I stay indefinitely, the impression will be that I'm held a prisoner."

His speech went out uncensored.

A few weeks later, the world was shocked by the brutal Communist coup in Hungary, Austria's immediate eastern neighbor. Under the hard-bitten guidance of Lieutenant General V. P. Sviridov—now Soviet commander for Austria—the Hungarian Communists swept a freely elected non-Communist government from office and established their own dictatorship.

Hardly had a "people's democracy" been installed in Budapest when several roving Russian diplomats passed through Vienna and visited Gruber. They suggested that things would go easier for Austria if Communists were brought into the government. Look what happened to Hungary, they added.

Gruber and the government replied the next day. The Foreign Minister and other Cabinet members hurried down to the heart of the Russian zone.

"What happened in Hungary cannot happen here, if we remain firm in our anti-Communist convictions," Gruber said in a half-dozen speeches. "We must resist all Russian pressures."

In Fear of Soviet Reprisals

The government strengthened Gruber's speeches by ordering the immediate dismissal of the few remaining police officials in the Soviet zone who were still suspected of pro-Communist leanings. The Western Allies in Vienna braced for infuriated Soviet reaction. There were gloomy predictions that the Russians would force a division of Austria, as they had Germany.

"They will do nothing of the kind," Gruber reassured the worried Allies. "They will have to go to war to carve us up."

He was right. The Russians called the members of the Austrian government "Fascists" and did nothing.

"That convinced me, more than anything else, that you must keep your internal administration clean of Communist influence," Gruber told me. "In every crisis, we have never lost sight of that basic fact of political existence."

In 1948, Gruber had to approach the Russians about the Marshall Plan. Member countries agree to American supervision of all Marshall Plan goods that enter. The Soviet Union vowed it would not permit Americans to roam around their zone of Austria. Gruber solved the problem with Washington and Moscow.

"I told the Americans that Austrians could do the supervising for them in the

Soviet zone," he explained to me. "Then I informed the Russians that Austrians would handle Marshall goods in their area. Of course, I reminded the Russians that Austrians had the right to move all over Austria."

Gruber's arguments prevailed. Marshall Plan goods flowed into the Soviet zone of Austria without Russian interference, and still do—the only Russian-controlled territory in the world that benefits from direct American aid. The Foreign Minister commemorated the initial distribution by tacking up one of the first placards in the Russian zone, thanking America for her help.

Although Gruber and the government have obtained for Austria infinitely better living conditions than exist in any of the Soviet satellites, the Austrian Communists snipe away at the administration for neglecting the "masses."

Last October, they left off sniping and organized a full-dress attempt to stampede the government out of office, with their "shock brigades." It was the first time the Communists attempted all-out organized sabotage and violence. For three hectic days and nights the government ministers stood resolutely at the Ballhaus Platz.

"This was the supreme test of whether we had successfully purged the police and the administration of Communists," Gruber said. "This was the decisive hour when we could tell, by their response, if the people had sufficient morale to stand by us."

The Communists deployed mobile gangs to stop all civilian traffic throughout the Russian zone, which includes the districts encompassing Vienna. They stormed post offices and communication centers, as the Russians watched attentively but passively.

It seemed certain from the first onslaught that the Russians would not commit themselves until they were certain of how things would go. The Western Allies placed their garrisons on the alert. But none of the occupation powers budged. It was up to the Austrian government, by its own action, to stand or fall.

"We placed police details around the chancellery so the Communists couldn't infiltrate and grab the government," Gruber told me. "We went on the air and appealed to the people to resist Communist aggression and to disobey their commands. Then we sent special police details to the Russian zone to pitch the Communists out of government buildings they had seized."

The Austrian people, sparked by Socialist trade-unionists, responded magnificently. They dared the Communists to use weapons when they evicted Reds from the factories. With their bare fists they smashed Communist picket lines and with their hands they tore up Communist roadblocks.

In the Soviet zone, police entered Communist-occupied buildings and arrested carloads of intruders. Then the Russians stepped in. At Wiener Neustadt, an industrial city 30 miles from Vienna, the Red Army commander threatened to dislodge government police with his troops.

Reds Get an Ultimatum

Word was flashed by the embattled gendarmes to the anxious men in the chancellery. The Russians had to be told to keep their hands off; the riots were an internal matter. Telling the Soviet command was in Gruber's department. He went to Soviet headquarters.

"The issue is simple," Gruber told the Russian high command. "Either you follow the legal agreements with this government in which you have pledged no intervention in internal affairs, or you use force. If you use force, you will be responsible for what I assure you will be Austrian resistance."

The Russians have a reputation for protracted delays in emergencies. This time they acted with lightning swiftness. The Communists suddenly called off their "strike." The police in Wiener Neustadt weren't touched.

"We will never again have illusions about the Communist party," Gruber told General Sviridov, the brains behind the Hungarian *Putsch,* a few days after tranquillity returned to Vienna.

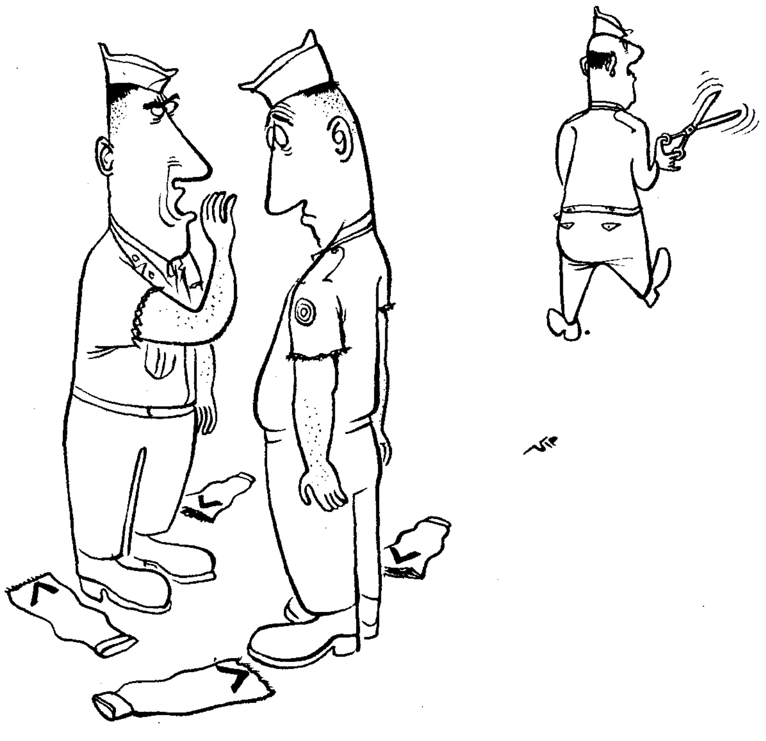
But the significance of the October riots hasn't been lost on Austria. All anti-Communist Austrians—95 per cent of the people—are determined to throttle any future Communist disturbances before the Reds can whip up steam. The Austrians have voluntarily made themselves the eyes and ears of the government. That means Gruber and his associates today know about every Communist meeting, every Communist cell discussion and every Communist plan.

"What's happened around here since the disorders?" I asked Gruber.

"We checked carefully and found a little residue of pro-Communists in a few government jobs," Gruber replied with the flicker of a smile. "Know what we did? We fired them!"

THE END

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "The old Indian giver!" VIRGIL PARTCH

. . . of course, it's electric!

Name it.. you can bake it!

It's no trick at all with a Westinghouse

America's Leading Roaster

Cakes, pies . . . cookies, bread . . . anything and everything you can think of bakes to perfection in this versatile Roaster-Oven. What's more, it turns out a grand job each and every time, thanks to sure, even heat, thermostatically controlled. You'll love the way it roasts meat . . . cooks taste-treats for 5 or 50 . . . takes over complete meals, too. And it's portable besides!

Yes, the Westinghouse Roaster-Oven is 2 square feet of cooking magic, cooks everything, plugs in anywhere. Has exclusive Look-In lid, Lift-Out rack, complete set of glass ovenware dishes . . . *all at no extra cost.* See this wonder-cooking appliance at your Westinghouse retailer's. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Electric Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

ROASTER-OVEN ONLY $39.95

Accessories: **Broiler-Grid, $7.95; Cabinet, $18.95; Timer, $10.95 plus tax**

Fair Trade Prices subject to change

Give Electric Housewares . . . First Choice for every Gift Occasion

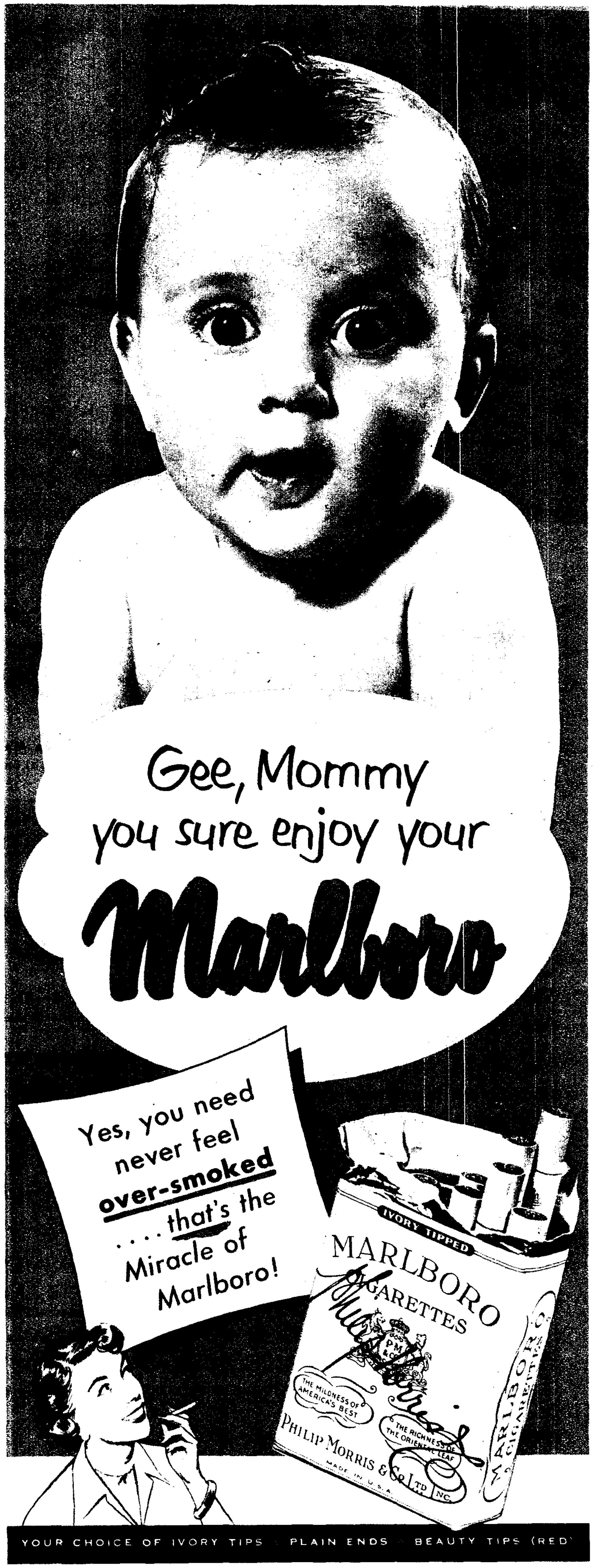
Cooks Complete Meal for eight or ten . . . all at one time.

Fries, Grills, Broils, Toasts, with convenient Broiler-Grid.

Convenient Cabinet, also Timer, Broiler-Grid . . . optional.

See TV's Top Dramatic Show . . . WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" . . . Every Week

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse



Gee, Mommy you sure enjoy your Marlboro
Yes, you need never feel over-smoked .... that's the Miracle of Marlboro!
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
YOUR CHOICE OF IVORY TIPS · PLAIN ENDS · BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

Cancer Quacks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

she was back at work in the hospital, apparently fully recovered. She's still on the job today, feeling fine, and firmly convinced that Dr. Hett's secret serum saved her life after surgery and X-ray treatments failed.

Those are the facts taken from the records of the hospital where the nurse is employed. Everything about the nurse's story is true—except her conclusion. According to medical experts, she was *not* cured by Dr. Hett's serum; instead, weakened by necessary radical surgery and under tremendous mental tension, she made three understandable and human errors which led to her being victimized.

The Nurse's Three Mistakes

Did *you* detect the three errors? If not, here they are, based on an evaluation of the case history by Dr. Charles Cameron, Medical and Scientific Director of the American Cancer Society:

(1) The nurse mistook the attacks of nausea which *normally* follow intensive X-ray therapy as evidence that surgery had failed. Actually, as her recovery indicates, *the hospital treatment was successful.*

(2) The nurse accepted Dr. Hett's blood test as confirmation of her fears that the cancer was spreading and her case was hopeless. Actually, no blood test for cancer, *standing alone,* is medically accepted as proof of the presence of malignant disease.

(3) The nurse attributed her recovery to Dr. Hett's serum, instead of to the surgery and irradiation which *preceded* his injections. Actually, surgery has accomplished similar cures for thousands of patients who recovered from breast operations without using Hett injections. Moreover, the mild discomforts which attend extensive X-ray treatments subside completely within a few weeks; this accounts scientifically for the improvement which the nurse experienced while a patient of Dr. Hett.

The reactions of this distraught nurse over a two-year period demonstrate how the psychology of cancer favors the quacks. Medical authorities hold that once malignant cells escape from operable areas, such as the breast or pelvis, to other parts of the body, a patient is doomed.

"Consequently," a noted cancer diagnostician commented recently, "when you advise a patient honestly that her condition is either hopeless or doubtful—as in the case of the nurse who went to Hett—the patient's instinct for survival sometimes triumphs over her good sense. She looks around for somebody—anybody—who will hold out hope for a cure. Eventually, she locates a quack with some sort of a secret remedy.

"In one way," the diagnostician added, "the nurse who went to Hett was lucky. She had received adequate treatment before she fell into the hands of a quack. The really unlucky victims are the ones who go to a quack in the early stages of their illness and are thereby prevented from receiving scientific examination and treatment at a time when prompt surgery *might still save their lives.*"

Slick promoters have been quick to attempt to cash in on the lush financial opportunities uncovered by the cancer quacks. On October 24, 1950, Nathaniel L. Goldstein, Attorney General of New York, forced the dissolution of Cancer Welfare Fund, Inc., which had collected in excess of $100,000 under the guise of charity and used approximately $5,000 to help cancer victims. The balance—95 cents of every dollar contributed—was paid out in salaries for the promoters and in expenses.

Cancer Welfare Fund, Inc., circulated appeals for funds in envelopes containing dollar bills. Recipients were asked to return the dollar bill with an additional contribution.

This same dollar-bait technique raised about $600,000 in new money in a period of 10½ months for the so-called National Cancer Hospital of America, a fund-raising organization with headquarters in Detroit, which was exposed by Walter Winchell. The columnist accurately predicted that Goldstein would apply for an injunction to stop that group from soliciting funds in New York State.

In his column of November 2, 1950, Winchell sizzled: ". . . The (New York) Attorney General's audit will show none of the actual contributions (about $600,000) has gone toward creation of the National Cancer Hospital of America, except a $10,000 deposit on the purchase of a vacant lot in Detroit. This transaction was made late in September when they learned a probe was under way. . . . And get this: A direct-mail firm in N. Y. (which put up the original $2,000 for the one-dollar letters) was paid $219,000 for 'mailing expenses and commissions.' . . . That's over 1,000 per cent in less than a year."

So much for the pitfalls of cancer quackery. Now, let's take a closer look at some of the notoriously successful quacks uncovered by Collier's survey.

Last February 23d, accompanied by Collier's photographer George Emme, I visited the Hett Foundation, a remodeled two-story residence in Windsor's dingy water-front section, only 20 minutes by auto from downtown Detroit, yet safely across the border from bothersome U.S. Food and Drug Administration agents.

Next Week

A Reporter in Search of God

WHAT SOLDIERS BELIEVE

Dr. Hett claims to provide effective treatment for stomach ulcers and arthritis, in addition to therapy which creates "immunization against cancer." He is (a nurse told us) too busy to make appointments. His patients receive numbered cards in rotation as they come in; then, they wait for treatment until their numbers are called, like customers queued up at a market meat counter.

Dr. Hett's office hours that Friday afternoon were from one to six o'clock. When we arrived at one fifteen, the waiting room was packed with 37 patients. They huddled together on benches and squatted on the stairs leading to the second floor, and each one of them clutched a small white card.

Injections Yield Big Income

Dr. Hett boasts of having "treated thousands of Americans with amazing results." Since injections cost $10 each, and patients receive upward of 50 injections before being pronounced cured, Dr. Hett's income may well exceed $100,000 a year.

Dr. Hett is a quick, nervous little man with ruddy cheeks and a large white mustache. Now eighty years old (according to biographical material in his advertising pamphlets), he moves about spryly and spends eight hours a day, six days a week, in his office. Four nurses (who perform the serum injections) assist him in servicing the patients—reportedly as many as 100 in an afternoon.

Almost without exception, the patients are American citizens who cross over into Windsor in response to Dr. Hett's widely distributed promotional literature. However, Dr. Hett does not advertise or sell his serum in Ontario, according to Canadian medical authorities—a precaution which

Question: What's the best state to vacation in?

Answer: The relaxed state!

You step into your Pullman car.

There's no worry, no tension. Just complete peace of mind.

You s-t-r-e-t-c-h out on that big, soft Pullman seat. You can almost feel every nerve, every muscle, ever blessed part of you relax.

It's relaxation that comes from within . . . from knowing that you're even safer in a Pullman than you are at home.

You keep this feeling of safety throughout your trip. You sleep deep and undisturbed. You enjoy all the sights, all the conveniences, all the pleasures of going Pullman.

And, best of all, it makes no difference whether you and your family are going to a dude ranch in California or a seaside resort in Maine.

Your vacation begins and ends in the best state of all—the *relaxed* state—when you go Pullman.

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

There's a Pullman accommodation to fit your family's vacation needs. See your railroad ticket agent soon.

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Every 2½ Minutes

ANOTHER NEW OR REBUILT FREIGHT CAR GOES TO WORK FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

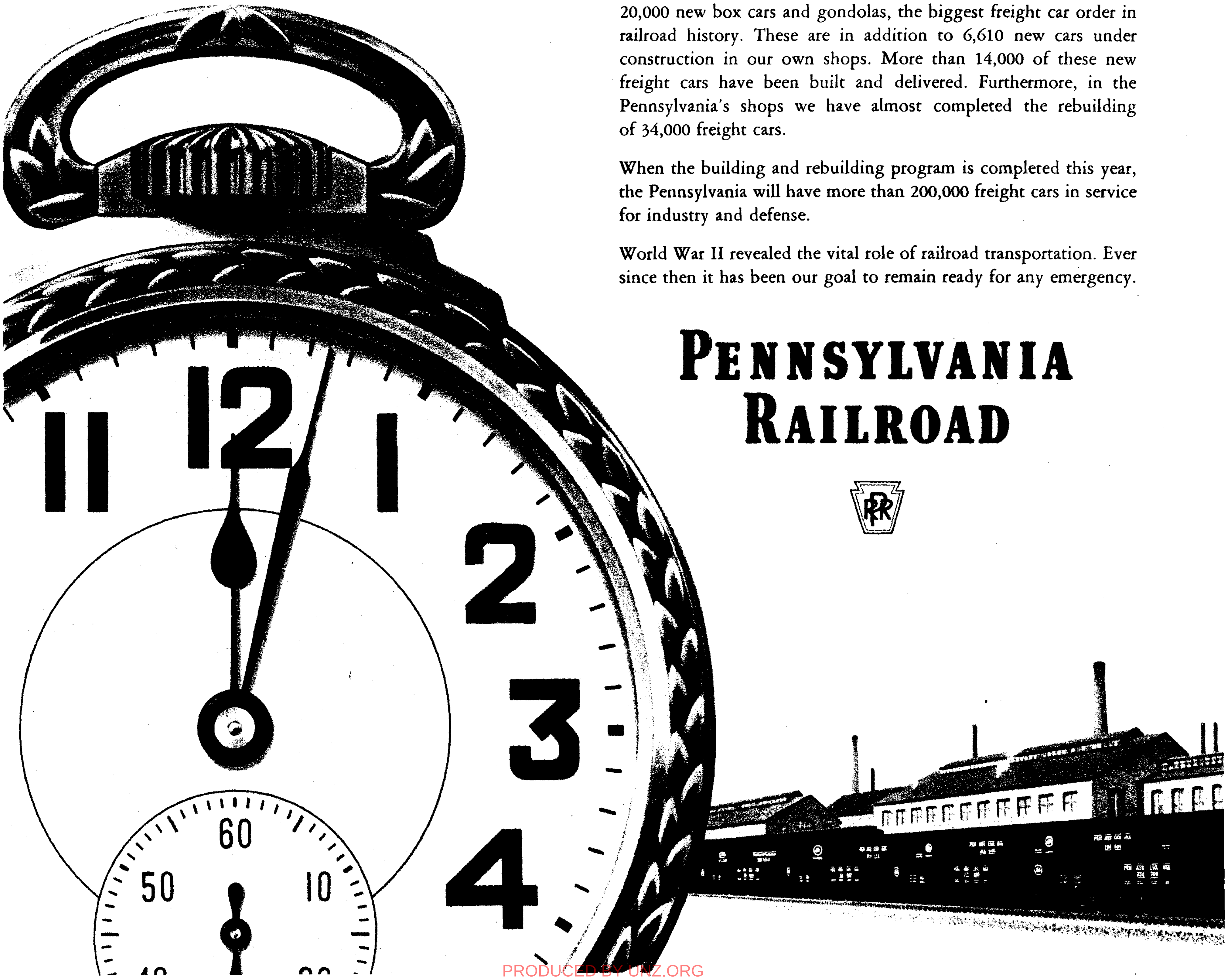
For any transportation requirement of industry or defense, new and rebuilt freight cars are going into Pennsylvania Railroad service this year at an unprecedented rate . . . on the average, a car every 2½ minutes of the working day . . . hopper cars, box cars, gondolas and flat cars.

Many car shops, including our own, are working on this freight car production program. From the car builders last year we ordered 20,000 new box cars and gondolas, the biggest freight car order in railroad history. These are in addition to 6,610 new cars under construction in our own shops. More than 14,000 of these new freight cars have been built and delivered. Furthermore, in the Pennsylvania's shops we have almost completed the rebuilding of 34,000 freight cars.

When the building and rebuilding program is completed this year, the Pennsylvania will have more than 200,000 freight cars in service for industry and defense.

World War II revealed the vital role of railroad transportation. Ever since then it has been our goal to remain ready for any emergency.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



apparently enables him to escape molestation by Canadian drug officials.

While Emme was loading his camera, Dr. Hett produced a large vial containing a brownish solution having the appearance of iodine. "This is my serum," he said. "What I call the mother liquid."

"How does it work?" I asked.

"The mother liquid is diluted in an equal amount of distilled water," Dr. Hett said. "Then one drop of the resulting solution is added to 10 drops of distilled water and injected."

"Into the vein?"

"Yes, it's a veinous injection. We've been getting some marvelous results lately. Not only for cancer, but arthritis and diabetes, too. Complete cures."

The office was drab and sparsely equipped. It contained an examination table, littered with old newspapers; a white metal stand, which held a sterilizing cabinet, three syringes, and half a dozen vials of serum diluted for injection; Dr. Hett's own desk; several straight-backed chairs, and filing cabinets. While Emme took pictures, Dr. Hett volunteered that he had devoted his entire life to the conquest of cancer. "I wrote Walter Winchell about the serum," he said, "but I never heard from him directly. The Damon Runyon Committee referred my letter to the National Cancer Institute and those institute doctors wanted to know all about the serum—formula, preparation, everything. But I couldn't give it to them. Wouldn't be safe."

"Why not?"

"Observing the reactions of patients after an injection is extremely important," Dr. Hett said. "A doctor would have to work with me here and learn the technique before it would be safe for him to use the serum. Why, look what happened when Ehrlich announced his 606 cure for syphilis. Other doctors tried to use it and there were many deaths from improper handling. I don't want that to happen with my serum."

Subsequent analysis of Dr. Hett's serum by a Chicago laboratory revealed the presence of *B. coli and Streptococcus fecalis*—bacteria normally found in human or animal fecal material.

"This stuff could have come from bowel washings," a lab technician asserted.

It is the opinion of expert biologists that any solution containing *B. coli and Streptococcus fecalis* and injected into the veins of a human being would produce the chills and fevers experienced by Dr. Hett's patients. Under certain conditions, such fecally contaminated material also might cause blood poisoning. However, there is no medical evidence to support the theory that any of the effects of such an injection could cure cancer.

Judging from the laboratory analysis of Dr. Hett's secret serum, it would appear that the nurse recovered *in spite of his injections.*

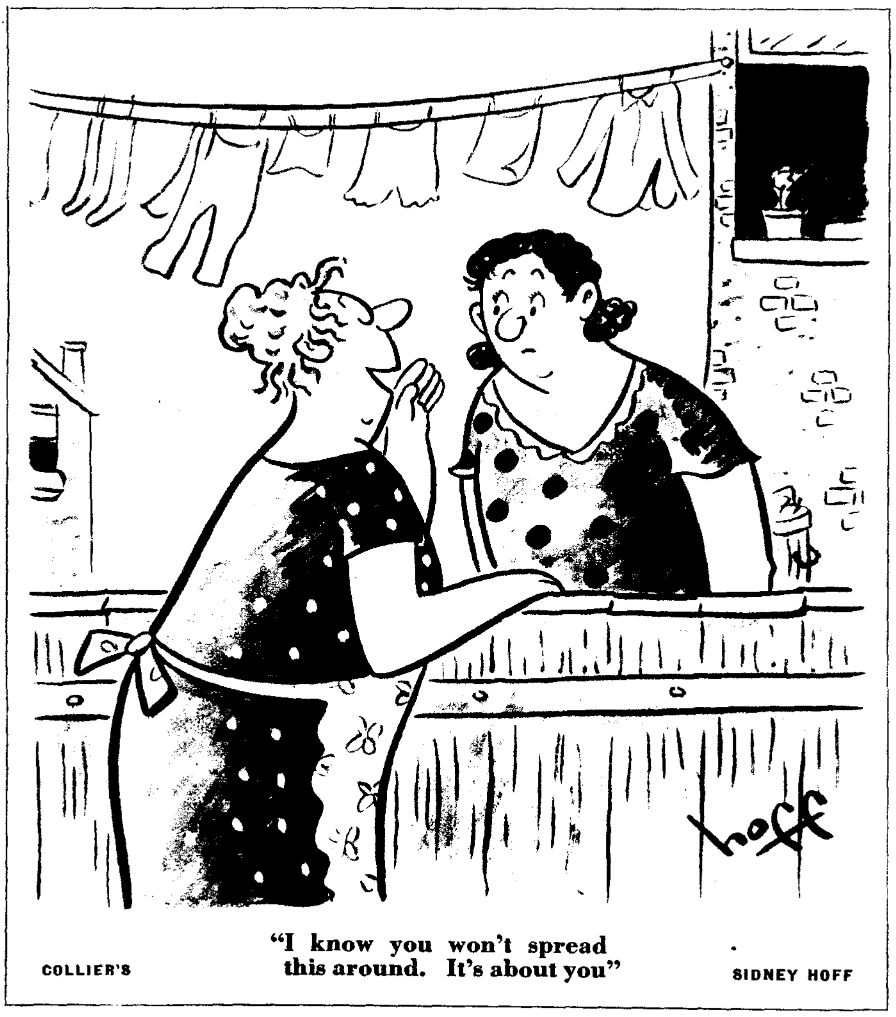
Doctor Accused of Chicanery

The secrecy surrounding Dr. Hett's serum has been denounced as "outright chicanery" by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association. The council, which evaluates drugs for the medical profession, further observed: ". . . If, indeed, a cure for cancer had existed since 1931 as claimed by Dr. Hett, then the responsibility for all the deaths from the disease since that time could be ascribed to his failure to make known his discovery to all other physicians. Obviously, the real reason for secrecy lies in the fact that Dr. Hett has no cure."

Although the story of Dr. Hett's secret serum may sound fantastic, there are equally fantastic examples of cancer quackery in every sizable city.

In Pittsburgh, a mold extract called Mucorhicin is being sold as a cancer remedy at $10 per half ounce. The doctors associated with this product have never reported on the results of their experiments. These Mucorhicin experiments were initiated by a hospital dietician named Lillian Lazenby and an automobile tire salesman named Philip Drosnes who announced in Pittsburgh in 1947: "We can cure cancer!" One sample of Mucorhicin, tested by microbiologists at the National Cancer Institute, revealed the presence of fungi, mites, and their fecal material, unidentified insects' wings, and yeast spores.

In New York, bizarre cultists are advocating the "Orgone Theory" propounded in the pseudo-Freudian writings of Dr. Wilhelm Reich. Among other things, patients sit in a cabinet made of sheet iron and card-



COLLIER'S — "I know you won't spread this around. It's about you" — SIDNEY HOFF

✳ fashion-wise
✳ budget-wise
✳ travel-wise

GINGER BROWN
COWHIDE SPLIT LEATHER

Horn
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LUGGAGE

for men—A two-suiter and matching companion case in handsome genuine split cowhide. Easy to pack . . . and wonderfully durable. About $44.00 and $33.00 at stores most everywhere.

This Horn *Luggage can take plenty of wear and weather. It's plastic coated for extra protection.*

for women—A truly smart travel ensemble with five matching pieces. Luxuriously lined . . . carefully designed to solve packing problems. Deluxe luggage at budget prices.

14" Train Case	$24.00
21" Overnite Case	$24.00
26" Pullman Case	$30.00
18" Hat and Shoe Case	$30.00
21" Wardrobe Case	$33.00

All prices approximate and subject to existing excise taxes

For your nearest Horn *luggage dealer's name, write*

Rice-Stix MANUFACTURERS
ST. LOUIS

A trooper of The Life Guards on duty in Whitehall—part of London's daily pageantry. The regiment was founded in 1660.

ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS

By LOWELL THOMAS

1951 is the chance of a lifetime to see Britain in all her glory, while the nationwide Festival of Britain is in progress and the dollar is worth more than ever before.

King George opened the Festival of Britain on May 3rd. For the next five months, Britain—the whole country from the White Cliffs of Dover to the highlands of Scotland, from the Eastern shores of England to Wales and Northern Ireland—will be "At Home" to visitors from the four corners of the earth.

Thousands of Americans and Canadians are changing their vacation plans at the last minute to spend more time in Britain this summer.

Never before have the British organized such an impressive succession of pageants, fairs, exhibitions and carnivals. There will be regattas, agricultural shows, concerts, drama festivals, firework displays and sporting events. In fact, all Britain will be on show.

As for your comfort in Britain . . . you will find food plentiful in restaurants and hotels all over the country, offering excellent service to suit all tastes and all pockets.

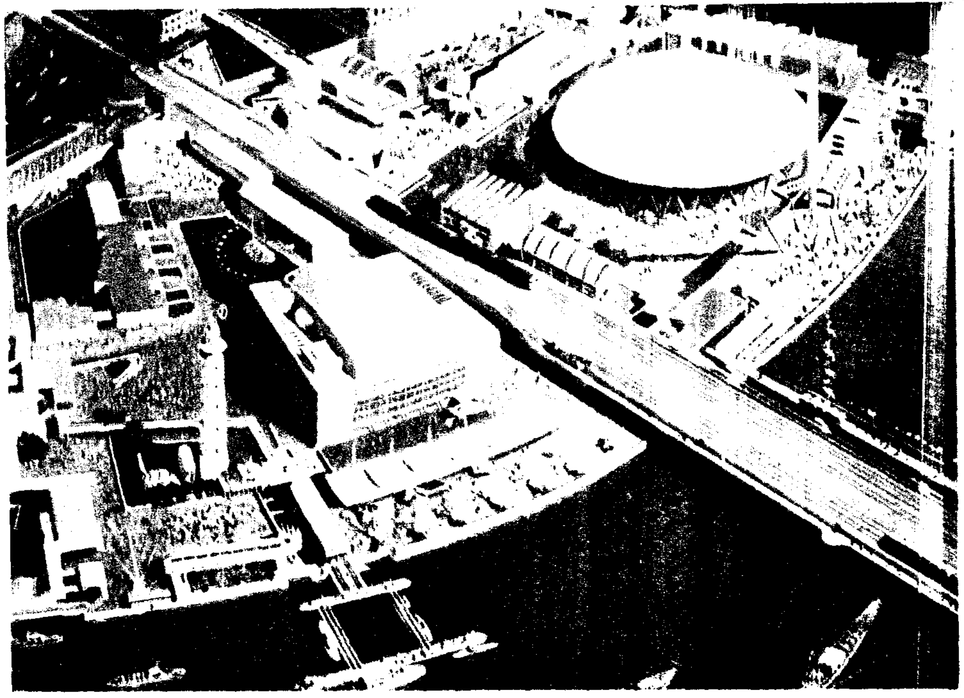
There is gaiety at night and the finest British goods await you in the shops. You can drive as far as you like—gasoline is unrationed. Your dollar buys more in Britain than ever before, and you have special shopping privileges.

Next to the engaging gentleness of English manners, the thing that surprises most visitors to this enchanting island is the miniature scale of everything, including the geography. It's amazing how much there is to see within a radius of two hundred miles!

However, don't imagine you can see Britain in three or four days—it would be a thousand pities to stay less than a fortnight in this gala Festival year. The Festival will be going on in more than 20 different places during a period of 150 days from May 3rd to September 30th. If you miss this vacation-of-the-century it will be a chance gone forever.

Britain in 1951 is a great bet. Don't miss it. Go on over, and take your family. The holiday will do them good and they won't forget the experience as long as they live. But here's a warning. Do something about it *now!* Mail the coupon today for free illustrated booklets, or better still—call your Travel Agent *immediately*.

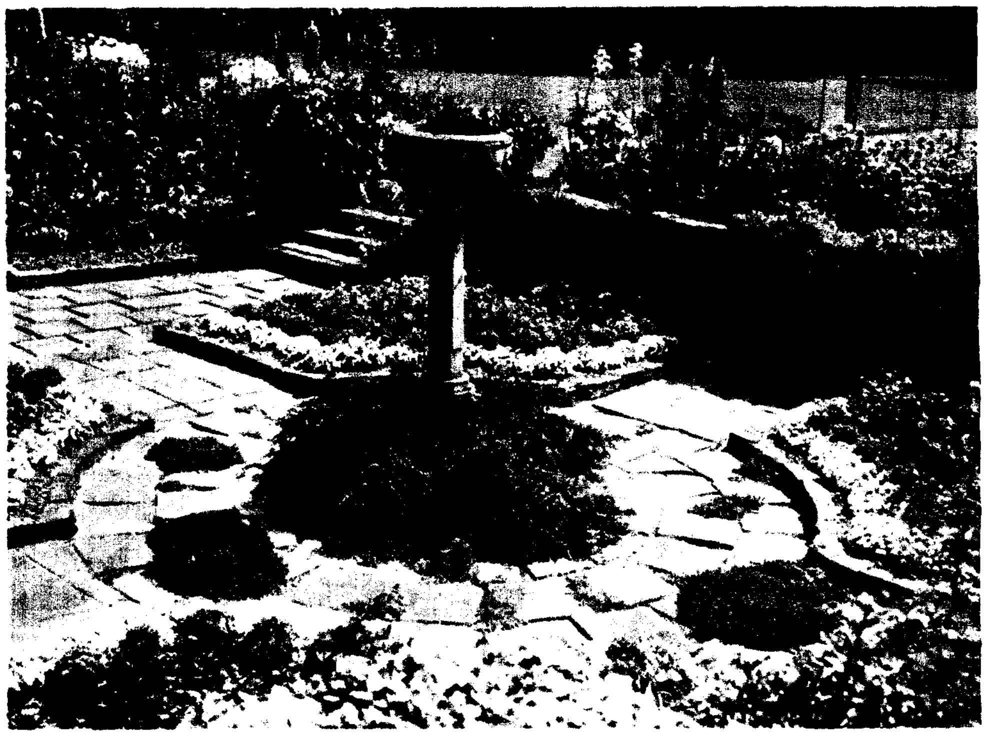
COME TO BRITAIN



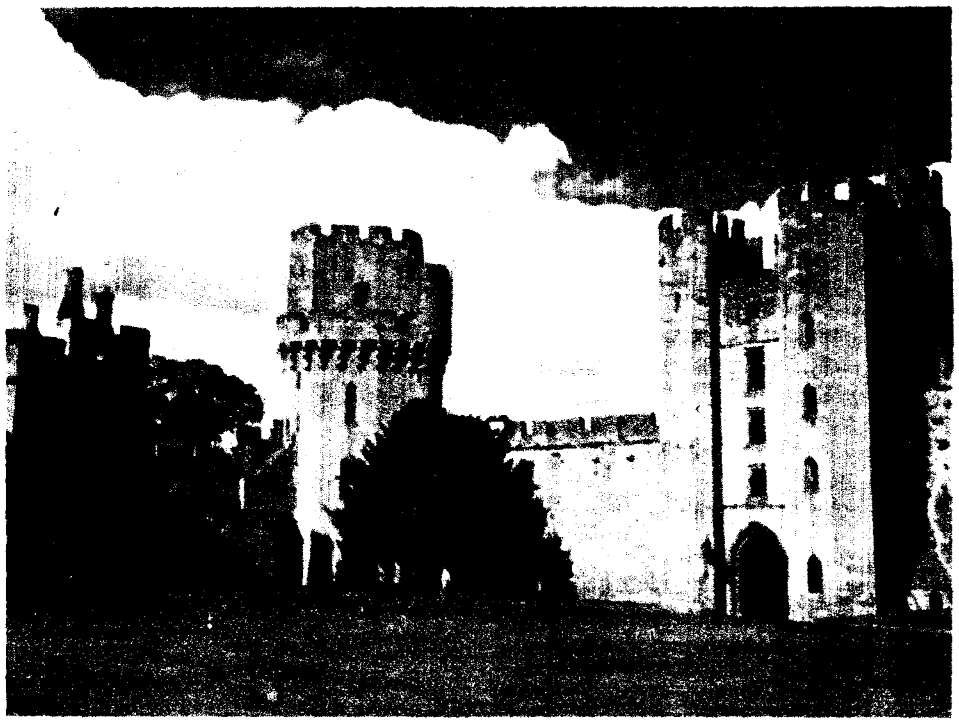
The Festival of Britain is nationwide, but its centre is the dramatic South Bank Exhibition in the heart of London. This includes the architecturally interesting Dome of Discovery, world's biggest dome, with a span of 365 feet, sprung like Phoenix from the ashes of a war-scarred area—a symbol of British resurgence and vitality.

Edinburgh will welcome visitors at a mass Gathering of the Clans, to be followed by the great International Festival of Music and Drama, with Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir John Barbirolli, Myra Hess, the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the Glyndebourne Opera. At night you can see dazzling ceremonies by kilted troops in the Castle courtyard.

Choirboys like those shown above from the Chapel Royal at Hampton Court, will take part in the nationwide Festival program of choral, orchestral and chamber music, ballet and opera, art exhibitions and drama. Where these choristers now sing, monarchs have been christened and—according to legend—royal ghosts still walk.



Garden Lovers can inspect lovely gardens like this one in Surrey. Scores of others are open to visitors, including Lord Aberconway's at Bodnant in Wales, Hampton Court Palace and that mecca of horticulturists, the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. "England is a nation of shopkeepers," said Napoleon: he might have added *gardeners*.



The Earl of Warwick, whose castle is shown above, like other great landowners, often personally welcomes tourists to his stately home. Windsor Castle also will be open to you through the gracious permission of His Majesty the King, whose opening of the Festival from the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral was an impressive ceremony.

MAIL THIS COUPON

British Travel Centre
Box 705, 336 Madison Avenue
New York 17, New York

Please rush me free illustrated booklets marked below:

☐ Festival of Britain 1951
☐ Information and Events
☐ British Isles
☐ London
☐ North England
☐ South England
☐ East England
☐ West England
☐ Northern Ireland
☐ Scotland
☐ Industrial Areas
☐ Wales

My special interests are:

☐ Abbeys and Cathedrals
☐ Art Galleries
☐ Museums
☐ Drama and Music
☐ American Associations
☐ Hiking
☐ Cycling
☐ Motoring
☐ Fishing
☐ Yachting
☐ Racing
☐ Golf

Name____________________

Address____________________

City & Zone____________State________

For expert advice in planning your tour, see your local travel agent.

board called an "Orgone Accumulator." As the patients sit, they supposedly accumulate orgone, a highly imaginary sexual factor. (Inhibitions of the sex life are blamed for many diseases.) Regarding cancer, Reich observes: ". . . A local cancer affection is a result of a disturbed sex-economy of the organism. Consequently, a radial fight against cancer requires a radical change in the sexual hygiene of the total population . . ."

At Savannah, Missouri, the Nichols Cancer Sanatorium, an impressive four-story building on a 70-acre tract, grosses upward of $250,000 annually by treating patients externally with caustic pastes. According to skin specialists, such treatment causes unnecessary disfigurement and cannot check or eradicate deep-seated tumors.

As Curative as a Juke Box

From Los Angeles, Mrs. Ruth Drown promotes a machine which she claims treats patients suffering from cancer and sundry other diseases. Mrs. Drown's apparatus, complicated as a juke box and possessing approximately the same therapeutic potency, works by remote control and "tunes in" on her patients' radio frequency anywhere in the country.

At Denver, Colorado, a chiropractor named Leo Spears advertises, "We have lately been successful in the relief, through natural methods, of certain types of cancer." Spears operates a pretentious sanitorium and health club estimated to be worth $8,000,000.

Spears's flamboyant advertising, distributed nationally in a 48-page tabloid, claims chiropractic "cures" in cases involving diabetes, epilepsy, goiter, undulant fever, nervousness, arthritis, eczema, asthma, multiple sclerosis, St. Vitus's dance, infantile paralysis, sleeping sickness, appendicitis, heart disease, kidney disease, spastic paralysis, constipation, liver trouble, stomach ulcers and crossed eyes. A report submitted in 1949 to the Attorney General of Colorado, John W. Metzger, revealed that a large number of deaths at the Spears Sanitorium were due to cancer.

Readers of Bernarr Macfadden's health pulps have a choice of two "natural" cancer cures. Macfadden originally advocated a milk diet for cancer sufferers, but recently *he has been campaigning for a grape-eating routine.*

However, there are no authenticated cases of cancer cures resulting from a patient's following Macfadden's advice to eat grapes and drink nothing but water.

Macfadden also unselfishly endorses the methods of "colleagues" Hoxsey and Koch. In the magazine Health Review, dated May-June, 1950, Macfadden writes:

"Cancer killed Damon Runyon and Babe Ruth outright. Rex Beach killed himself because of cancer. How many people do you know who would do as Rex Beach did if they suffered cancer agony? Many have said: 'If I had cancer, I'd kill myself.'

"But thousands who have had cancer *HAVE* been cured by natural methods of diet and oxidation and exercise. And these cures have been proved in court testimony, in cases involving Dr. William Frederick Koch of Detroit and the Hoxsey Cancer Clinic of Dallas, Texas. Records are available to all who care to investigate. *CANCER HAS BEEN CONQUERED AND IS BEING CONQUERED EVERY DAY.* There is no need to abandon hope . . . and kill yourself."

At Dallas, the previously mentioned Harry Hoxsey, whose clinic treats external cancers with arsenic compounds, also dispenses a liquid cure for internal cancers which has been analyzed pharmacologically as approximately 96 per cent tap water, plus potassium iodide and cascara sagrada. The latter is a household laxative, at any rate.

Hoxsey may be regarded as the most spectacularly successful promoter among the elite group of cancer quacks who concoct, advertise, package or sell their own individual nostrums. However, the hard core of cancer quackery in this country comprises the more than 3,000 less ingenious fakers who peddle Dr. William Frederick Koch's Glyoxylide.

During 1942, in the course of preparing a suit to restrain Dr. Koch's alleged misleading advertising, the Federal Trade Commission conducted hearings involving Koch practitioners in 21 cities: Detroit, Chicago, Washington, Charleston (South Carolina), New Haven, Boston, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, Tampa, Miami, Palm Beach, Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Medford (Oregon), Sidney (Nebraska) and Terre Haute.

The hearings revealed that Koch's customers ranged from credulous but otherwise reputable doctors (who were misled by his advertising) to outright fakers with no medical training whatsoever.

Subsequently, Oliver Field, a former Federal Food and Drug agent who now heads the A.M.A.'s bureau of investigation, characterized Koch as "the answer to a quack's prayer."

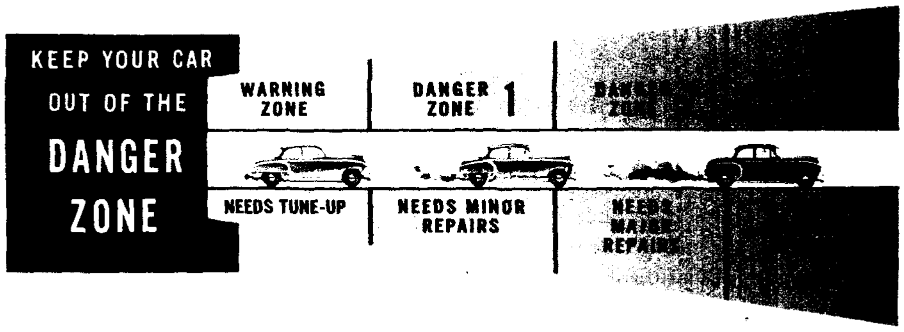
Field, whose bureau maintains extensive files on all types of medical quackery, reported: ". . . Each order of Glyoxylide is shipped individually in a package which also contains a hypodermic syringe. Customers are instructed to inject the drug immediately and return the syringe at once to the Christian Medical Research League headquarters in Detroit . . .

"This feature of merchandising Koch's

WHY QUACKS SUCCEED

According to John Teeter, of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund staff, there are five basic reasons why cancer quacks are able to hoodwink their victims:

1. *Improper Diagnosis*—Quacks capitalize on occasional faulty diagnoses by reputable physicians and ballyhoo "cures" of such patients, who never had cancer; also, quacks deliberately make false "cancer" diagnoses, then "cure" their duped patients.
2. *Impatience*—Many cancer sufferers are unwilling to undergo the prolonged and drastic treatments (surgery and X ray) recommended by reputable physicians or wait for these treatments to have their full effect; instead, they choose easy-to-take pills and serums of the quacks.
3. *Panic Psychology*—Many cancer sufferers, when informed by reputable physicians that their cases are either doubtful or hopeless, go to quacks who have no compunction about promising complete "cures."
4. "*Loaded*" *Evidence*—Quacks advertise their "miraculous cures" but conveniently forget cases where the patient succumbs to cancer. Dead men tell no tales.
5. "*Padded*" *Statistics*—Quacks build up their "reputations" by treating skin cancers, which are 95 per cent curable, and imply they have similar success treating internal cancers.



The more you delay - the more you pay!

Oil-pumping in your car is a warning that your piston rings are wearing out. You're asking for trouble—for a big repair bill—if you don't replace them before your engine gets into costly Danger Zone No. 3. The more you delay, the more you pay.

At the first sign of oil-pumping, loss of pep or power, ask your motor specialist for a Danger Zone check-up. If you need new piston rings, get Hastings Rings.

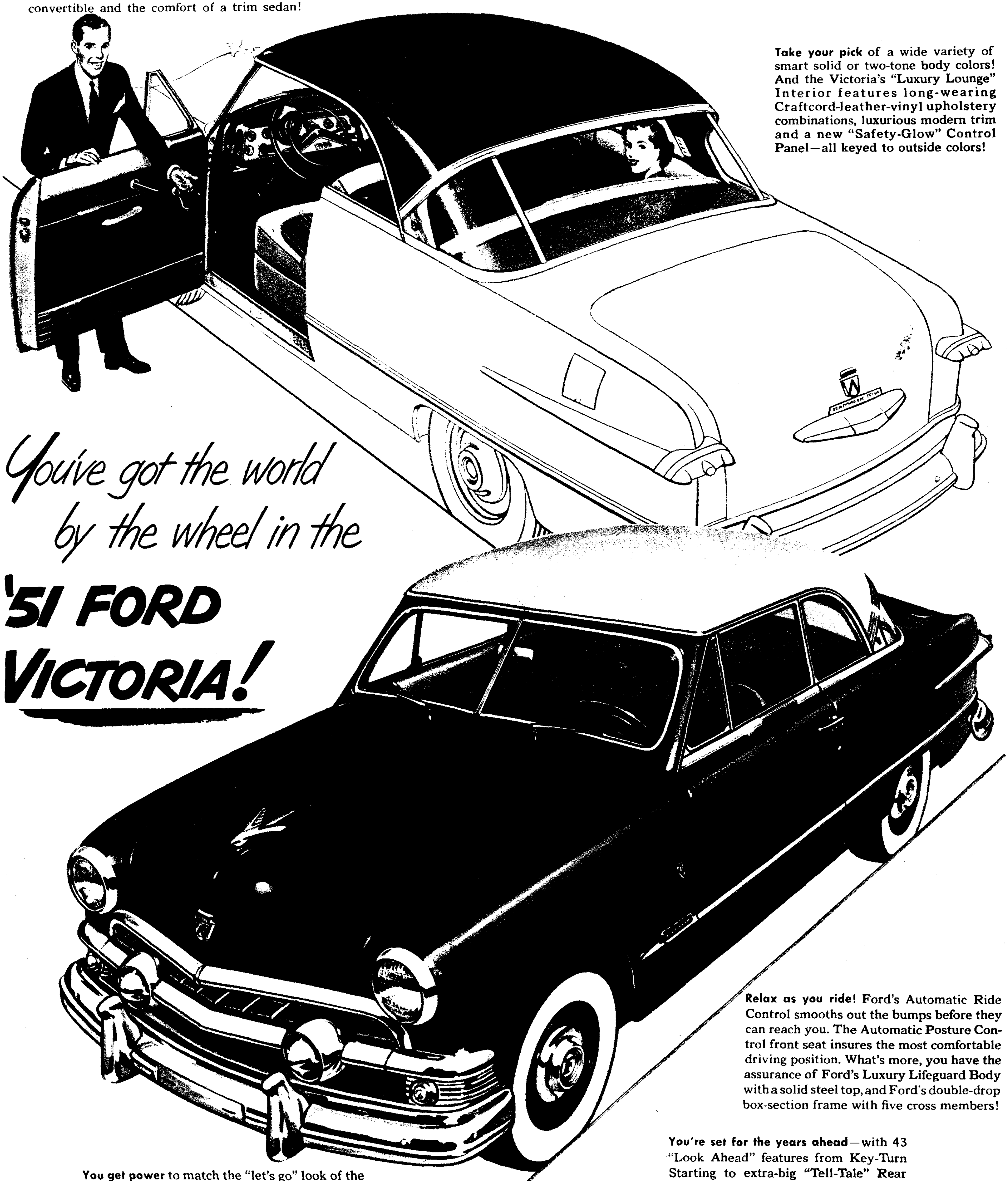
Hastings Piston Rings are engineered for replacement service *exclusively*. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear and *restore* performance. It's the best money you can spend on your car.

FREE! Send for your Danger Zone Booklet. It shows you how to save money on engine repairs. Write Department C, Hastings *Manufacturing Company, Hastings, Michigan • Hastings Ltd., Toronto*

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

TOUGH on Oil-Pumping
GENTLE on Cylinder Walls

Help yourself to the open road and as far as the eye can see in *any* direction! Ford's new Victoria gives you the "wide-openness" of a convertible and the comfort of a trim sedan!



Take your pick of a wide variety of smart solid or two-tone body colors! And the Victoria's "Luxury Lounge" Interior features long-wearing Craftcord-leather-vinyl upholstery combinations, luxurious modern trim and a new "Safety-Glow" Control Panel—all keyed to outside colors!

You've got the world by the wheel in the '51 FORD VICTORIA!

Relax as you ride! Ford's Automatic Ride Control smooths out the bumps before they can reach you. The Automatic Posture Control front seat insures the most comfortable driving position. What's more, you have the assurance of Ford's Luxury Lifeguard Body with a solid steel top, and Ford's double-drop box-section frame with five cross members!

You get power to match the "let's go" look of the Ford Victoria—the famous 100-h.p. V-8 engine and your pick of Conventional Drive, Overdrive* or the new Fordomatic Drive*. With any of them, Ford's Automatic Mileage Maker delivers high-compression performance on regular gasoline!

You're set for the years ahead—with 43 "Look Ahead" features from Key-Turn Starting to extra-big "Tell-Tale" Rear Lights and "Double-Seal" King-Size Brakes! See the '51 Ford Victoria—"Test Drive" it—today at your Ford Dealer's.

You can pay more but you can't buy better!

*Overdrive, Fordomatic Drive and white sidewall tires (if available) optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.

Ride in Safety for a Long, Long Time!

PUT YOUR CAR ON SAFE...HIGH MILEAGE
PENNSYLVANIA
VACUUM CUP TIRES
PENNSYLVANIA Silent Vacuum Cup

Give your motoring future long-term protection *now* with quality-built Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires. Precision-made to give the maximum in dependable all-season performance, these great new tires feature exclusive vacuum cup tread design for safe, fast stops . . . positive traction. What's more, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires give the most in mileage for your money. Stop today at the sign of the Keystone for Pennsylvania Tires, best on the road.

THE MOST IN MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

MANSFIELD PENNSYLVANIA TIRES P OHIO

nostrum appeals strongly to the quack element among practitioners who are not authorized by law to inject drugs. . . .

"By injecting and returning the syringes as directed, these quacks get rid of the evidence of their lawbreaking in a hurry. Also, they capitalize on Koch's bona fide Ph.D. from the University of Michigan, which gives an aura of respectability to his fantastic published claims describing the way Glyoxylide is supposed to work . . ."

Nearly 10 years have passed since the Federal Trade Commission opened its investigation into Dr. Koch's activities, but Koch's products are being distributed in greater volume today than in 1942, and his quack army has almost doubled in size!

Why? The following blow-by-blow legal account of the U.S. Government vs. Dr. William Frederick Koch illustrates why it is tremendously difficult, and sometimes virtually impossible, to put a quack out of business through court action.

Dr. Koch was indicted by a federal grand jury at Detroit in March, 1942, and charged with shipping three misbranded drugs—Glyoxylide, Malonide and Benzoquinone—in interstate commerce. The indictment specified that Koch's drugs lacked therapeutic value and were in fantastic dilution. Example: Glyoxylide was branded to contain one part active ingredient to one trillion parts of water (1:1,000,000,000,000).

Commenting on this astronomical dilution of Koch's medications, Assistant U.S. Attorney John Ray said: ". . . that it would be like dumping a cocktail in the Detroit River at the foot of Woodward Avenue and expecting to get a kick out of the water going over Niagara Falls."

The government's case against Koch went to trial on January 12, 1943. The government produced 43 witnesses, many of them experts of national and international reputation, who testified that Dr. Koch's products were misbranded and not efficacious in the cure or treatment of cancer.

In rebuttal, the defense produced 104 witnesses who testified that Dr. Koch's remedies were efficacious in the treatment of 69 distinct diseases ranging from acute appendicitis to *herpes zoster,* with special emphasis on cancer, tuberculosis and coronary thrombosis.

And the Jury Was Deadlocked

At the end of 18 weeks of testimony, the longest trial in the history of the Food and Drug Administration, the court transcript of testimony exceeded 9,000 pages (2,250,000 words). The jury deliberated eight days without reaching a verdict and was dismissed. A newspaper poll revealed the vote stood nine for conviction, three for acquittal from the very beginning of deliberations.

Dr. Koch was brought to trial again on February 19, 1946; but after another five months of involved testimony, a juror became ill and a mistrial was declared on July 23d. The government later dismissed the indictment.

In August, 1948, following a government inspection of Koch's laboratories in Detroit, Dr. Koch announced that he was going out of business. His attorneys advised the Food and Drug Administration that Koch drugs no longer would be distributed in interstate commerce.

However, on October 1, 1948, Carbonyls, Inc., was organized to distribute Koch's products; and on October 4th drug shipments were made under the new firm name. These shipments continued until November 24th, and on December 4th the Christian Medical Research League of Detroit replaced Carbonyls, Inc., as the distributor of Koch products.

Since 1948, the Christian Medical Research League has made good use of what appears to be a loophole in the federal law requiring all drugs shipped in interstate commerce to be plainly labeled as to ingredients and correct usage. Inasmuch as this labeling provision is suspended on drugs *sold on prescription,* the league printed thousands of Glyoxylide prescription blanks and distributed them to Dr. Koch's "satisfied customers." Thanks to this stratagem, the league has been able to sell Glyoxylide *on prescription only* during the last three years with virtually no interference from Food and Drug agents.

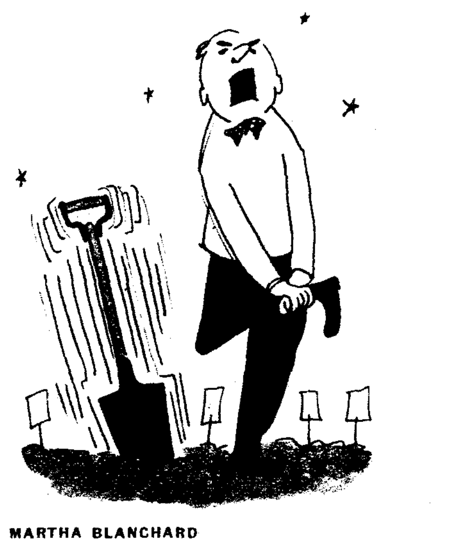
League Background Analyzed

However, it should be emphasized that the Christian Medical Research League has no known affiliation with any Christian, medical or research organization. It was incorporated "not for profit" under Michigan laws, by two fire-and-brimstone evangelists, the Reverend William Watson of St. Petersburg, Florida, and the Reverend Sam Swain of Akron, Ohio. Watson and Swain are assisted by Laurence Thatcher, a dealer in tombstones at Imlay City, Michigan.

A spokesman for the Akron Ministerial Association has described Swain as "an itinerant preacher with a low rating of respectability in the community." During a recent interview at CMRL headquarters in Detroit, Swain told this reporter that Dr. Koch (he took off for Brazil after federal agents had made an inspection of his laboratories in 1948) would return to this country "very soon."

By way of explaining Dr. Koch's imminent arrival, Swain said: "He's developed some marvelous new drugs. He's got a cure for hypertension that has everything else beat a mile, and he's got another one that's a sure-fire cure for sterility. We've tried it out on about 20 married couples here in Detroit and every one of them's had a baby inside 10 months. We tried the same stuff on a bull everybody thought was too old, and he was back 'in service' in 18 hours."

Sam Swain is dark, balding, fiftyish, sharp-featured. He drives a $3,500 automobile and boasts he flies "in and out of Willow Run Airport more'n any other man in Detroit." Last year, he held Koch in-

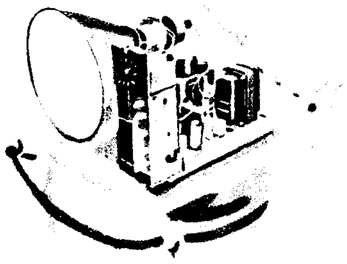


MARTHA BLANCHARD

Your Language, Sir!

My lord, in stumbling must you bark
At garden tools left in the dark;
Forgetting, in your mad tirade—
You *used* to call a spade a spade?

—CINDY MARCKS



Du Mont *television*

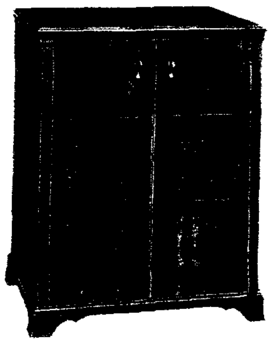
for outstanding performance

day in, day out—year after year

Today, next month, years from now a Du Mont Teleset* will work when you want it to work and *work well.* The reason is simple. Every Du Mont Teleset is built with over-size parts, more tubes, more power . . . built with matchless precision and craftsmanship. Du Mont gives you many other exclusive features—for example, the Sensituner* or Selectuner* that enables you to tune to the *exact* point where both picture and sound are best! . . . the celebrated Lifetone* Picture Circuit that brings you the sharpest, clearest, most lifelike pictures you ever saw . . . and the Signalock* that guards against roll-over and distortion.

To own a Du Mont is to know *true* television enjoyment—unequalled performance combined with lasting reliability.

*Trade Mark



THE MT. VERNON, by Du Mont, with 19-inch, direct-view tube, Lifetone* Picture Circuit, built-in static-free FM radio, plug-in for record player. Hand-rubbed mahogany or blond finish. *Cabinet designed by Herbert Rosengren.*

first with the finest in Television DU MONT 20th YEAR

Copyright, 1951, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., Television Receiver Division, East Paterson, N. J. and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

Born 1820...still going strong

MEET SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON

. . . Smooth, suave, mellow . . . and the choice of connoisseurs the world over. Yes, that's Johnnie Walker — Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best *always.* JOHNNIE WALKER Blended Scotch Whisky . . . the same high quality the world over.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.

BLACK LABEL
RED LABEL
Both 86.8 Proof

Johnnie Walker
Johnnie Walker

doctrination clinics in a dozen cities, ranging from Havana, Cuba, to Los Angeles. Swain does not have a medical degree, but this is not an insurmountable handicap in his type of work because very few of the quacks who trade with him have medical degrees, either.

How thoroughly Swain organizes a territory can be judged by his success in selling Koch therapy to California's Association for the Study of Cancer and Allied Diseases. A newsletter released in August, 1950, by ASCAD Secretary John F. Wahl was headlined: "One Day Program Greeted with Enthusiasm."

"Headed by Dr. Charles J. Pflueger, M.D., of Los Angeles (the story ran) and Dr. Wendell G. Hendricks, D.O., of Bakersfield and Hollywood, with John F. Wahl as moderator, successful one-day training programs were recently held at San Francisco and Portland . . ."

Among "those present at San Francisco" the ASCAD letter listed practitioners from Oakland, Camino, Turlock, Vallejo, Sacramento, Los Gatos, San Francisco and Santa Maria.

The Portland meeting attracted Koch disciples from Seattle, Medford (Oregon), Crescent City (California), Portland, Spokane, Emmett (Idaho), Roseburg and Eugene (Oregon).

Dr. Pflueger, ASCAD president, endorses bust developers. John W. Wahl, ASCAD secretary, is the son of the late Reverend A. C. Wahl, one of the original directors of the Christian Medical Research League, who died two years ago. Cause of death: cancer.

The late Dr. Albert L. Wahl (John's brother), also died of leukemia, a form of cancer, July 1, 1948. Dr. Wahl was the author of two books, The Birth of a Science and Least Common Denominator in Antibiotics, which enthusiastically endorsed Koch therapy. In the latter volume, Dr. Wahl described the miraculous case history of his sister, Mrs. Marian Lyons, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who allegedly was cured of lymphosarcoma, a deadly form of cancer, after being given up as a hopeless case by a reputable physician. Mrs. Lyons died last February 7th. Cause of death: lymphosarcoma.

Despite the failure of Koch's products to prevent the deaths of three members of the Wahl family who suffered from various types of cancer, John F. Wahl continues to do business with Sam Swain and the Christian Medical Research League! Moreover, Wahl is actively engaged in promoting the use of Koch products on the Pacific Coast!

A Profitable Morning's Work

During my visit to Christian Medical Research League headquarters in Detroit, Sam Swain checked a list of 47 orders for Glyoxylide which had been received in the morning mail. Prepared for shipment, 47 orders of Glyoxylide would contain approximately 94 cubic centimeters of distilled water—roughly, three fluid ounces. The average retail price for distilled water is 30 cents a gallon, and there are 3,840 cubic centimeters in one gallon. Consequently, at $25 per ampoule, Swain & Company would gross $1,175 on less than one cent's worth of distilled water. (Actually, the cost would be .734 of a cent.) Not a bad morning's work.

The difficulties of prosecuting cancer quacks cannot be blamed entirely on loopholes in federal and state drug laws. There also are serious human factors involved in the quack's apparent immunity from legal action. For example, the reluctance of victims to admit they have been deceived frequently hampers investigators; moreover, many credulous victims are firmly convinced that they have been helped by the quacks; and even when competent evidence is secured, local prosecutors have difficulty coping with the slick defenses of the quacks.

For example, when the government attempted in 1950 to enjoin Hoxsey from shipping his mixtures in interstate commerce as a treatment for cancer, a federal judge in Dallas in his findings of fact stated ". . . that the percentage of efficient and beneficial treatments by respondents (Hoxsey Cancer Clinic, *et al.)* is reasonably comparable to the efficiency and success of surgery and radium, and without the physical suffering and dire consequences of radium, if improperly administered, and surgery, if not successful in completely removing the entire malignant portion."

This opinion by Judge William H. Atwell is being appealed by the government at this writing.

In the already mentioned 1949 civil action for libel and slander, Hoxsey was awarded two dollars on a $1,000,000 claim against a magazine which described him as "Cancer Charlatan." Judge Atwell ruled a statement that Hoxsey had "hoodwinked an eminent jurist" was false. The court also held that a statement concerning Hoxsey's late father, which attributed his death to cancer, was recoverable under Texas statutes, although the court also found that the father (from whom Hoxsey claims to have inherited his formula) died of cancer.

Unusual Testimony Offered

In both the injunction and libel cases, Judge Atwell permitted witnesses to testify that they had had cancer; that they had been to Hoxsey's clinic; and that they were well at the time of their testimony. The usual procedure is to require such testimony from either attending physicians or skilled diagnosticians.

The second Koch trial produced numerous examples of the bizarre testimony which characterizes quackery cases.

John Koch (Dr. Koch's son) testified that Glyoxylide had cured him of infantile paralysis.

A Franciscan nun testified that tumorlike lumps disappeared from her body after Dr. Koch placed her on a diet of apple juice supplemented by Glyoxylide.

A Canadian physician testified that one of his patients suffered a heart attack while taking his son for a sleigh ride. However, after receiving Glyoxylide treatments, the heart patient took his army physical, passed, and joined the commandos.

A minister from Youngstown, Ohio, testified that Glyoxylide completely cured one of his women parishioners. However, when the minister returned to Youngstown three days later, he was asked to preach at the "cured" woman's funeral. Cause of death: cancer.

A seventy-two-year-old physician from Texas testified that Glyoxylide was effective in treating coronary thrombosis and angina pectoris.

Dr. Marvin Eby, of San Diego, California, testified that he treated cancer patients with Glyoxylide at their homes rather than subject them to ether-contaminated air in hospitals. Dr. Eby also stated that in opening Glyoxylide ampoules he always stood outdoors in such a position that the pure air could blow germs away from the medication; then, after filling the syringe, he rushed indoors and performed the injection.

Eby's dissertation on the purity of outdoor air is typical of the medical mumbo jumbo which surrounds Koch therapy. Sam Swain contends that the mother liquid for Glyoxylide must be manufactured at high altitudes "where the air is clear and the ingredients can be subjected to the direct rays of the sun."

Whatever the effect of the sun's rays on Glyoxylide, Swain later admitted that the active ingredient which supposedly is present in Glyoxylide is manufactured at Del Ray Beach, Florida, where the altitude is approximately seven feet above sea level.

As the Koch trials indicate, the government's campaign against cancer quackery has encountered legal reverses. The sad truth of the matter is that the quacks seem destined to survive and prosper until science provides a complete cure for all types of cancer. THE END

The Bridge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

Roland held his breath and listened.

"I tell you, Sam, it ain't natural for a woman to be postmaster, especially if she's unfriendly like Nelly Craven," the first man was saying. "A man likes to go into his post office and even if he ain't got no mail coming to him, he likes to sort of stand around and pass the time of day. Ain't as if the post office didn't belong to him; he pays taxes."

The other man laughed. "Nelly ain't unfriendly. It's just her way. She's had it tough, and it's clammed her up. Lose a husband in one war and then your only boy in the next and you'd be a mite sour too."

"And those kids," the first man said. "Every spring she goes and gets one out of the County Home and every fall she returns it. That ain't natural, Sam, and you know it ain't. What does she want to keep returning them for?"

Sam laughed again. "Maybe she's figuring on trying them all out until she finds one fit to keep."

Roland let his breath out and gripped the rough stone until his hand hurt, and waited.

"Like hell she is," the first man said. "She keeps those kids selling cigarettes and canned soup and I don't know what all to the summer people. And that's another thing. I don't know if it's legal to split up a post office, even if it's in your own home, so it's half store and half post office. She just works those kids; maybe that's why she has to get a different one every summer."

"Well, it ain't none of my affair, and what ain't my affair I don't go sticking my nose into."

"Like the kid she's got this year. Every day he's up at the lake, selling bait around the hotels. Bet he never sees a red cent of the money. Nelly Craven is tighter than the skin on an orange."

The images in the water broke and disappeared. The men's footsteps died away, and now it was so still that the silence seemed to rush in under the bridge and press down on him. He gripped the edge of the rock with both his hands and stared down at his face in the pool, forcing his dark eyes wide apart, fighting against the tears that somehow had flooded up right behind his eyelids. Ol' King was no good; and his rock throne was no good; and the knights' horses were nothing but rocks. This place, the only place he had ever found, was no good for anything any more. He got to his feet and started clambering up the bank; then, remembering his trap, he went back and got it.

He went up the back path very slowly. The kitchen door was open. Aunt Nelly sat in the rocker next to the table, with her reading glasses on, peeling potatoes. Roland stood in the shadow of the apple tree, watching her. He didn't know how long he had stood there secretly watching her, but the suddenness of her voice made him jump with surprise.

"Well, boy, you going to stand there all day just staring?"

He hung his head and moved away from the tree, up to the door.

"And don't be bringing that old frog trap of yours into my clean kitchen either."

BLUSHING, he unslung the trap from his shoulder and let it sink in the rain barrel; then he came back to the doorway but didn't enter. How could she think that he would bring old bait frogs into the kitchen? In the evenings, with the curtains drawn, the kitchen was even better than underneath the bridge; he would sit on the hassock at her feet and she would read to him: first a chapter from the Bible, which he patiently sat through, and then a chapter from King Arthur, which sent him off to bed with his head filled with knights and dragons.

"What's got into you, boy?" Aunt Nelly said in her calm voice. "You ain't spoke a word. How many did you get?"

"About two dozen," he answered. The lie was out before he could catch it.

The bell on the front door tinkled, and the next moment a woman's voice called: "Any mail for me, Mrs. Craven?"

"Nothing today, Mrs. Russell."

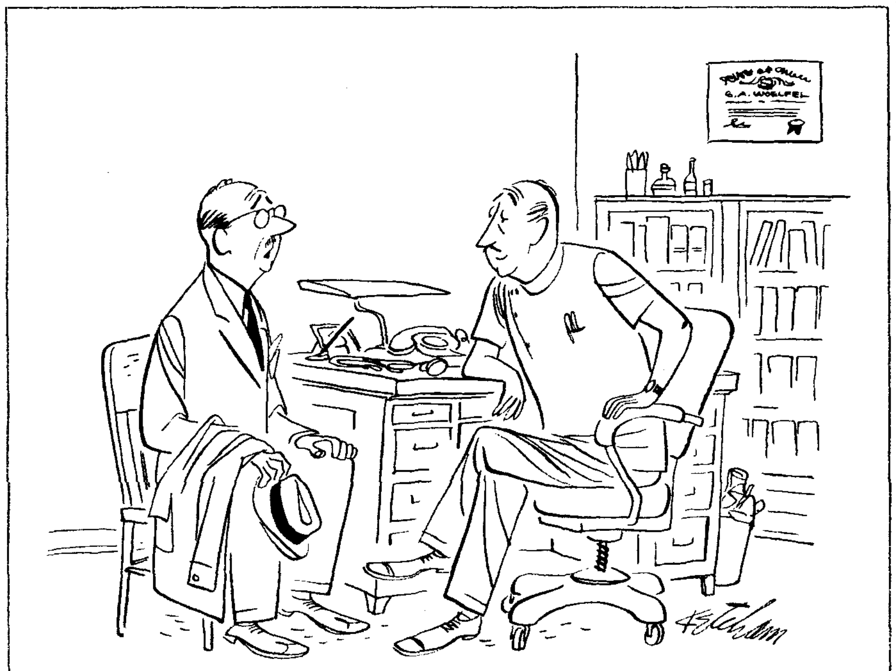
"Oh," the voice said. "Well, could I have a couple of packs of cigarettes?"

Aunt Nelly looked at Roland questioningly. Selling cigarettes was one of his chores. He stared at her, looking for confirmation of what he had heard under the bridge. Then he dropped his head, hung onto the door and stubbornly tightened his lips. A moment later, he heard Aunt Nelly heave her two hundred pounds up out of the rocker and go out into the office.

When she came back, he did not look up. She said, "What's wrong, boy? Something's wrong. Tell me." But he could only stand there shaking his head and biting his lip.

The rocker began to creak again. "Well, maybe you'll tell me later," she said. "You want something to eat now?"

He shook his head without lifting it. He stood there, awkwardly twisting one bare foot on the other, until the silence became too much for him and he whirled around,



"I think what's really bothering me is a pain in the neck. But I don't suppose there's anything I can do about *her*"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Del Monte BRAND QUALITY
TOMATO CATSUP
14 OZ.
TOMATO JUICE
TOMATO SAUCE
CHILI SAUCE

Meet the big treat in catsup flavor!

It's the only catsup made with Pineapple Vinegar

The sparkling vinegar that gives catsup flavor a great big lift.

Full of zip. Full of pep. That's the exciting thing about DEL MONTE Catsup.

For Pineapple Vinegar has a way of bringing out the *extra-goodness* in tomato catsup flavor—makes those fine, ripe tomatoes and piquant spices taste even better. Get lively-tasting DEL MONTE Catsup today.

Get to know the whole family of DEL MONTE Tomato Products.

Del Monte CATSUP

—the brand that puts flavor first

Santa Fe
Super CHIEF

Your "Grand Hotel" on rails
new

Daily between Chicago and Los Angeles

Be pampered every mile of the way...on the new *Super Chief*, with all the luxuries and services of a fine hotel!

Enjoy the Turquoise Room—the only private dining room on rails...

The Pleasure Dome—"top of the Super, next to the stars"...

Smoother-riding cars—all room and room-suite accommodations with "push-button" radio and music in your room when you want it.

For reservations, consult any ticket agent or travel agent.

Santa Fe

R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4, Illinois

lifted the trap out of the rain barrel and slung it over his shoulder and ran up the lake road.

Mr. Johnson was on the dock of the Lake Lodge, waiting for him. As Roland came up, the fisherman called, "Got any, son?" and Roland nodded his head.

"How many you going to let me have today?" Mr. Johnson asked.

Aunt Nelly had told him when he had first come, first started baiting, that he should always divide the catch among as many different customers as he could. She explained that if he did this, it wouldn't matter to him who among the summer visitors stayed or went home; there would always be some customers left. But Aunt Nelly was a liar and tighter than an orange.

There was a note of defiance in his voice as he said, "You want them all, Mr. Johnson? Three dozen?"

The fisherman looked a bit puzzled but nodded his head. Roland started the precarious transfer of slippery frogs from the trap to Mr. Johnson's bait box. "Thirty-seven," he said as he snapped the tin door shut. "The extra's for good luck."

Mr. Johnson grinned. "Thanks, son, I sure need it." He took two one-dollar bills from his wallet and gave them to Roland. "Three dozen comes to a dollar eighty. The twenty cents is for good luck."

Mr. Johnson got into his boat. Roland handed him his box and looked down at all the wonderful things in the boat: the two rods across the thwarts, gleaming steel and shiny lacquered bamboo; the mysterious green box, so like a carpenter's chest, with its lid thrown back and the silver and bronze and bright-feathered lures lying in a row; last of all, the powerful outboard.

Once he had tried to describe to Aunt Nelly what Mr. Johnson's boat looked like when he started out to fish, but the words had just come out like a list of stuff in a store window.

He sensed that Mr. Johnson was staring up at him and he looked away.

"Son," the man said, "I don't remember ever seeing you out on the lake. You got some special place you go?"

Roland shook his head.

"You mean you don't like fishing?"

Roland dropped his eyes and nodded. Another lie. But how could you tell a stranger, a summer man like Mr. Johnson, that you'd never been fishing in your life, that you had no rod, no hooks, nothing; that you had to wait on the people in the post-office store so many hours, catch bait so many more hours, and that no matter how much money came into your hands, it must all be handed to Aunt Nelly and put into the blue china teapot. How could you tell Mr. Johnson any of that? You just couldn't.

The outboard motor started with a roar and then settled down to a steady hum. The fisherman made ready to cast off.

"Mr. Johnson," Roland said.

"Yes, son?"

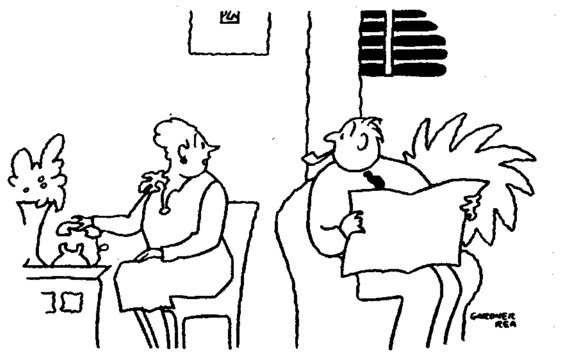
"Could you please give me change for this one dollar?"

Mr. Johnson took the dollar and went through his pockets. "Four quarters all right?" he asked.

Roland nodded and thanked him. The man cast off, and the motor roared, and Roland watched the boat take off in a wide sweep out into the blue water, heading toward the North Bay where the big bass and the pike lay underneath the lily pads in the heat of the day.

ONCE around the bend in the road, Roland placed all the money on a flat rock. The four quarters flashed in the sun. He computed carefully: two dozen frogs—that was a dollar and twenty cents, and the man could easily have given him a nickel tip. He picked up the dollar bill, wrapped it around a quarter and held it in his right hand. Scooping up the remaining three quarters, he pushed them deep in his overall pocket with his left hand.

It's mine, he thought with a sudden fierceness strange to him. It's all mine. And nobody else's. Not even Aunt Nelly's. She was mean, bad. The man on the bridge had said so. As he walked slowly toward the post office, his mind began to fill with a nightmare picture: Aunt Nelly hovering over her blue teapot, her face all crooked and contorted, her eyes enormous behind the spectacles, her fingernails as sharp as claws. The picture grew and grew, until she stood revealed as the witch of Hansel and Gretel.



"Poor Edna! The *very* first day that she got her driver's license, she hit a police parade"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

FOR the first time that summer, the house had a strange look. Stepping from the bright sunlight into the shadowy kitchen, Roland squinted his eyes. For a second everything was indistinct. He saw the woman turn from near the sink, and in her hand was the big carving knife. Guilt and fear overcame him and he shrieked with terror and took the money, all of it, and threw it on the floor at her feet, yelling over and over again: "No! Please! No! I lied! I lied!" Then he pressed himself into a corner, trembling and sobbing and hiding his hands behind his back.

"What is it, boy?" she said. "You gone crazy with the heat? Come, tell me."

She came up to him and put her heavy arm around his shoulders and, for the first time, he felt himself pressed against her side. All the while, the calm even voice was talking to him, saying words he didn't comprehend. Slowly his hysterical sobbing subsided; the quivering went from his body.

She said, "All right. Come sit in your place."

Reluctantly, for he would never trust her again, Roland shuffled across to the hassock. He forced himself to sit down at her feet, but he would not look up into her face. She waited patiently. The minutes went by. The kitchen grew very still.

"Now tell me," she said quietly.

The very softness of the request made him start to cry again, but more gently.

"Please, boy," she said.

Against his will, he found himself choking out the whole story: what the man on the bridge had said, how he had caught three dozen frogs, not two, and all about the lies and the knife. Then he was silent, feeling empty, and he ventured a glance upward at her face. She was staring down at her hands in her lap. He began to squirm with embarrassment.

The big woman got up, went to the cupboard and came back and sat down in her chair again. On the floor, directly beneath his lowered face, she placed five little books in a row. He had never seen books like them before. They were thin, light brown, and on the face of each was stamped a picture of the same building.

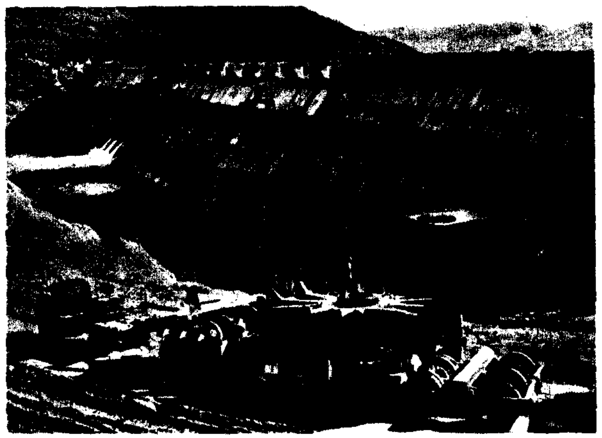
"I don't know how much of this you're going to understand, Roland"—he looked up quickly into her face and down again; it

Courtesy of International Harvester Company

The farmer's friend, Nickel helps check the wind and water erosion that have already destroyed one-fifth of this country's cropland. Nickel alloys add strength and toughness to critical parts of implements used in contour plowing, terracing, ditching, reforestation, and other soil conservation operations. Truly, Nickel and Nickel alloys are good "friends of the land."

Whether you're fighting dust... or fighting floods... or fighting forest fires...

International News Photo



The flood fighter's friend, Nickel helps engineers regulate the disastrous floods that cost taxpayers millions a year in damaged homes, job lay-offs, ruined crops. On many big dams, for example, the stems operating giant control valves are Monel—tough, corrosion-resisting Nickel alloy.

...*you have an* "Unseen Friend" *in Nickel*

This country's great "land army" of dust fighters, flood fighters, forest fire fighters needs Nickel for vital parts of equipment used to conserve your natural resources.

And the need for Nickel—hard, tough, corrosion-resisting metal that it is—was foreseen . . . years ago.

And production planned accordingly!

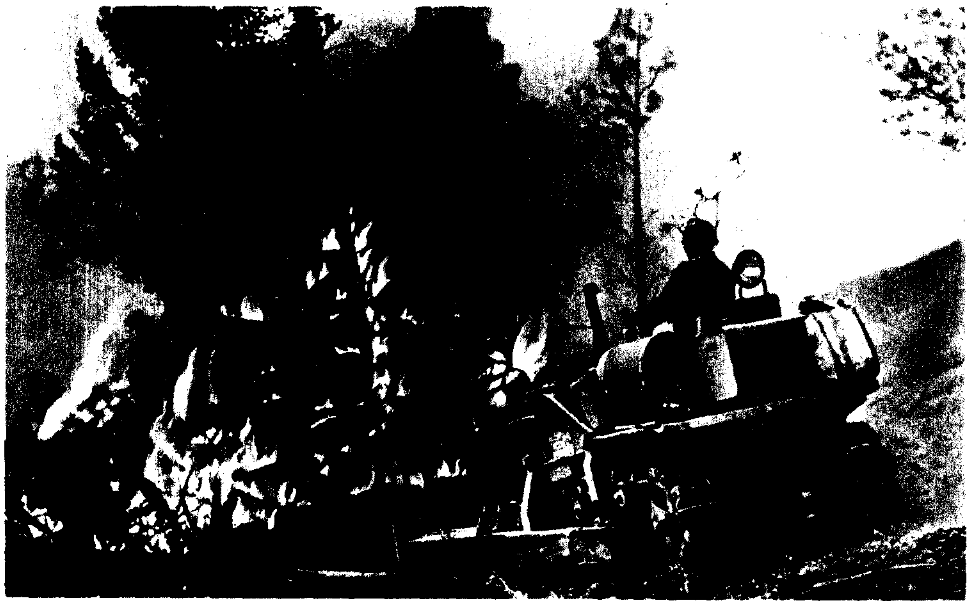
You find this long range planning in everything International Nickel does . . . year after year. For example . . .

With surface ores running out, it dug down, down, down into old Mother Earth . . . to develop additional *sub*surface ores.

To process them, it is revolutionizing mining, smelting, refining techniques... building huge, new plants... and adding miles to its underground rail trackage.

In all, Inco invested $100,000,000 in the past ten years. With more to come! As a result, millions of pounds of Nickel are being supplied for defense requirements, for Government stockpiles, and for essential civilian needs.

Courtesy of U.S. Forest Service



The fire fighter's friend, Nickel helps woodsmen fight the fires that yearly destroy enough trees to build millions of homes. Nickel alloys "muscle up" the fast-moving crawler tractors that punch out fire lines. Nickel alloys make track pins tough, drive gears strong.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.

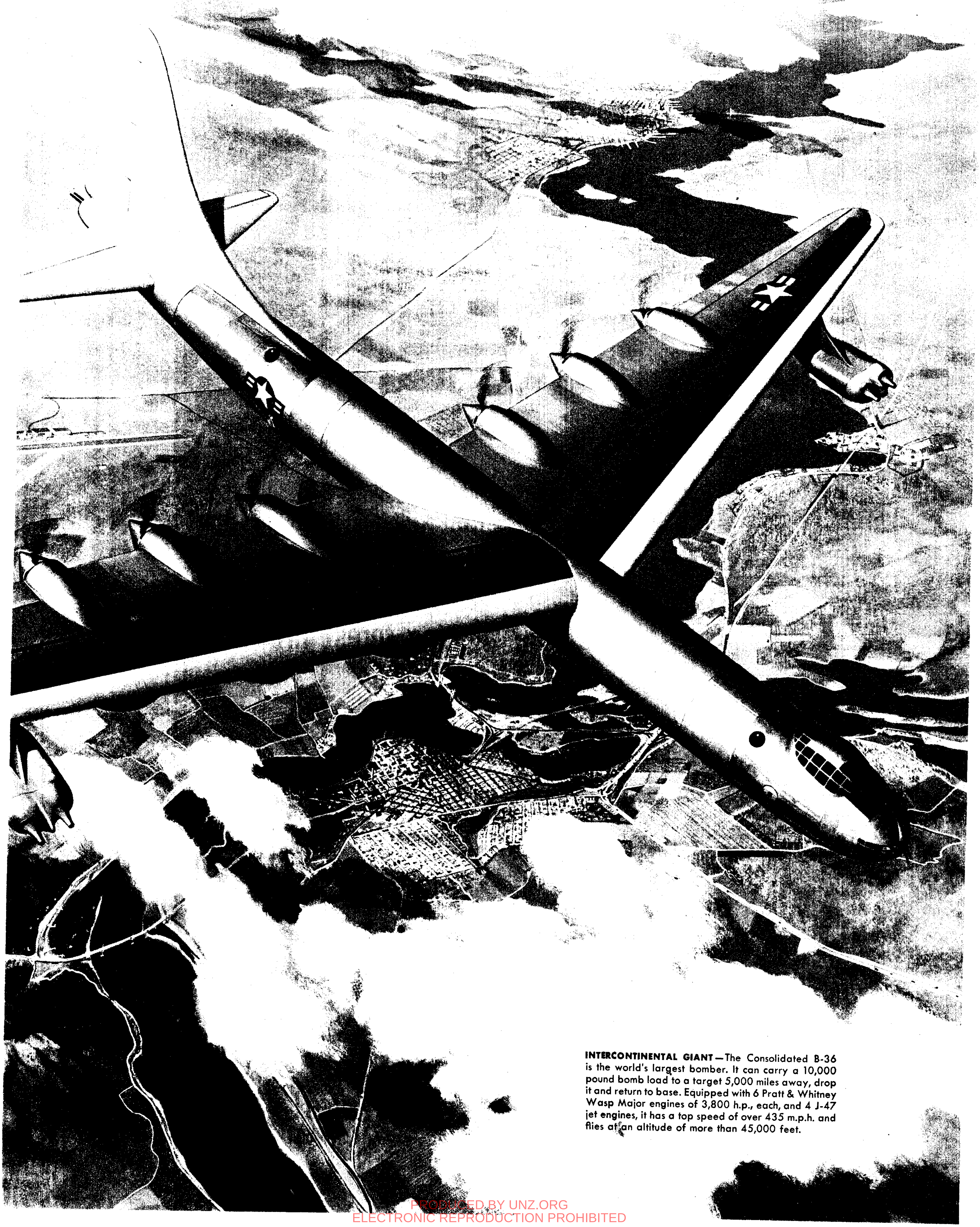
Know "Your Unseen Friend" better. Write for your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel" ... The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 241a, New York 5, N. Y.

The Romance of Nickel

EMBLEM OF SERVICE INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

...**Your Unseen Friend**

© 1951, T. I. N. Co.



INTERCONTINENTAL GIANT—The Consolidated B-36 is the world's largest bomber. It can carry a 10,000 pound bomb load to a target 5,000 miles away, drop it and return to base. Equipped with 6 Pratt & Whitney Wasp Major engines of 3,800 h.p., each, and 4 J-47 jet engines, it has a top speed of over 435 m.p.h. and flies at an altitude of more than 45,000 feet.

RANGE: Anywhere on Earth -and Your Air Force has it!

Performance of America's Long-Range Bombers Proves Again That:

"All the years of work are worth it when the prize is air supremacy"

IN THE PRESENT EMERGENCY, America holds a priceless advantage in the ability of its long-range bombers to deliver a heavy bomb load anywhere on earth. As America gears up to produce the required *quantity* of bombers, it can be thankful for the years of work that have gone into insuring their *quality*.

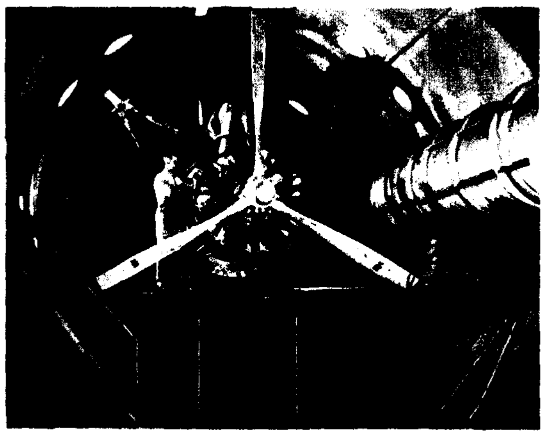
THIS WORK started ten long years ago—when intercontinental bombers were just a gleam in the Air Force's eye. In 1941, far-sighted military airmen called for designs of an aircraft capable of carrying devastating bomb loads from advanced bases or from the U. S. itself to targets halfway around the world.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE started the design of a new bomber with the then unheard-of range of 10,000 miles. Boeing, producer of the famous Fortresses, planned ways of extending the range of its bombers. The Pratt & Whitney Aircraft division of United Aircraft was already at work on a new engine capable of providing the unprecedented power that both of these projects would require.

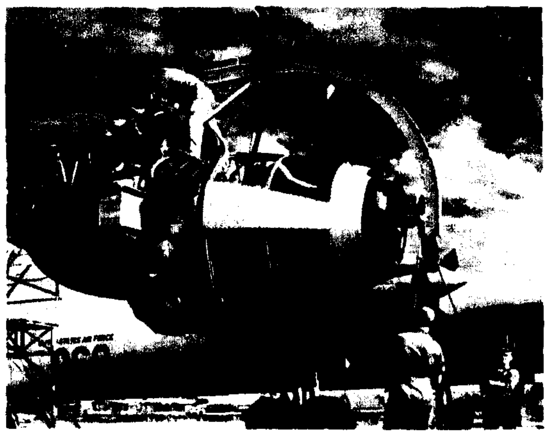
IN 1948, the world's first intercontinental bombers were delivered to the Air Force. Into their development had gone over eight years and literally millions of man-hours of engineering effort.

BUT thanks to that effort—and to the foresight of military strategists—it is *your* Air Force which now has the Consolidated B-36 and the Boeing B-50 . . . and a vital margin of superiority in the performance of its long-range bombers.

THE WASP MAJOR ENGINE for the B-36 and B-50 was first conceived on Pratt & Whitney's drawing boards in 1940. From that time until the first experimental engine went on test, Pratt & Whitney engineers devoted hundreds of thousands of man-hours to the task of designing, building and pre-testing the 23,000 parts that make up the Wasp Major engine. An experimental model of the Wasp Major was first test flown in 1942.



IN 1944, this engine made aircraft history by being the first to develop 3,000 h.p. in an official 150-hour test. But this was only the end of the beginning. Ahead lay a long program of further development and test until it had been thoroughly proved and was in quantity production. All told, more than $40,000,000 have been spent on the design and development of this one type of engine.



THE MOST POWERFUL PISTON ENGINE in the world, the Wasp Major now has a maximum output of 3,800 horsepower with still more to come. To meet the growing needs for this engine in the national defense program, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft is expanding its own production as rapidly as possible and has also granted the Ford Motor Company a royalty-free license to produce the Wasp Major in quantities.

NOTE TO ENGINEERS

To carry on its vital defense work, United Aircraft now needs experienced engineers in many categories. Write to our Personnel Director, stating your complete qualifications.

United Aircraft

MAKERS OF PRATT & WHITNEY ENGINES • HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS
CHANCE VOUGHT AIRCRAFT AND SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS FOR THE
UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES AND THE FINEST AIRLINES IN THE WORLD

CORPORATION
EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

was the very first time she had used his name—"but I'm going to tell you anyhow.

"Those are bankbooks. Do you know what a bankbook is, boy?" He shook his head. Aunt Nelly pursed her lips in perplexity, and went on: "The man on the bridge was right in part and wrong in part, like most folks. Every year, for the past five years, I have taken a child from the Home to spend vacationtime with me." Her voice became gentler. "Yes, they all tended the store just the way you do. It isn't so hard, is it, boy?"

He shook his head.

"All the money made from the store," she said, "all the money from the bread I make and sell to the summer people, and the rolls, too, goes first into the teapot and then into the bank for whichever child is living here. See. Five books. One for each child that's been here. Five summers. Five books. That last one, the one near your left foot, is yours."

He looked with awe at the little brown book, waiting for it to fly magically open and disgorge its quarters.

"Do you understand what I'm telling you, boy?"

"You mean the money from my frogs is in there?" he said, pointing at his book.

"All of it," she said.

He picked up the book and shook it. Nothing came out. He stared up at her, suspiciously. "Where?" he asked.

"Not actually in the book. In that building, in the bank."

"What good is that?" he asked.

"So that the children, when they get older and leave the Home, have at least something, a nest egg anyway."

It was a trick; there was nothing but sheets in the book. He hated her. She was bad. He sprang to his feet, inching away from her. "You tell lies. It's all lies. You're bad, bad, just like the man said." Then fear at his own temerity pushed him on and he shouted, "Your hand should be cut off. Cut it off—off . . ." and his hysteria began to mount again.

"Boy!" Her voice was sharp now. "Go to your room! And stay there until you think you know how to act decent!"

He backed to the doorway, never taking his eyes from her and, with a quick turn, fled from her up the stairs.

LATE that afternoon Aunt Nelly did an unprecedented thing. She closed and locked the doors, first calling him downstairs from his room where he had sat out the long hours in stubborn self-imposed punishment. She explained to him that as the house was partly government property it must be locked if she left it for any length of time. It made no sense to him. Then she told him that he was to be locked in until she came back, and that he wasn't to be afraid, because she would come back as quickly as she could. It was only what he had expected: his punishment was about to begin. He closed his lips tight, in defiance.

At five thirty he heard the truck come, and peeking from the upstairs dormer window, saw her get in next to Luther Hardson and drive off. He went back to his bed, hurt at her neglect and feeling terribly alone. He lay there flat on his back and the minutes dragged. The complete stillness of the house became oppressive. He could hear the purling of the water in the stream as it swept down underneath the bridge. The fear grew that he was to be left in this terrible, quiet house forever.

He watched the sun on the drawn shade. The yellow crept higher and higher, until at last it showed only in the crack above the roller. Finally, he dropped off to sleep.

The sound of the truck pulling up to the house waked him. Barefooted, he crept halfway down the stairs and crouched there watching and waiting. A key turned in the lock, and the next instant the lower floor and the kitchen were flooded with light.

"Boy?" her voice called softly.

He made no sound. She came to the foot of the stairs and, looking up, saw him crouching there. "Come down, boy," she said. "I brought you something."

Tempted, he came slowly down the steps, and she placed the long paper envelope in his arms. His fingers tore at the string and tape. The paper fell away and he saw a fishing rod as beautiful as any in Mr. Johnson's boat: all gleaming steel and shining guides and nickeled reel. An ivory spool wound with black thread line fell out of the bottom of the package, and last of all two shimmering lures.

He dropped to the floor and lined his presents up in front of him, touching each one gently. He put the rod together, then took it apart, then started the whole procedure all over again.

She let him bring the rod to the table. He sat with it in his lap and could barely eat for touching it all the time. And in bed after supper, he could not sleep while he thought of it standing in the corner of the kitchen. He waited patiently until he heard the door to her bedroom close; then he crept down the stairs and brought the rod upstairs. With it lying close to him under the blankets he finally fell asleep.

He dreamed that he was sitting on his rock underneath the bridge and Ol' King, the frog, squatted across from him. He tried to raise his rod, but his arm was frozen. He couldn't move it. And all the time Ol' King grew bigger and bigger. Then, slowly, the enormous head with its glittering eyes came down and down straight at him. Now his entire body was frozen. The enormous jaws opened and he looked down an endless pink throat.

He woke up screaming, "Aunt Nelly! Aunt Nelly!"

He lay trembling, listening to her bed squeak, then the shuffle of her slippered feet down the hall. At last she was in the room. She switched on the light.

"What is it, boy?" she asked.

"Ol' King," he said. "He was going to swallow me up."

She quieted him and pulled the blankets up under his chin. He felt stealthily at his side, then frantically. The rod was gone. He sat up, his eyes hard and watchful. "My rod," he said, his voice full of suspicion again, "you took it back."

"Fishing rods don't belong in beds," she said. "I took it and put it in the tool house. That's the proper place for things like that. Every time after you use it, it goes back in the shed. Each and every time. You hear?"

He nodded his head, but his eyes were still watchful. "It's mine for keeps, isn't it, Aunt Nelly?" he asked.

"For keeps," she said. "And you can use it whenever you want. Even next winter. I'll show you how to cut a hole in the lake ice. That's the way to get the big ones."

"Next winter?" he said wonderingly.

She nodded slowly.

"You mean I'll be here in winter, too?"

"Next winter, and the next, and the one after, and all the winters forever, God willing." She stood up. "Go to sleep now, boy."

He felt very happy, but his suspicions died hard. "The other four—the other children. You didn't ask them to stay for the winter. Why?"

SHE was silent for a long time, looking down at him. "Because the first four were girls, just here for their vacations. You take what the Home gives; it's not a proper thing to pick and choose. You were the first boy." She paused. "The child I lost in the war—he was a boy too."

He was a boy, and boys were better than girls. He understood that, and the day's suspicions disappeared. Aunt Nelly reached up and snapped off the light.

"Aunt Nelly," he whispered, "stay with me a little while. Please."

She sat down again in the chair.

"Aunt Nelly?"

"Yes, boy?"

"Hold my hand. Please. Just for a little."

She said nothing. He felt her hand on the blanket and he took it in both of his and drew it to him. He pressed his cheek firmly against it, snuggled his head down into the pillow, and, as he closed his eyes, he thought he heard her sigh. **THE END**

Howard Maier is one of the authors represented in Collier's Best, *a book of short stories recently published by Harper & Brothers, 49 East Thirty-third Street, New York 16, N.Y.*

Baseball Hercules

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

embankment in center field, which none of the wartime Reds could reach with their drives, was being cleared by Ted's wallops.

Schwab informed Manager Bill McKechnie of this momentous intelligence. Bill had a look for himself and decided that Ted was for him. He approached McMillin, the football coach. After all, the Reds were guests of the university and it didn't seem exactly cricket to kidnap as promising a prospect as Kluszewski right off the campus. This was in the spring of 1945 and Bo already had his sights leveled on the Conference championship which Kluszewski was to help him gain that fall.

After thanking McKechnie for observing the amenities, Bo said, "If you make Ted an offer, he'll come to me for my advice and this is what I'll tell him: 'If you're worth whatever Cincinnati offers you now, you'll be worth twice as much to them a year from now.' "

McMillin kept his pass-grabbing end, and the Reds kept the inside track on Kluszewski.

When 1946 rolled around, Ted decided he'd had enough of football glory and could use some of baseball's gold. He also decided it was high time he and Eleanor were married. McMillin, while regretting the loss of such a fine gridman, admitted that a football injury could deprive Ted of any chance for the baseball money and gave him his blessing. Ted and Eleanor were married and set out for the Tampa training camp of the Reds. Both Kluszewski and Warren Giles, the Cincinnati president, are coy about the bonus Ted received for signing, but it was close to $20,000, which is about his salary as a player this season.

Kluszewski represented a big investment for the Reds. The tremendous power he had exhibited at the plate back on the Indiana campus was in evidence at his first training camp, but his fielding was something which had to be seen to be believed. He was farmed out to Columbia, South Carolina, in the Sally League. Playing under Keith Molesworth, himself an old football player of note, Ted batted a rousing .352 to lead the league and earn himself another training-camp trip with the Reds in the spring of 1947.

This time Kluszewski stayed with the parent club until after the National League season opened, pinch-hitting a few times with no notable success. He was then shipped to Memphis, where Doc Prothro was managing. Although late in reporting because of the death of his father-in-law, Ted hit a whacking .377 that year to lead the Southern Association in batting. It was during this time that Walter Stewart, the Memphis sports columnist, expressed a grave doubt that Kluszewski could catch a bear in a phone booth.

The Cincinnati management realized that Kluszewski had the power to become one of the game's better hitters, but there was

Never neglect a thorn stab

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name on the box

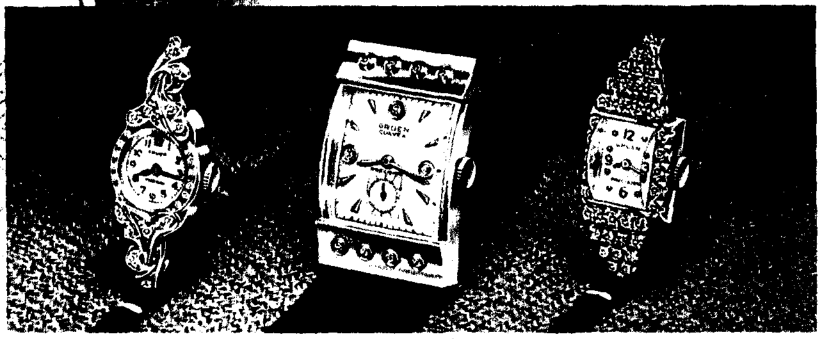
BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES
Johnson & Johnson
100% STERILE

BAND-AID means MADE BY
Johnson & Johnson

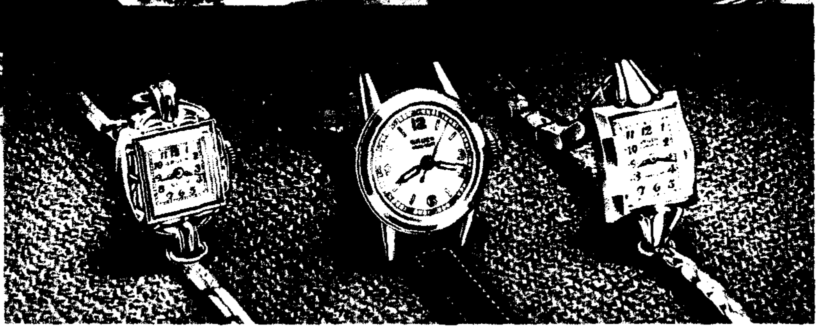
How to give a husband *ideas*

TURN DOWN A CORNER OF THIS PAGE . . .
AS A VERY GENTLE HINT

After all, he needs just the gentlest hint. For deep in his heart, he *wants* to say . . . on *this* anniversary, *this* birthday . . . what a beautiful Gruen-Precision Watch says more eloquently than any other gift in the world. In the supreme beauty of the Gruen Watch . . . in its trusted accuracy . . . he recognizes, as you do, the special sentiment this fine and faithful timepiece conveys.

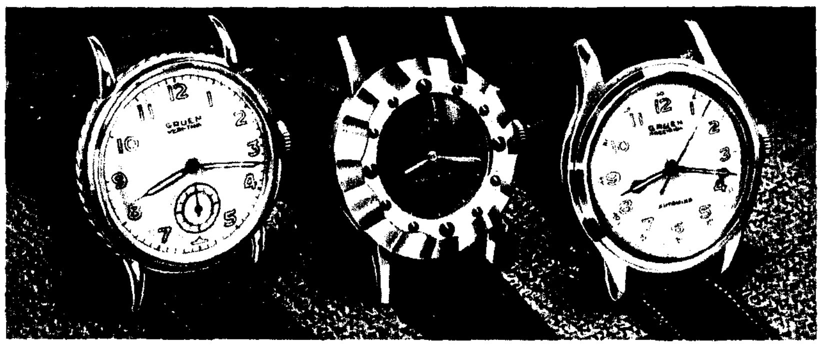


GRUEN NATALIE. 24 diamonds. 17 jewel Veri-Thin movement. Graceful 14-karat white gold case. $325.00	CURVEX NOBLEMAN. 11 diamonds. 17 jewel Gruen-Precision movement. 14-kt. white or yellow gold case. $300.00	GRUEN RIVIERA. A carat of diamonds (40) on your wrist. 17 jewel Gruen-Precision movement. 14-kt. white gold. $695.00



GRUEN BRIDE. Inspired Gruen styling in a charming white or yellow gold-filled case. $39.75	GRUEN AQUA-QUEEN. Water-resistant. 17 jewel Veri-Thin movement. Sweep-second hand. $49.75	CURVEX WAND. 17 jewel Gruen - Precision movement. White or yellow gold-filled case. Expansion bracelet. $71.50

P.S. to wives: *If you find the corner of this page already turned down . . . well, hasn't your* ***husband*** *waited long enough for that handsome, modern Gruen-Precision Watch? And wouldn't it say what's in* ***your*** *heart?*



GRUEN SUBMARINE. Water-resistant. Non-breakable crystal. Veri-Thin movement. Luminous dial. $39.75	GRUEN PARK AVENUE. 21 jewel Veri-Thin movement. White or yellow gold-filled case. Black, blue or white dial. $71.50	AUTOWIND ACE. Self-winding. Water and shock resistant. 17 jewels. Sweep-second hand. Luminous dial. $65.00

GRUEN

THE PRECISION WATCH • AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

For television fun, tune in Gruen's exciting ABC show, "Blind Date," starring Arlene Francis

Other Gruen Watches priced from $29.75; with precious diamond settings to $5000. Write for free style booklet "F."

Gruen Watches are certified for PRECISION quality only after passing the most exacting electronic tests for accuracy. The trade-marks "Precision" and "The Precision Watch" are registered in the U. S. Pat. Office. Official timepiece of TWA—Trans World Airlines. © 1951. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, Ohio, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. Prices include federal tax and are subject to change without notice.

ABOVE: Home Model Hammond Organ, used in more homes than any other organ. Hammond Organ prices start at $1285* for the Spinet Model (not illustrated above).

What other $1285 investment will pay such dividends?*

OF ALL THE THINGS that you can buy for $1285,* how many will bring you pleasure every day of your life, and last you as long as you live?

The Hammond Organ will.

Compare what your money buys when it buys a Hammond Organ:

A very personal way to relax

The Hammond Organ offers more than music. It offers you a very personal way to relax.

You play – every kind of music to suit your mood. All the great sounds of music come alive at your touch—from the whisper of strings to the bold beauty of brasses.

An easy way to enjoy music

Although the Hammond Organ responds to the most exacting demands of the professional artist, *you* can play simple but effective music on it in less than a month —without ever having had a lesson before. Thousands of owners have proved this to themselves.

A wonderful way to enrich family life

A Hammond Organ enriches family life, helps a family create its recreation *in* the home. It can stimulate your children's interest in music. It can furnish you with a lifetime hobby that lets you fill your free time creatively.

A sure way to enhance your home

A Hammond Organ says fine things for your way of life.

Yet your home needn't be large: a space four feet square is all the Hammond Organ requires. Installation? Plug this organ into an electric outlet and it's ready to play.

Maintenance costs? Forget them. This is the only organ in the world that never needs tuning.† requires minimum upkeep. And modest payments can be arranged through your local dealer.

Compare what your money buys in a Hammond Organ

Have a demonstration at your dealer's this week. As you listen to the glorious tones of the world's most widely-used home and church organ, ask yourself: what other $1285 investment will pay such dividends? For more information, mail the coupon.

PRICES START AT JUST **$1285*** FOR THE SPINET MODEL

HAMMOND ORGAN

MUSIC'S MOST GLORIOUS VOICE

Complete line of 2-manual-and-pedal Hammond Organs $1285* up, including tone equipment and bench. *f. o. b. Chicago.

Hammond Instrument Company
4207 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Without obligation, please send me information on the following Hammond Organ models:

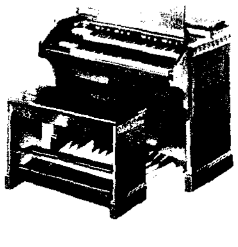
☐ Spinet Model ☐ Church Model
☐ Home Model ☐ Concert Model

Name..

Street..

City..........................P.O. Zone..........State..........

© 1951, HAMMOND INSTRUMENT COMPANY 5



***CHURCH MODEL*, used in some 20,000 churches.**

Concert Model has 32-note AGO pedal keyboard and an additional †Pedal Solo Unit, *tunable to preference by* the organist.

*f. o. b. Chicago

some question whether his fielding would permit him to survive long enough to attain that end. Bill Terry, who was so stylish around first base for so many years with the Giants, was called out of retirement to tutor Kluszewski at the Cincinnati training camp in 1948. After one look at Kluszewski, Terry told a friend:

"The way that boy fields, he'll have to hit .400 to stay in the major leagues."

Kluszewski didn't hit .400, but he did remain in the majors—and he bids fair to remain there for many more seasons. Terry, undaunted by the magnitude of the task confronting him, worked hard with Ted.

"He helped me a great deal," Ted declares. "I was lucky in having three men work with me who had been excellent first basemen themselves—Terry, Johnny Neun and George Kelly.

"A big guy like myself is no gazelle under any circumstances. You look awkward even when you're doing what you're supposed to do. And when you mess it up—oh, brother!"

The late Jimmy Wilson was a coach under McKechnie when Kluszewski first reported to the Reds. A correspondent with the club observed to Jimmy that if Ted ever became a major-leaguer, the writer would be prepared to eat his typewriter in Cincinnati's Fountain Square.

"What kind of sauce will you take with it?" Wilson asked the correspondent. "Believe me, this boy will be a major-league star someday." Although Jimmy didn't live to see it, his prophecy is being borne out.

Steady Progress in Batting

Kluszewski batted only .275 in that first season, but he boosted it to .309 the next. Last year, Ted was seventh among the regulars in the National League in batting and second only to Del Ennis of the champion Phillies in runs-batted-in. Ted's slugging average, arrived at by dividing his total base output by his times at bat, was the highest attained by a Cincinnati player since Ival Goodman achieved the identical mark, .515, in 1939.

Kluszewski says it took him two years to get rid of his "football shoulders," a muscular tightness which interfered with the freedom and rhythm of his swing. Both he and his wife, a petite blonde who is a foot shorter than Ted's six feet two inches, are keen baseball students. Mrs. Kluszewski, a former southpaw softball pitcher, took her own movies of Ted and together they study them when he is in a slump.

"The movies Eleanor shot showed me I was falling away with my shoulders," explained Ted. "I thought my fault was overstriding. As soon as we ran the movies, I was able to correct the mistake."

Kluszewski bats from a spread stance, his feet about 26 inches apart, and takes a long stride with his right, or front, foot. Although a left-handed batter and fielder, he can generate power to any field and has hit some amazingly long drives to center. In 1948, he hit one over the left-center-field fence in Pittsburgh, something rarely accomplished by a portside swinger.

Pitchers Found a Weak Spot

Originally, Ted was a low-ball hitter and could do little with a ball pitched across his letters. Opposing pitchers concentrated on this weakness and so did Ted, with the result that he now hits a high pitch with more authority than he does a low one.

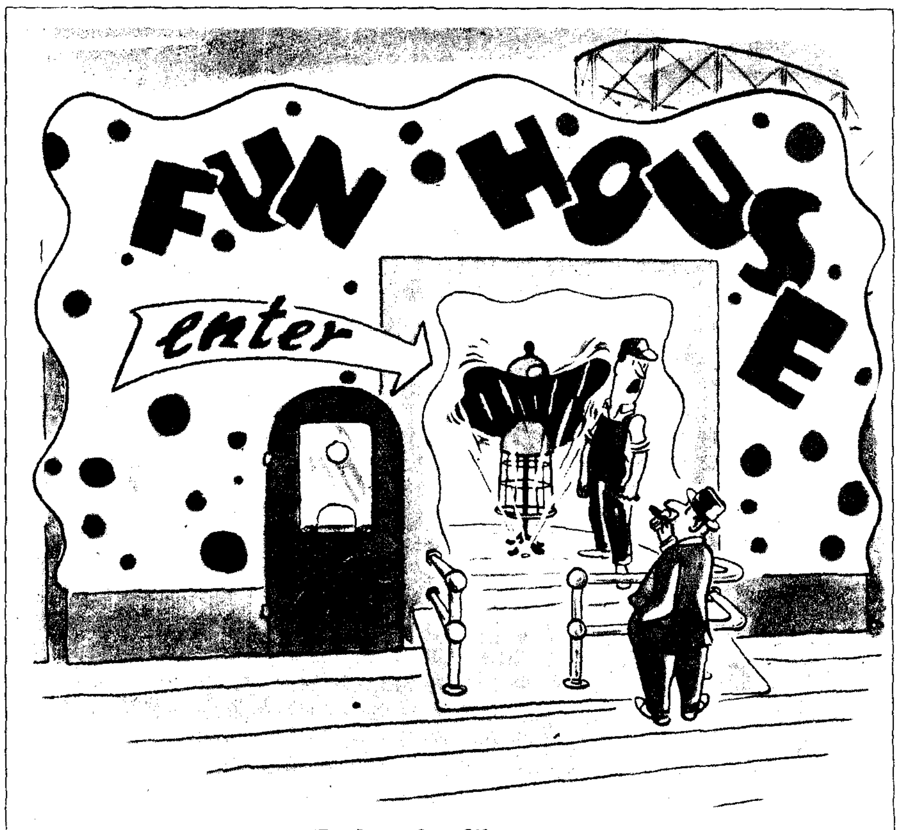
Possibly as a result of the success Ted had with the motion pictures made by Mrs. Kluszewski, the Cincinnati club took official pictures in training this spring for future use. Ted is enthusiastic about them, particularly some shot during a two-day stretch in which he hit safely seven times in nine tries, three times for king-size homers (one of the latter was a 400-foot drive that he hit one-handed, pulling the bat through with his right hand).

"I like to see pictures taken when I'm going good," said Ted. "I'm not so much interested in seeing my mistakes as I am finding out what I'm doing right, so I can keep on doing it."

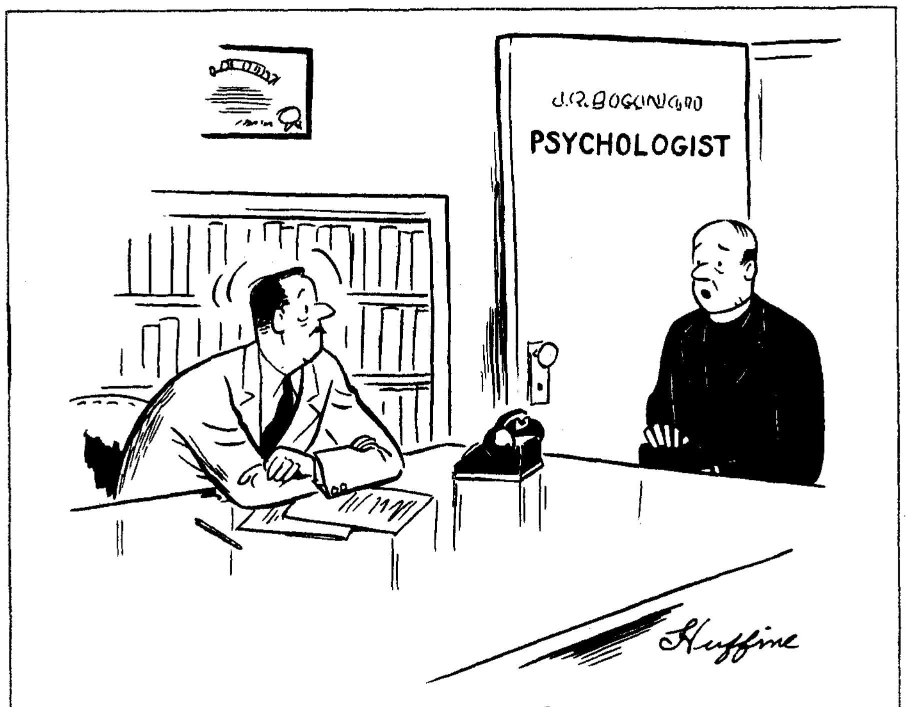
Kluszewski couldn't say that one pitcher bothers him more than another. "Or that I bother one pitcher more than another," he added hastily. "When you're going good, you're able to hit any of them—right-handers or left-handers. And when you're in a slump, they're all equally tough."

Mel Queen, the ex-Yankee who went to Pittsburgh, is one hurler who regards Kluszewski not only with respect, but with suspicion. The Reds were closing out a series at Forbes Field last summer and Mel apparently had the game wrapped up holding a 3-2 lead with two out and nobody on in the top of the ninth. The Cincinnati batter, Johnny Wyrostek, lofted an easy fly to Wally Westlake, but Wally lost the ball and it struck him on the chest. Queen walked the next two batters, which filled the bases and brought up Kluszewski.

Quickly Mel whipped two strikes past Ted. Then, as standard operating proce-



COLLIER'S **"Is that okay?"** CHARLES RODRIGUES



COLLIER'S "I dislike my neighbor" DAVID HUFFINE

dure, he tried to waste the next ball. Ted climbed aboard it for a slashing hit which won the game for the Reds. Later, as the club piled into the bus which was carrying them to the railroad station, Kloo's mates were congratulating him on his blow.

"What's the matter with that Queen?" inquired Kluszewski mildly. "Doesn't he know I'm a bad-ball hitter?"

As befits an outsize man, Kluszewski is as capable with a knife and fork as he is with a bat. There is nothing of the epicure about him. Like Yankee coach Jim Turner —who for years had one of the greatest appetites in the majors without benefit of publicity—Ted is strictly a steak and potatoes man.

After a night game at Crosley Field last summer, the Kluszewskis visited Mecklenburg's, a restaurant famed in Cincinnati, a town of doughty trenchermen, for combining quality with quantity. An acquaintance sitting nearby observed that Ted ordered a brace of hamburgers.

"I naturally assumed that one was for Eleanor," related the friend, "but when the waiter brought the food, Ted ate both hamburgers! And the hamburgers they serve at Mecklenburg's are about the size of a first baseman's mitt! Ted must have noticed me looking at him because he leaned over and explained that Mrs. Kluszewski had had dinner before the game."

The Kluszewskis, who have no children, have moved from Argo and purchased a home in Cincinnati, where Ted in the off season serves as a good-will ambassador for a brewing company which sponsors the broadcasts of the Reds' games. He is as popular with the fans as he is with his teammates, who call him "Big Kloo."

Mishap Lucky for Roommate

Currently Ted is rooming with Joe Adcock, an outfielder who, indirectly, owes quite a bit to Kluszewski. Joe was hitting about .186 last year when Ted suffered an unusual accident. Going toward the stands at Crosley Field for a foul pop, he noticed that a small boy had wandered onto the field. Swerving to avoid the youngster, Ted crashed into the stands and jammed his wrist so painfully he had to leave the game for more than a week.

In desperation, Sewell used Adcock at first base. Joe started to pound the ball vigorously and when Kluszewski was able to return to first, Joe was placed in the outfield where he continued his excellent hitting as a regular.

Off the field, Ted dresses so conservatively that he doesn't look nearly so big as he does in uniform. Like most big men, he is easygoing and even seems embarrassed by his great power. As the cliché has it, he doesn't know his own strength, which the following incident will illustrate.

When Mike McCormick, now with Washington, was playing right field for Cincinnati a few years ago, a pop fly was hit behind first base during spring training. Mike charged in for the ball and Kluszewski, arms outstretched although the ball was 50 feet in the air, charged out, looking like nothing so much as a washerwoman pursued by a swarm of bees. In the course of their joint chase, Mike and Ted met.

Later, as he was being helped to his feet by sympathetic bystanders, McCormick mumbled something about getting the license number of the truck. Ted returned to see what all the excitement was about.

"What happened?" he asked amiably.

"What happened?" said an outraged witness. "Why, you almost killed McCormick, that's all that happened."

"I'm sorry, Mike," said Kluszewski humbly. "I thought I just brushed by you."

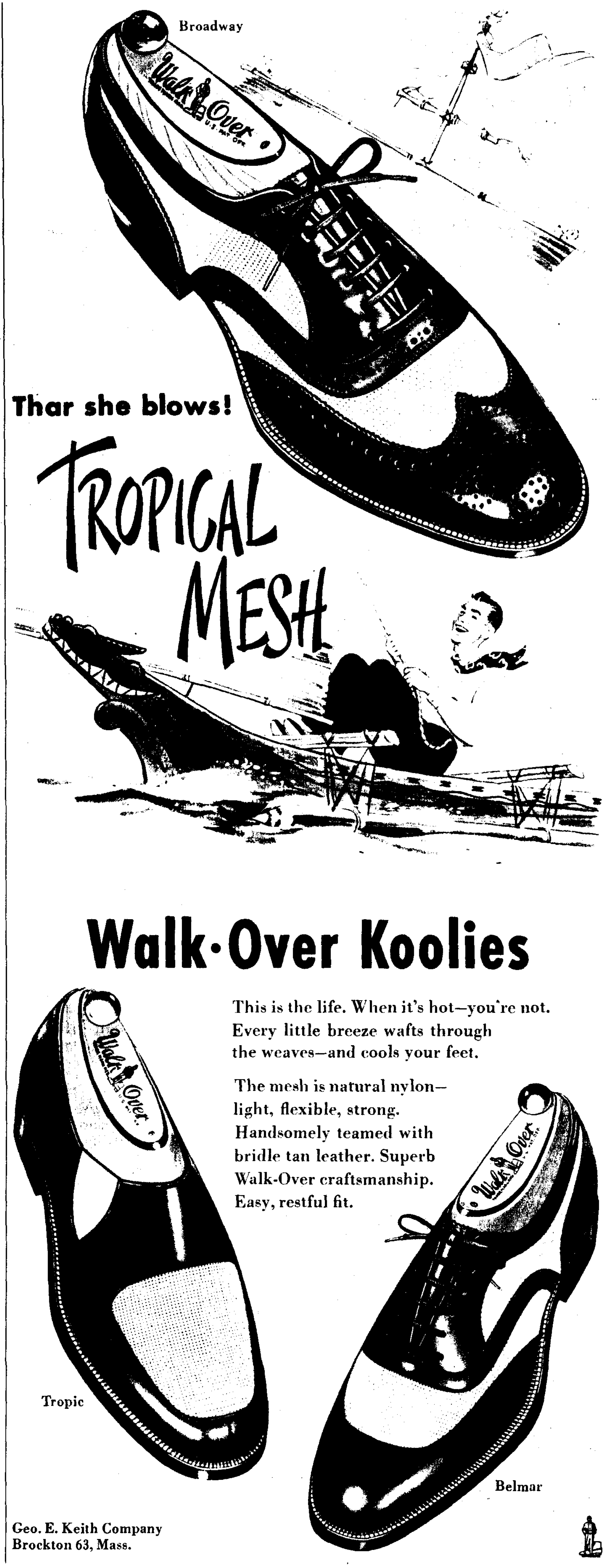
"Well," said McCormick, who by now had regained his speech and some of his faculties, "if you just 'brushed by' me, I'd hate to meet you head on."

Kluszewski was the unwitting cause of another player injury last September, when a line drive from his bat fractured the jaw of Philadelphia pitcher Bubba Church, an accident which seriously complicated and almost ruined Eddie Sawyer's pennant plans for the Phillies.

Although this would appear to bode ill for other pitchers who must stand up to Big Ted's liners, National League umpire Larry Goetz is reserving his sympathy for others. Goetz tells of working in an exhibition game in Pittsburgh last year between the Red Sox and the Pirates. As an added attraction, Ted Williams and Ralph Kiner had a home-run-hitting contest before the game. Goetz was sitting with a group chatting about this and that when somebody, inspired no doubt by the awesome hitting of Williams and Kiner, declared it was inevitable that someday a pitcher would be killed by a line drive batted back through the box. The general opinion was that if the ball got any livelier, such a fatality would be only a matter of time.

"I was pretty well convinced that there was such a possibility," relates Goetz, "until a week later, when I was working a game in Cincinnati. This big Kluszewski comes up for the Reds and he powders one over the right-field fence, on a line against a building across the street from the park.

"It was then I changed my mind about the chances of a pitcher becoming the first person killed by a batted ball. I decided that the first victim would be some guy walking along Western Avenue, minding his own business, who would be conked by one of Kluszewski's homers." THE END



Thar she blows!

TROPICAL MESH

Walk·Over Koolies

This is the life. When it's hot—you're not.
Every little breeze wafts through
the weaves—and cools your feet.

The mesh is natural nylon—
light, flexible, strong.
Handsomely teamed with
bridle tan leather. Superb
Walk-Over craftsmanship.
Easy, restful fit.

Geo. E. Keith Company
Brockton 63, Mass.

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool

No"DENTURE BREATH"*

*"I keep my false teeth clean and odor-free with Polident. When my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath."
Mrs. S. B. McE., Longview, Wash.

You know what Mrs. McE. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember, dental plates need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in Polident (only about a cent a day) to keep them sparkling clean, free from Denture Breath. Get Polident tomorrow.

NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT
RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back
POLI-GRIP
Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

Village on Stilts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

languages are as numerous as at the Tower of Babel. "Manuelo!" calls a woman's voice, and there climbs down from a boat a Spaniard with a costume so flamboyant he might have stepped from a scene in Carmen. "You no catch shrimp today, Kin?" asks a tall Slavic figure, as he passes a Filipino walking with a pretty little wife and toddling baby. Sewing up a net is a Portuguese, dark as ebony, whose accents mark him from the Cabinda, steaming African colony at the mouth of the Congo; in the doorway of a tin-roofed hut there stands a brawny Turk. Once there was even a Laplander, named, appropriately, Iceport.

There are many Cajuns, genial souls speaking the rough French patois of the marshes, with an occasional American from Texas or Montana or the hills of Arkansas; adventurers all, come to try their luck at the shrimp, the leaping gold of the sea. Over them presides a Chinese owner, like Ping Wing, who sits in his little mainland store at Manila Village, seeing all, knowing all, yet always remaining bland, courteous, imperturbable.

Just how the platforms started, there seems to be some question. Information in the marshes is often as hazy as the gray fog that rolls in from the horizon. The most authentic legend seems to be that Manila Village was founded by a Filipino who chanced to visit the area, an alert traveler named Kin Ting. The waters of Barataria Bay and the Gulf beyond teemed with shrimp, so prized by the Oriental taste. Why not, thought Kin, start a colony of fishermen to catch and prepare shrimp for the Oriental market?

The idea, once born, was quickly put into execution. Other Orientals came to join the pioneer. Out of the shallow bay rose the little wooden huts of the fishermen, on stilts as they had been built for centuries in Kin Ting's native land.

Growth of an Infant Industry

Soon 200 fishermen, mostly Filipinos, moored their shrimp boats at the tiny wharves. With heavy booted feet, they tramped the shell from the boiled shrimp, as the peasants of Europe tramped grapes for wine. Dried shrimp from Manila Village began to go out to China and the world. As Kin prospered, others followed his example, now employing men of all nationalities; in a short time seven platforms dotted the waters of the bay. It has been many years since Kin's men drove the first pile below the muddy water. But his memory lingers. To this day all Filipinos at Manila Village are nicknamed Kin.

There are still 200 fishermen on each of the platforms in the shrimp season (mid-April to mid-June, and mid-August to mid-February), rough individuals living in an atmosphere much like that of the old sailing ships in the days when the pirate Jean Lafitte was ruler of the marshes. They are subject to all the strains and emotions common to undisciplined men who live together anywhere. Sometimes, when the rougher ones have drunk heavily, there is a fight, and the bland proprietor must interfere to keep the battle from spreading. Yet the lack of violent crime is remarkable.

This is probably due to the childish simplicity of most of the inhabitants; they possess a kindliness that many of the dwellers on the mainland might envy.

A friend of mine was engaged in rescue work among some of these shrimp fishermen during the great hurricane that struck the region in 1947. For days the rescue workers tried to reach one group completely isolated by the huge seas. Certain that all the food had been washed off the platform, the rescuers were greatly concerned that the fishermen might starve.

After a tremendous struggle, the rescue boats at last reached the battered dock, with its buildings still sitting in two feet of water. As feared, the fishermen were gathered in a half-submerged shed, suffering badly from hunger. As the rescuers hastened to distribute their supplies, my friend noticed half a dozen great fish swimming about in the water that covered the floor, washed into the building at the height of the hurricane, and trapped in some fashion so they could not escape. So helpless that they could have been caught by a child, the fish would have made a good meal for all those marooned in the shed.

My friend, wondering, asked why the shrimpers hadn't eaten the fish, instead of almost starving. The fisherman he addressed, a gaunt Mississippian, looked at him in shocked surprise. "We couldn't eat them fish," he answered. "Them fish was fighting for their lives, same as us."

Today the men on the platforms come and go freely, as men do anywhere. But there have been times, not many years ago, when shanghai parties would hurry off to shore at the height of the shrimping season, and gather up all the wrecks of humanity that lay in a drunken stupor in the dives of New Orleans. One "recruit" might be a former doctor, another a bank clerk, one a broken-down actor, another a roving ironworker, all the flotsam and jetsam of the Boweries of the world, "on the skids" from trouble or alcohol.

Some of these derelicts, benefited by the hardy life and the fresh sea breezes, elected to stay on the platforms. Many, working for good pay, were restored to society. Others wearied of raising nets or minding the boiling kettles, and left for the mainland and their old dives once more.

On certain of the platforms in the past, there were rumors of other breaches of the law. There were stories of illegal immigrants smuggled into the marshes from Cuba and Mexico, grim tales of Chinese fastened to chains (when, in a pursuit, the chain was tossed overboard, illegal entrant and evidence went swiftly to the bottom). There were rumors of dope, of marijuana grown in flowerpots. Occasionally a government boat would steam up to the wharf, and the officers would search diligently in some cabin. But in recent years the owners of the platforms have been watchful of their tenants, and the coastguardsmen no longer keep such a wary eye.

It is a man's world, these platforms, though there are some women. Occasionally, a fisherman will bring a wife from shore. There have been many fine children brought up on the platforms, their schooling perhaps sketchy, but their minds keen in the ways of the porpoise and the pelican. With all the races and nations represented, the result of the platform marriages is often unpredictable; the more unusual products are jocularly known by the name of the complex distillation of sea food so popular in the region, a "gumbo filé."

In this half-world of the marshes it is easy for even the sophisticated to credit the weird and the magical. Small wonder, then, that superstition is widespread among the fishermen—particularly among those older individuals who, unable to read or write, are unaware of scientific discovery.

A Few Pet Superstitions

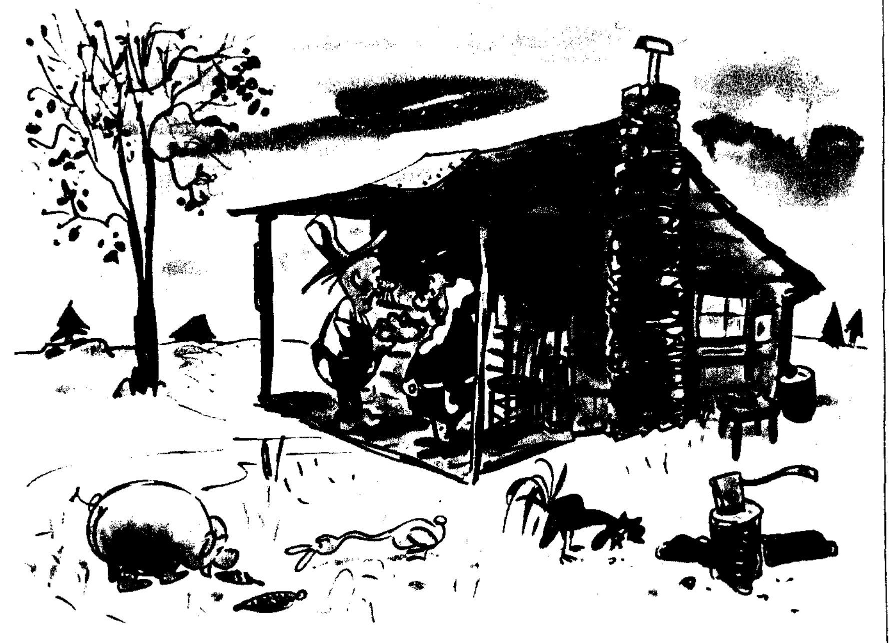
If a woman chances to step on a fisherman's gear, all fishing for the day might as well be abandoned. If he should stamp on the great congo snake that hides out in the marshes, he is certain to be afflicted for many days with violent rheumatism. If he is troubled with those curious sinus headaches known as "sun-pains," there is an easy remedy. He has only to go to an old woman in the marshes who is gifted as a healer, and reach her cabin before the break of day. She will make a cross on his forehead, and blow the pain away.

The sky, the earth, are full of signs and portents. Even the cats who stalk haughtily up and down the platforms, fat as prize pigs, are regarded by some of the veteran fishermen as possessing special power.

"I tell you, my friend, this is so," said Henrique, a little old Cajun with wrinkled, leathery face that matched the bare feet he was dangling over the side of his shrimp boat. "Maybe you think is crazy, but these cats they can tell the hurricane. Ten years ago there is a cat here named Lobito, belong to a Portuguese we call Jo. This cat Lobito, when the wind going to blow, his fur get sticky like molasses, and he not eat shrimp or nothing. Only he sit and cry. And in his eyes, which are green, come many white spots, like you sprinkle sugar, maybe. It is by a cat's eyes that you tell the weather, my friend.

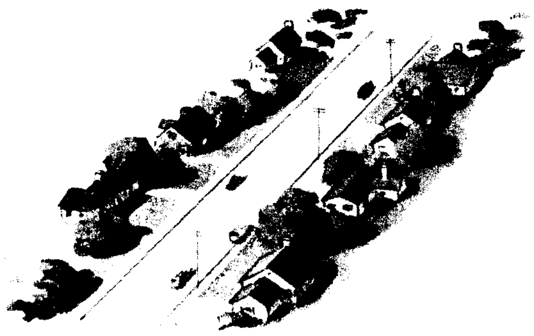
"This time, the spots in Lobito's eyes are the worst I have seen. I tell you, when I see this, I am very afraid. I tell the other fisherman. 'There is going to be one terrible storm,' I say. 'Tie your boat with many

KENNESAW

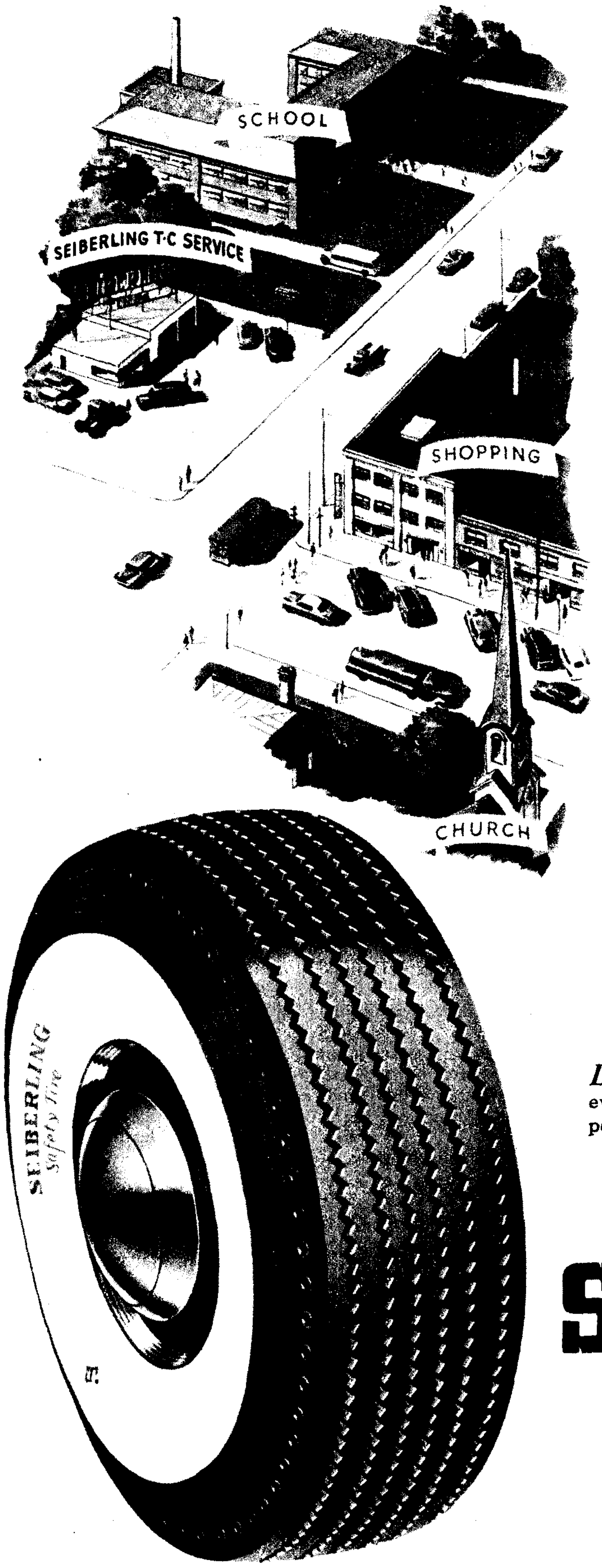


COLLIER'S "Better put these overshoes on. Bessie just scrubbed our dirt floor" REAMER KELLER

With Rubber needed for Defense



LET'S MAKE EVERY TIRE GO MORE MILES



To help you, Seiberling offers Exclusive T★C Service

SEIBERLING TIRES

Wherever you see this sign, you will find an Independent Seiberling Tire Expert. His exclusive T★C (Tire Care) Service will get the best possible mileage from your present tires . . . regardless of make. Your Seiberling Dealer will gladly tell you about this new T★C Service.

1. *Tread Wear Inspection*
   Removing foreign objects and repairing cuts while they are small will prevent inconvenient, expensive tire trouble later!
2. *Accurate Inflation Service*
   . . . with tested gauges. Faulty gauges can result in dangerous tire failures.
3. *Wheel Alignment Test*
   —by an *expert.* Avoid rapid, uneven . . . and costly! . . . tread wear.
4. *Tire-Balance Check*
   Properly balanced tires . . . easier steering, more riding comfort, *many extra miles!*
5. *Tire Rotation Every 5000 Miles*
   Prevents uneven wear, adds thousands of miles to the life of your tires.
6. *Expert Retreading Guidance*
   Before retreading, make sure the tire-body is RIGHT, and the time to retread is RIGHT.

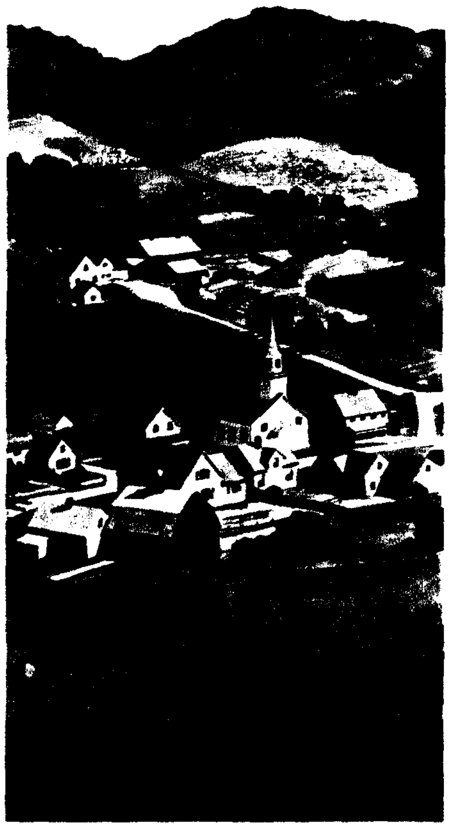
Drive Wherever You Must . . . but do it more carefully than ever before. Every gallon of gasoline, every quart of oil, every pound of rubber which you can save will help the Defense Effort.

JF Seiberling
President

SEIBERLING

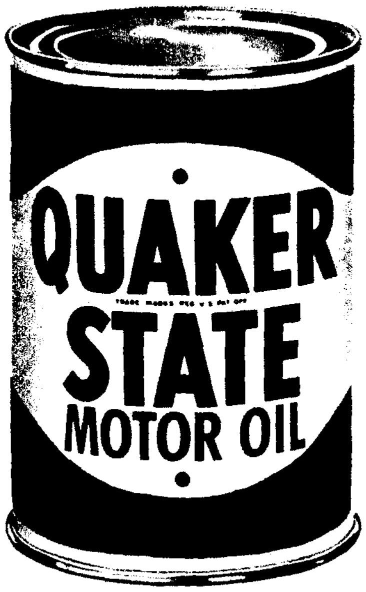
Seiberling Rubber Company • Akron 9, Ohio • Toronto, Canada

Makers of America's Finest Tires and Tubes



On the highways of Connecticut as . . .

In every state it's Quaker State for quality!



FROM coast to coast . . . border to border, Quaker State Motor Oil is the quality choice of car owners. There's a good reason. There's no finer motor oil for your car produced anywhere in the world!

40¢ per U. S. Quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

ropes. Maybe it is better if you go far away from here, up the Mississippi.'

"Some of the fishermen listen to me, and look at the cat and say, 'Okay, Henrique,' and tie their ropes. Some laugh and say, 'Henrique, you big fool'—but they tie the ropes anyway. That night come the worst hurricane ever Barataria. It kill plenty people all over. But here nobody. It was this cat which save them, every one."

He made an expert cigarette of the tobacco I had brought him. "The cats they maybe needed not so much now, maybe. The men of the Coast Guard and the radio, they watch these big storm and tell the people. But ask me, my friend, and I will tell you. Between the radio and a cat like this Lobito, I will take the cat."

There is good reason to fear the hurricanes. Of the seven platforms that once flourished, only four remain; the three others lie at the bottom of the bay, crumpled by the wind and the water.

Characters like Henrique seem to develop on the platforms as easily as the tall grass grows in the marshes; others are attracted as though by some natural force, like gravity. Each new shrimp boat that ties up may add a picturesque resident.

There was one man said to be a duke, and another an ex-millionaire; there were others more mysterious, fugitive marsh dwellers seeking safety from the law. At intervals, even today, a state or federal boat comes up to one of the platforms to disembark a detective. There are a few quiet inquiries, and some stranger, lately come to the region, is taken away in handcuffs, leaving his fellows to speculate for weeks whether love of woman or money was the reason for his fall.

M. Theophile's "Profession"

But perhaps most remarkable of all the colorful inhabitants was dapper Theophile of Paris, a devotee of fine food and grand opera. Though he worked as a laborer on the platforms, legend said he belonged to the highest social world of the French metropolis. Six months of each year, the story went, he spent in grimy overalls, his companions the pungent shrimp; the other six months he spent with the queens of French society, working as a gigolo.

There have been characters among the proprietors of the platforms as well. Generally they are Orientals, though now and then an American has been owner of one of the properties. There was one rotund Chinese who waddled about with Chinese servants padding before and behind, like some august Oriental emperor. Another owner practiced expert sleight of hand for the entertainment of all he met.

There is universal admiration for these Chinese proprietors among the fishermen and the dwellers on the shore. They never cheat, say those with whom they deal; they never forget a favor. An American I know chanced to do a slight courtesy for two of these Chinese who together operated one of the platforms. Years later the American set up his own business. On the same day, within a few hours of each other, both the Chinese came to pay a friendly call, and each offered to lend him $25,000.

To be a successful platform operator, a man, whatever his nationality, must be father-confessor, doctor, judge. He must know when to see nothing, and know the exact moment when to interfere. Above all, he must possess the tact of a saint.

The shrimpers, like most fishermen, are notoriously prodigal of their money. With their childish natures, they will spend the earnings of weeks on some useless trifle pressed on them by a clever salesman. At the end of the year, although pay in a good season is high (about $3,500 for eight months' work), the most improvident often owe a considerable sum to the proprietor. But that tactful individual, in figuring the accounts, always takes care never to report the disastrous truth, and sees that a little cash is forthcoming. For, like a child who receives nothing when all the other children are laden with presents, the fisherman would sulk; next morning he would steal off and be lost to the platform forever.

The shrimper does not stay constantly on his wooden island. When the nets begin to come up empty and the trapping season is right, many of the fishermen take to the marshes, to catch muskrats and other furry animals that roam the grassy wastes.

Up and down the limpid bayous they paddle their pirogues, those tipsy little craft which are direct descendents of the Indian dugout, often cutting a new channel across the swamp to reach some distant trapping ground. Here in tiny cabins they live alone for weeks, with only the mewing of the white sea gulls and the cry of the loon for company. They may work for a time helping the Frenchmen up a bayou; they may call on the fresh-water fishermen who live in their shanty boats up Bayous Pigeon and Sorel, catching the catfish and the buffalo.

"I tell you, my friend, after you work on the platform you get along good in the marsh with everybody," said the wrinkled Henrique, as he calked a seam in his battered boat. "Only do not come in a pirogue where Jean Lafitte bury all his money. Somebody cut your throat quick. This is what a Sabine Indian has told me, and it is they who know where this money is.

"There been plenty Indian people work on the platforms. Plenty people say they French or Spanish, when they are Indian. I tell you sure, my friend, how to find out if a man have this Indian blood. Make him to write something on a piece of paper. If he is even one small part Indian, somewhere in the writing he will put a little arrow. A Indian cannot write without putting in an arrow."

As the fisherman roams about this mysterious wilderness, he may meet a startling visitor, a strange-looking vehicle that can move over grass or water, the marsh buggy of an oil company searching for a site to drill a well. And he will regard it with deep suspicion, as a dweller in the open always regards the approach of the newcomer that threatens his domain.

For progress, in the guise of the oilman, has wrought vast changes in the marshes.

Drilling Crews in the Bayous

Derricks rise everywhere, and drilling crews churn the waters that once knew only the turtle or the alligator. Machinery clanks and groans behind some trapper's cabin, and the great pumps labor miles out in the gulf, producing the stuff that civilization runs on. At night the flares leap luridly into the sky.

The fisherman will wander for weeks along the bayous, even stop for a while in some little town. But, if he is a true son of the platforms, when the shrimp are running again he will return to his queer wooden village. He may grow old and die on the platform, to be buried in the "Chinese graveyard" that lies at the extremity, one of those curious stonelike piles so common in the region, where the water has swept up the oyster shells and formed a shallow island.

Or, if age prevents him from working, and he must leave the platform, he will not move far away. He will go only to Lafitte, a sleepy, pleasant village at the edge of the mainland, where he can buy his groceries at the friendly store. Sitting about with his comrades, he can talk of the hurricanes, and about the Saturday nights when the catch was big and Frenchie, the accordionist, played like the angels in heaven.

For they ask little, these men of the platforms, Frenchman or Greek, Yugoslav or Turk, Texan or hillbilly from Arkansas. They are dreamers, who live under the magic spell of the river and the sea.

Their attitude toward life is perhaps best expressed by Captain Frank, the weather-beaten philosopher who lives alone at the end of the marshes, on a boat where the shrimpers and the other fishing craft must stop as they enter Louisiana waters. Holding no college degrees, Captain Frank has studied the plants and animals of the region with an intentness and an expertness that have won him the admiration of the state's men of science. Here, beside a stretch of marsh which most call Devil's Island, Captain Frank, by himself occasionally for 200 days at a time, has found some of the answers to the riddle of the universe.

The Wisdom of Captain Frank

"How can any person be lonely in the marshes?" he asks, while a great brown gull, one of his pets, stands on a piling near the boat, waiting patiently for a scrap from the kitchen. "If he wants music, there is always the sound of the waves. If he wants pictures, there are always the clouds, going past all day, like a circus parade.

"There are the otters that make chutes out of mud and slide down them like children. There are the porpoise that dance, and the birds on their way North or South, their wings every color of the sunset. There is God's great gift to us, the bird, though some people don't recognize their blessings. I'd sooner kill a man than kill a bird."

He took out his worn diary, and showed me an entry: "Today there were worlds of cormorants and one friendly loon."

"Lonely? There is so much going on it would take a man with a thousand eyes and ears to watch or hear properly. A while ago I saw a small plant on one of the islands here suddenly begin to shake and twitch, though there wasn't a trace of wind blowing. I searched carefully, and couldn't find any animal in the branches, or anything alive in the ground about the roots. Yet the plant kept moving.

"What's the answer? I'm still puzzled. Maybe there's some tiny animal or worm inside shifting its weight. Or maybe there's some life in vegetation that we haven't yet learned about. Here I can worry over the problem. On shore it's always money, money, money. Out here in the marshes we don't worry about money."

The gull on the piling flapped its wings as a delicate hint that it was still waiting. Captain Frank tossed it a bit of fish, and called to some other gulls standing off at a distance, as a farm woman calls her chickens. His weather-beaten face lighted as they came flocking. "It's like this about money. It's what an Indian I met out here told me. God made paper money, and it blows away. God made silver money, and it rolls away. If God wanted you to keep money, he'd have made it square so it would stay where you put it."

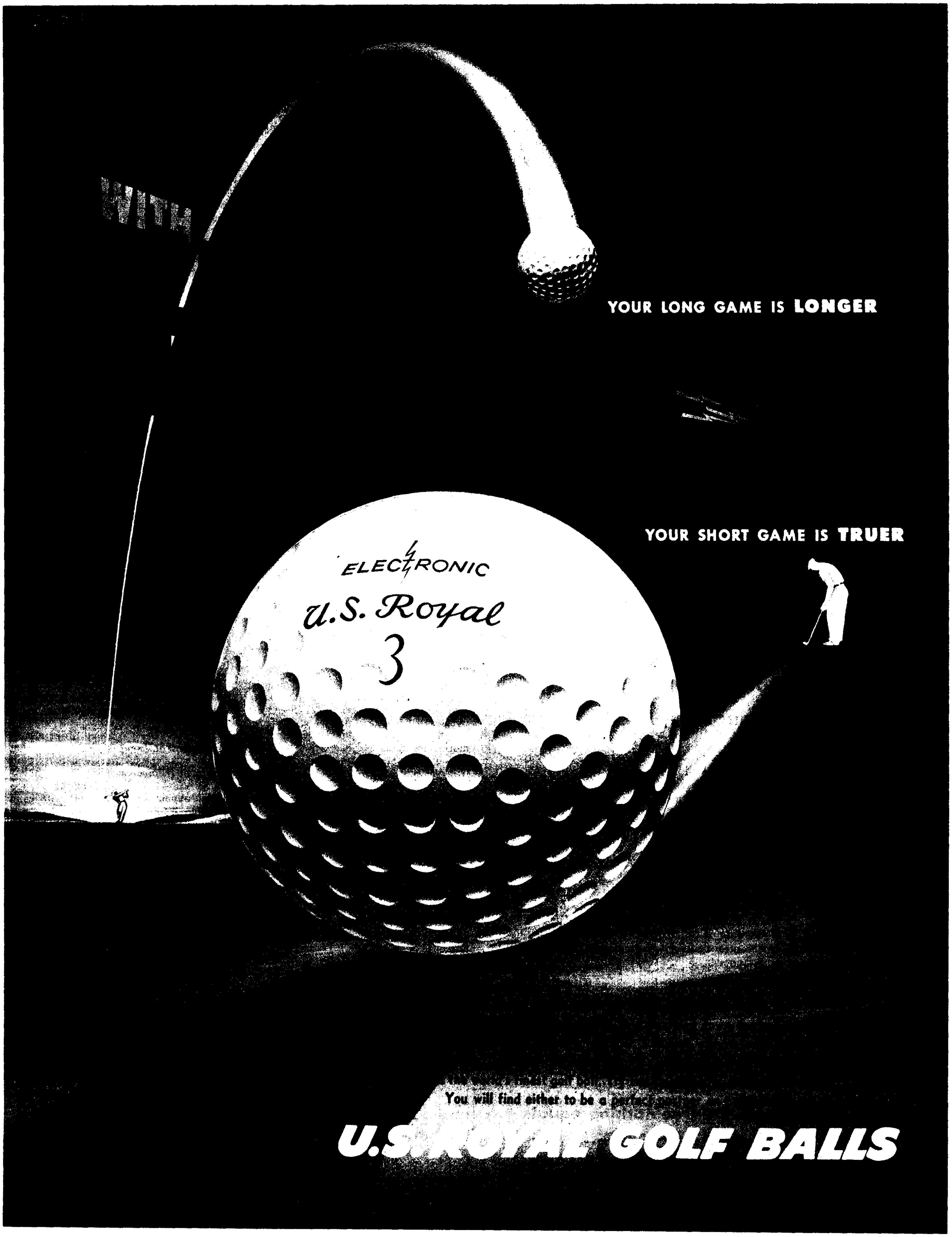
The birds ate, then flew away to follow a boat bound for one of the distant shrimp platforms. White, motionless, the gulls floated, sometimes appearing like magic creatures carved from ivory, sometimes seeming to dissolve and become part of the fleecy clouds drifting across the sky in all the shapes of fantasy. Below them, the porpoise, which the fisherfolk say are really men, danced and played in the blue water.

It is a place of mystery, the marshes—and of wisdom. THE END

Next Week

"KOWFADAKUV!"
By Lucius Beebe

Big Business Must Help Our Colleges
By Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.


WITH
YOUR LONG GAME IS LONGER
ELECTRONIC
U.S. Royal
3
YOUR SHORT GAME IS TRUER
You will find either to be a perfect
U.S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS

TONE THAT CHALLENGES ALL COMPARISON!

Philco Table Radio-Phonograph 1330, **$99.95***

Plays LP's, 45's and 78's . . . all sizes, all speeds automatically . . . up to 5 hours of continuous music

Compare, and you'll be convinced! Just play a record on this remarkable Philco, then play the same record on any other phonograph. You'll be amazed at how much of the actual music you can miss on an ordinary phonograph!

Philco Laboratories have engineered this great new Philco to give you *quality* tone and performance from a table model. With the famous Philco Super-Tone Reproducer you get the "highs" and "lows" that give true richness and beauty to recorded music.

It plays *all* records, all sizes; all speeds—LP's, 45's and 78's. It provides as much as 5 hours of continuous music from a single loading of LP records. There's just *one* tone arm, one central control—the simplest 3-speed changer ever designed!

Of course, like all Philco radio-phonographs, this handsome table model brings you the glorious Philco radio—notable for fine sensitivity and dependable performance.

Once you've heard this new Philco, you'll agree "There's no tone like Philco-tone." Yours from Philco . . . famous for quality the world over!

**Price subject to change.*

Compare—and you'll agree nothing equals

PHILCO

the Full-Fidelity Phonograph

No Table for the Lady Plumber

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Fire Island, and our boat, and the golf we had played together and the suppers on the porch in the summer evenings. I thought about how Carl, Maggie's brother, and Whitey Crane had taught me to shoot ducks. I thought about how much I enjoyed going to work every morning at the supply house, the decent guys I worked with there and the laughs we had together. Everybody in this small town had gone out of his way to make me feel at home. Then I thought again about Maggie. As Mrs. Fenton said, it had been a big change in my life. I wondered how suave Andy Delessio, the major-domo at the Côte d'Azur, had suddenly fallen into all this at the age of thirty-eight. Somebody must have been praying for me.

Mrs. Fenton could not see suave Andy Delessio being satisfied with small-town married life after ten years of associating nightly with captains of industry, big-shot politicians, Social Registerites and celebrated stars of stage, screen and radio. Mrs. Fenton had a lot to learn. You can get very tired of being suave. After a couple of years, I had seen enough movie actresses with bad manners and enough big operators who wanted everyone in the room to know how much they were spending. I also stopped being impressed by Cromwell. I began to wonder if the barring of an illiterate young millionaire from the Côte d'Azur for alcoholic misbehavior was really as serious as exile to Siberia.

Cromwell sensed the way I felt and started to dislike me. "This joint is too rich for your blood, Delessio," he said. "Why don't you work someplace else?" I gave him the dead pan and said I was happy at the Côte d'Azur. Underneath I was wishing I had the guts to sell vacuum cleaners from door to door. But I was afraid to start all over again in another business. I had been in this one since 1928, when my father died and I quit Fordham and got a job as a bus boy at the Sherry-Netherland.

I WAS relieved when I had to leave to go into the Army. But, after the war, I found myself back there. After three years overseas, the Côte d'Azur was harder to take than ever, and Cromwell became much more important. He had a big house on Long Island where he entertained big names from Washington every week end. He no longer knew the old friends who had staked him back in the prohibition days when he ran a speak-easy on West Forty-eighth Street.

I wanted to quit more than ever, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I made excuses to myself, but none of them were good. Looking back on it now, I can see it was just plain lack of courage. I would still be working in the Côte d'Azur if it wasn't for a broken hot-water heater and a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl from Philadelphia whose first name is Lorry.

It started one Tuesday night about ten thirty when I was standing at the front door, listening to Louis tell me his troubles. Louis is the man in charge of the velvet rope. He had been eaten out by Cromwell for letting in two actors who were wearing loafers. Cromwell had given Louis orders to discourage men who wore loafers. He said they made the room look bad.

WHILE I was talking with Louis, a party of three, two women and a man, came in and asked him for a table. There was something about one of the women that made it tough for me to take my eyes off her. She wasn't young—a few years over thirty—and not especially pretty and rather heavy, but she had a poise that some of the more intelligent size-twelve Conover models would envy. I gathered it was her party. The couple with her were both younger and acted as if they were engaged or married to each other.

"Sorry," Louis said. "If you haven't a reservation, we haven't got a thing."

It didn't make sense. There were plenty of empty tables inside and these people seemed like desirable customers. I looked at Louis in surprise, which was a mistake. The older girl caught the look on my face and knew the score immediately.

"Come on, Carl," she said to the man who was with her. "Let's not trouble them."

She made me feel ashamed of Louis and myself and Cromwell and the night-club business in general. Louis watched them walk out and shrugged his shoulders.

"Why didn't you let them in?" I said. "The waiters aren't doing anything but discussing tomorrow's entries at Aqueduct."

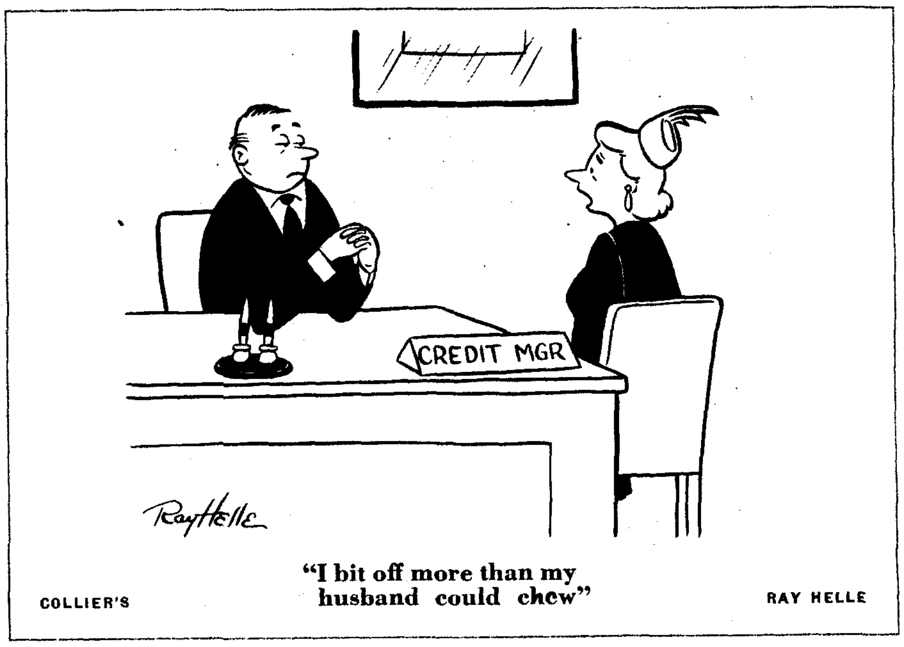
"Orders from the boss," Louis said. "The new Cole Porter show is opening tonight and the boss expects a big crowd in formal evening clothes when the theater breaks. So he wants the whole house in black and white ties tonight. He told me not to let in any strangers before eleven-thirty unless they are in evening clothes."

Two days later Cromwell drove me out to his home on Long Island. He was staging an extra-special week-end party, with a Cabinet member as the guest of honor, and he wanted me to check on the arrangements. When we arrived, his wife came running out to meet us.

"Oh, Larry!" she said. "There isn't a single drop of hot water in the house. Larry, what are we ever going to do?"

"What do you mean?" Cromwell said. "What's the matter with the hot water?"

"Something's broken in the heater. The



COLLIER'S

"I bit off more than my husband could chew"

RAY HELLE

Key to better engineering

THE "TORCH TEST" is typical of many checks used by GM engineers to improve comfort. To measure weather-tightness, a giant vacuum pump sucks out air inside car. Then a smoking torch is passed along door and window joints. Smoke inside shows where a tighter seal is needed. Tests such as this insure greater comfort, safety, durability.

We carry a torch for your comfort

COMFORT in a car is a matter of continuously checking countless details, like engineering a weather-sealed fit between door and pillar. So GM engineering persistently studies and restudies every detail in a car from engine to axle, from bumper to bumper.

At GM, moreover, engineering is sparked regularly not only by the latest discoveries of long-range research—but also by continuing reports on cars in action from GM's car-building divisions. And—it keeps proving the value of all innovations from cotter pins to automatic drives, out on GM's own 1,268-acre Proving Ground.

The pay-off on all this is something more than the greater comfort and driving ease you find in *all* GM cars. It assures, too, advanced skills and unmatched production facilities for renewing America's strength in these critical times.

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER • GMC TRUCK & COACH

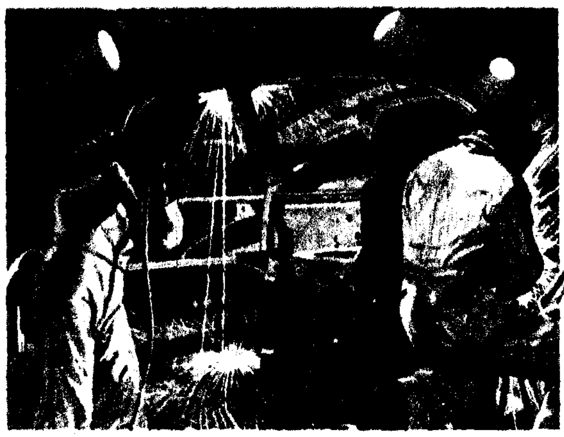
Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.

Key to better research

DEVELOPMENT OF BETTER BRAKES goes on continuously in GM research. Here brake "squeal" is recorded on a high-frequency indicator that reveals the causes. This is supplemented by studies of linings, drums, and tests of cars under all conditions. Results? Not only sure, smooth brakes—but also data for military production.

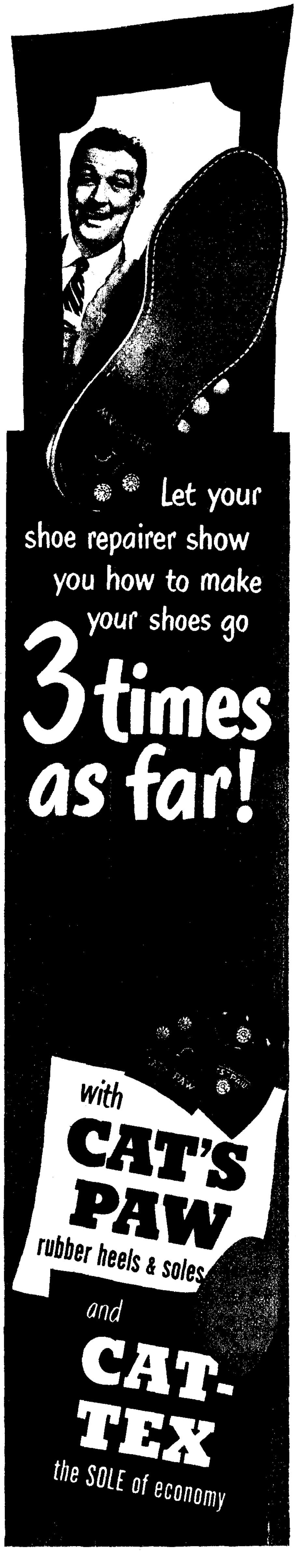
YOUR KEY
TO GREATER VALUE
the key to a
General Motors
Car

DEFENSE IS
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS
★
TRANSPORTATION IS
EVERYBODY'S NECESSITY



Key to "on-time" production

GUN-WELDING BETTER BODIES—another example of improved manufacturing. These high-speed welding "guns" make it possible to weld body assemblies together with greater strength—and in less time. Another reason why you get more durability, more value in a GM car.



man from the gas company is here but he says we have to send to Pittsburgh for the part that's broken. We won't have hot water for four or five days. Oh, Larry!"

"Four or five *days!*" Cromwell yelled. "The guests will be here tomorrow." He blew his top for several minutes and then turned to me.

"Drop everything else, Delessio, and straighten this out," he said. "And straighten it out today. I don't care what it costs."

MRS. CROMWELL had not been exaggerating. The safety pilot in the automatic gas water heater had to be replaced. It is easy to get spare parts for any one of the four or five popular makes of heaters, but Cromwell, of course, had a heater from a manufacturer in Pittsburgh that few Long Island plumbers had ever heard of, and parts to fit it could be obtained only at the factory in Pittsburgh. It seemed as though Cromwell's celebrities from Washington would have to shave and bathe with cold water.

After some thought, however, the repairman came up with a bright idea. "This heater doesn't look a year old," he said. "Why don't you call up the plumber who installed it and find out where he got it? He won't have spare parts for it, but he might still have another heater of the same model in stock. If he's in the mood to do you a favor, he might take the safety pilot out of the new heater and let you have it this afternoon. When your safety pilot gets here from Pittsburgh next week, you could turn it over to the supply house."

I thanked him and went to telephone the plumber. He gave me the name and address of the supply house in a small town between Smithtown and Port Jefferson where he had bought the heater. "I know they've got another one like that," he said. "At least, they had one last week and I don't suppose they've sold it yet. They're nice folks and I think they'll help you out."

I found the supply house without any trouble, a big barn and yard filled with boilers, bathtubs, sinks and pipes. There was a glass-enclosed office in one corner of the barn and I saw a woman inside sitting at a desk. She was wearing a red baseball cap and the olive-drab denim coveralls that the Air Force mechanics wore during the war. She took off her tortoise-shell glasses and put down the book she was reading and yawned.

"Is the boss around?" I said.

"I'm the boss," she said. "What can we do for you?"

I told her my story, making it very dramatic. I made it sound as though every important person in Washington, including General Marshall and Margaret Truman, was coming to my house for the week end. I suggested that it was a patriotic duty to supply them with hot water.

"Yes, we've got one of those heaters," she said. "It would be easy enough to take the safety pilot out of it and let you have it. But the answer is no. Sorry. If you haven't a reservation, we haven't got a thing for you."

I have a good memory for faces, but the baseball cap and the coveralls had thrown me off. It was the girl Louis had turned away from the Côte d'Azur Tuesday night.

I felt myself blushing a very deep red. If I had only recognized her when I came in the door, I would never have opened my mouth about the water heater or the safety pilot. This girl was the last person in the world I wanted to ask a favor of.

"Now, wait a minute," I said. "About the other night—"

"Never mind the other night," she said. "Forget it. Let's talk about this water heater. You say you're entertaining a lot of important people from Washington at your house this week end. *Your* house?"

"Well, as a matter of fact—"

"As a matter of fact, it's Cromwell's house over near Smithtown. We're only country people out here but give us credit for a little intelligence. And, as a matter of fact, this is a pretty big favor you're asking me to do for Cromwell. If he doesn't have hot water in his house this week end, his big, fancy party for all those important people may very well be a flop. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"Well, I'll let you in on something," she said. "You know what? I kind of like the idea of Cromwell's party being a flop. So the answer is still no."

"All right," I said. "Let's forget about Cromwell and his party. And let's forget the safety pilot. I don't want it. But before I walk out of here, I wish you'd let me explain to you about what happened Tuesday night."

I wondered why I was trying so hard to make a good impression on her. It seemed very important. She leaned back in her chair and looked at me for a minute. Then she began to smile.

"Okay," she said. "Don't stand there so tense and nervous. Sit down and have a cigarette. By the way, my name's Maggie Fitch. What's yours?"

I explained to her that Louis had turned her and her friends away from the Côte d'Azur only because of Cromwell's foolish rule about formal evening clothes.

"Believe me, it was nothing personal," I ended up. "I wish you'd come in for dinner some night next week as my guest. Bring that fellow and girl along with you and dress any way you like."

She thought about it.

"Maybe, with us, it was just a question of the way we were dressed," she said. "But how about all the other people Cromwell keeps out because he thinks they're not good enough for him? I could see you didn't like it any more than we did. But you just stood there and watched and said nothing. How long have you been working at the Côte d'Azur?"

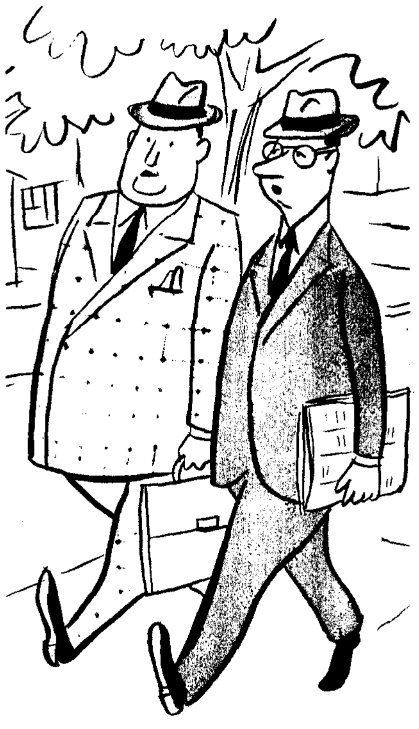
"Ten years," I said.

"How often in those ten years have you just watched and said nothing? Each time you do that, it takes something out of you. Pretty soon, boy, you won't have anything left."

I STOOD up to leave. I should have felt at least a little sore, but instead I was only wishing that I could sit there and talk with her for another hour and then, maybe, ask her to go somewhere and have a drink with me.

"Don't forget we're expecting you for dinner next week," I said.

"I doubt if we'll be able to make it," she said. "But thanks, anyway."



"My wife and I have never had an argument about money—although several times she has dared me to start one"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

I drove back to Cromwell's place and got on the phone to see if extra money could persuade a plumber to work all night installing a completely new heater in the cellar. The plumbing business must have been good on Long Island that year. Nobody snapped at the job. I was selecting more numbers from the classified directory when Cromwell's butler came into the room and said a lady was at the front door.

It was Maggie. She said, "I'll hate myself in the morning, but here it is. I'm only doing this for you, not for Cromwell." She handed me the safety pilot. We looked at each other. After a while, I said, "What night are you coming in for dinner?"

"Wednesday night," she said. "Wednesday night about seven thirty."

"You had me worried," I said. "I was afraid I might never see you again."

"Well, you can stop worrying," she said.

WHEN I came into the Côte d'Azur for work Wednesday night, there had been a fight in the kitchen between Pierre, the head chef, and Tony, the meat chef. Nobody had been stabbed, but Tony was getting dressed to go home and none of the other cooks were speaking to Pierre. I brought Tony back to the kitchen and sat him down with Pierre and opened half a dozen bottles of expensive champagne for everybody. By the time the peace conference was over, it was after seven and I had not yet had time to change to the dinner jacket I wore for work. I ran upstairs, changed and, while I was tying my tie, the phone in the locker room rang. Louis wanted me at the front door right away.

"If it's that party of three I told you about," I said, "put them at table fourteen and give them a bottle of wine right away."

"It's not that party of three," Louis said. "It's something else. Come down and see."

I finished knotting my tie and went downstairs and saw a wide-eyed young girl, about sixteen, in a tweed suit and a sweater. She was standing at the door beside Louis and staring in at the crowd around the bar. Louis put his hand on her arm and said, "This is the gentleman you wish to see." The girl paid no attention to him or to me. She was too busy drinking in the atmosphere. Louis had to speak to her again.

"Oh!" she said. "I was so fascinated I didn't hear you. I've been dreaming about seeing the Côte d'Azur for years! Are you Mr. Cromwell? I've read about you so much in Dorothy Kilgallen's column."

I assured her that I was not Cromwell. "Are you waiting for someone, Miss?" I said. "Or is there someone inside who's expecting you?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I have a special favor to ask of you. I've read so much about the Côte d'Azur and I'm dying to see it. I know you don't allow ladies to come in without escorts, but do you suppose you could let me go inside? Just for a few minutes. Then I'll go away and I'll never bother you again."

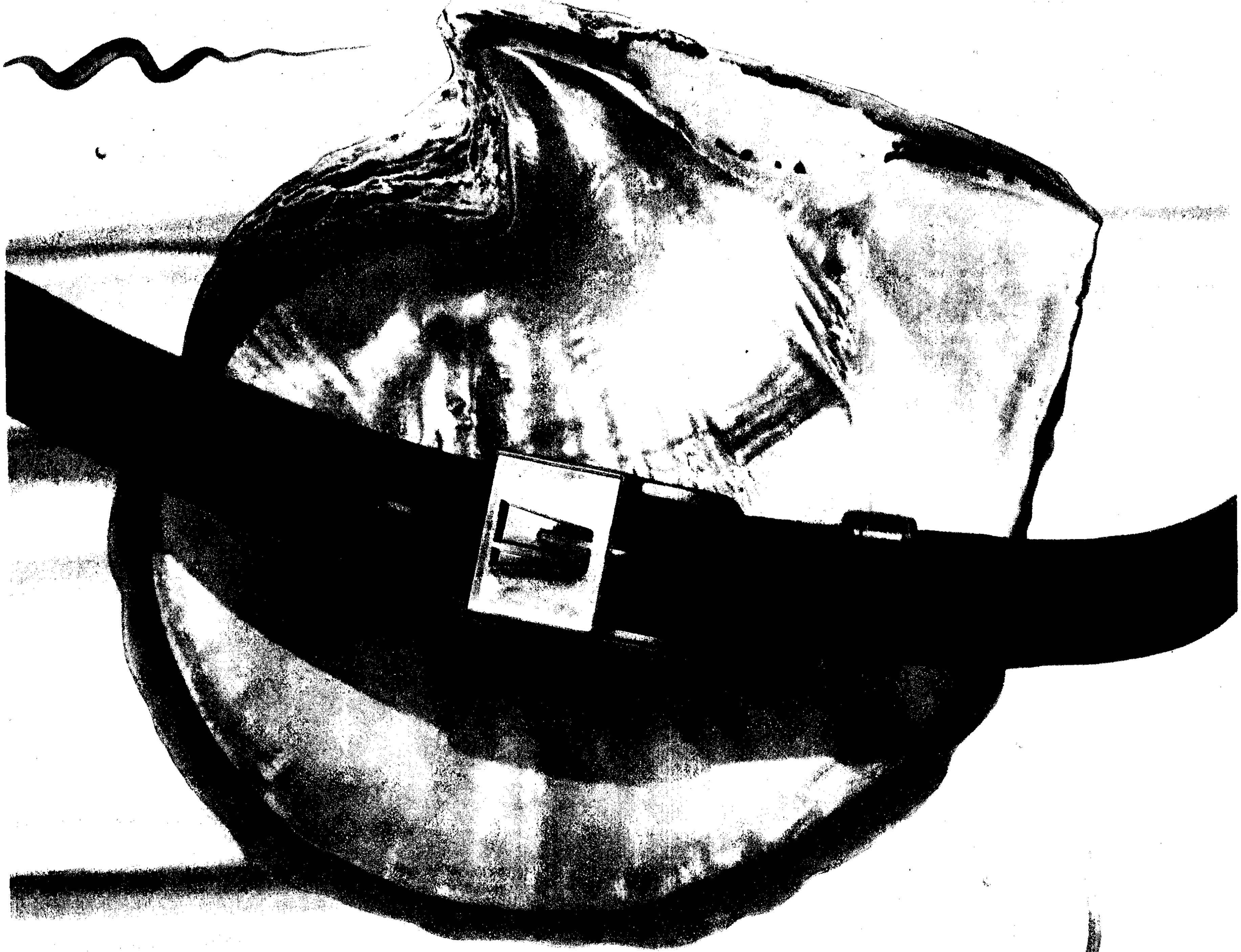
"We're very busy right now," I said. "Couldn't you drop in some afternoon when there aren't so many people here?"

"I don't want to see it in the afternoon," she said. "I want to see it at night, with all the people and the music and everything. Besides, I can't come any other time. I have to be back at school tomorrow."

"Where do you go to school?" I said. "Does your family know you're here?"

"If Mother ever knew I was in New York City tonight, alone in a hotel room, she'd just about die. We live in Philadelphia, and I go to school in Connecticut. Our vacation ends today, and Mother thinks I'm staying over with Patty in New Jersey tonight and going up to school with her tomorrow. She's my roommate. I've been saving money and planning this for months, just so I could see the Côte d'Azur. Won't you let me in? Just for a few minutes? Please."

"Wait here," I said. I could see she was telling the truth. She was not one of those daffy autograph-hunting teen-agers who haunt the doorways around the Colony and 21. I phoned Cromwell upstairs and told



Men prefer SWANK

Nature's own

Our stylists went back to nature for this newest fashion leader. Its deftly designed mother-of-pearl buckle is adorned with your initial in a handsome handcrafted letter. The belt is in top grain bridle, in a choice of colors to blend with any attire. Another SWANK masterpiece that's grand to give or get.

Pearl Buckle, **$2.50** *Bridle Cowhide Belt,* **$1.95** *The Set,* **$4.45**

REMEMBER FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 17TH

SWANK on jewelry, belts and wallets means QUALITY

him the story. Cromwell must have won a bet that day or figured out a new deduction from his income tax. He didn't give me the short answer I expected.

"I'll talk to her myself," he said.

The little girl told Cromwell her story all over again. He asked her a few questions. Then he looked at her clothes.

"Do you have an evening dress at your hotel?" he said.

"Yes!" the girl said breathlessly.

Cromwell turned to me.

"Escort the young lady back to her hotel," he told me. "Wait while she changes into her evening clothes. Then bring her back here for dinner. You sit with her all evening and see that she has a good time. At twelve o'clock, and not a minute later, see that she gets back to her hotel safely. Got *it* straight?"

The girl almost fainted.

"And now, young lady, would you excuse us?" Cromwell said. "I want to speak to Mr. Delessio for a moment."

WHEN she went to the door to wait for me, Cromwell said, "Isn't that something? I can't get my own wife to come in here, even for lunch. She hates the place. But here's a little girl from a good family—real class—and to her the Côte d'Azur is the most important thing in New York. She doesn't want to see the Empire State Building or the Statue of Liberty. She only wants to see my saloon. Remember that, Delessio, the next time you feel like looking down your nose at me."

"I'm not looking down my nose at you," I said.

"Don't kid me. I can see right through you, sweetheart. But what I wanted to tell you is this. Who are these poor relations of yours that you're putting at table fourteen tonight? You know I keep that table for celebrities. Betty Hutton may be in tonight and that's where I'd want to put her."

"These people I put down for table fourteen just did you a bigger favor than any celebrity ever did you," I said. I told him about Maggie Fitch and how she had saved his big week-end party.

"A bunch of plumbers!" Cromwell said. "I work for fifteen years to give this place a little tone, and you give the best table in the house to a bunch of plumbers. Put them someplace else."

It was after seven thirty, but Louis said he had not yet seen Maggie or her brother and sister-in-law. I told him to put them at table nine instead of table fourteen when they arrived and tell them I would be back in half an hour. Then I ushered my big date for the evening into a cab and took her to her hotel. "My name is Lorraine," she said. "But my friends all call me Lorry."

Lorry broke all the existing intercollegiate and Olympic speed records changing into her evening dress. Cromwell had briefed everybody at the Côte d'Azur about her, and when she made her second appearance of the evening, she was welcomed like somebody from Hollywood who was celebrating her third divorce.

"Your friends are here," Louis muttered to me. "I put you and the little girl at table eight, right next to them. Maybe during the evening you may be able to kill two birds and combine work with pleasure."

While three captains and four waiters were fighting for the privilege of pulling out Lorry's chair, I turned to the next table and said hello to Maggie and was introduced to Carl, her brother, and Carl's wife, Virginia. Maggie glanced at Lorry and lifted an eyebrow.

"We're picking them sort of young, aren't we?" she said.

"I'll explain it later," I said. "Maybe, after dinner, the five of us could sit together at a larger table."

Maggie and Virginia said they would be delighted. I sat with Lorry and showed her a menu, but she was too delirious with excitement to eat yet. I ordered her a Coke and began to point out celebrities. I gave up when I realized that Lorry recognized all of them much quicker than I did. Cromwell appeared with a young fellow with a deep tan, a lot of yellow hair and thousands of white teeth—a new, young Paramount star. Lorry drifted out on the floor to dance with him as if she were walking in her sleep. Cromwell slid into her empty chair and proceeded to read my mind.

"I suppose you are planning to move this kid and yourself over to table nine and make it one big, happy party," he said.

"Why not?" I said.

"Well, forget it," Cromwell said. "She isn't the type to associate with plumbers. I got it fixed with that movie actor to see that she has plenty of dances, but I don't want her sitting with any other party. You watch her until eleven thirty. Then I'll relieve you and sit with her myself. You can visit your friends and find out what's new in the plumbing business. And, at twelve o'clock sharp, you take her to her hotel. Fair enough?"

I wondered why he was taking such a fatherly interest in Lorry and why he had suddenly become so considerate of my obligations as a host. Lorry was still occupied with the movie actor so I asked Maggie to dance. I explained to Maggie about Lorry and told her how Cromwell was trying to give the girl a gala evening to tell her grandchildren about.

We danced for a few minutes, and I said, "How is the train service to that town you live in? I'd like to see more of you."

"You know the Long Island Rail Road," she said. She looked up at me. "If you're planning to see me often, it might be worth your while to buy an automobile."

I held her closer and we danced until the music stopped. Then I left her and went back to sit with Lorry.

"I'd just like to see the faces of a few certain people back in Philadelphia if they knew who I'd been dancing with in the Côte d'Azur," Lorry said. "But, golly, Mr. Delessio, if anybody knew I was here tonight, I'd be ruined. My family would murder me. Old Miss Wilson at school, if she heard it, I'd be kicked out. I'm not supposed to be seen in places like this until I'm eighteen. It sounds silly but my family is awful strict about such things. Promise me, Mr. Delessio, you'll never mention a word about me to anybody in Philadelphia."

"Don't worry," I said. "Nobody will ever know."

Sure enough, at eleven thirty Cromwell took my place with Lorry as he'd said he would and I moved to the next table. I sat next to Maggie and talked with her brother, Carl, about the Army. Then Virginia talked Carl into dancing, and Maggie and I began to find out about some of the things we had been wondering about.

She'd been married, and she told me about the house where she had lived since her husband was killed in the war, and I told her about the two girls I had almost married and what I did on Sundays when I wasn't working and how much I liked baseball and the horses. I found myself mentioning things that I had never talked about with anyone. I was not breathless and my pulse was not pounding and we weren't holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes or anything like that. But while we were talking quietly, I realized that Sunday, my next day off, was four days away and I knew I couldn't wait that long to see her again.

Maggie asked me for a cigarette and, while I was lighting it, she glanced at the table where Cromwell was sitting with Lorry.

"Oh-oh," she said.

I turned and looked. Cromwell was posing with Lorry for three photographers. One of the photographers was Herbie Sands, our own publicity cameraman. The other two were from the wire-photo services. No wonder Cromwell had volunteered to sit alone with Lorry from eleven thirty until twelve.

"He must have been planning this all night," I said. "He's going to spread that poor kid all over the newspapers."

The photographers asked, as they always do, for just one more, and Cromwell obliged with his most charming smile. Lorry looked worried but she was trying to be polite. The men from the wire services asked if they could have a shot of Lorry with the movie actor. Cromwell consented and the movie actor, after pausing to run a comb through his hair, took his place beside Lorry. When Cromwell backed away from the cameras, he moved close to where Maggie and I were sitting.

"What goes on, boss?" I said to him.

"I called the papers," Cromwell said with a grin. "I told them about our little Cinderella, and they ate it up."

"Cinderella?"

"Sure," Cromwell said. "I knew they'd go for that angle. I planned it that way from the minute I laid eyes on her. That's why I told you to rush her out of here on the stroke of midnight. By the way, the photographers want to go back to her hotel. They want a picture of her walking into her room. You know, the end of the dream."

"Wait a minute," I said. "You can't do this. If her family hears about it, she'll be in trouble."

"Don't be stupid," Cromwell said. "Why should I pass up this kind of publicity?"

I looked at Maggie. She was looking at me.

When I hit Cromwell, I was thinking of Maggie. That punch made a man out of me, but I admit I wouldn't have thrown it if Maggie hadn't been sitting there, waiting to see what I was going to do. I knew that if I didn't do something, Maggie would be finished with me. I couldn't stand the thought of that. So I stood up and hit him.

He toppled backward and knocked over a table and landed on the floor with his head in a woman's lap. The woman screamed, and waiters and captains and bus boys came running from all over the house. A few of them hovered over Cromwell but most of them jumped on me. The headwaiter, Frank Genetti, was holding my arms. Friendship. Frank's children called me by my first name, and I had trimmed their Christmas tree with them for the last three years. A thought passed through my head: When Frank went home that night and told his wife what had happened, would he say he was the one who had held me, or would he leave that part out? But I suppose his job meant a lot to him.

When he saw that I was through swinging, Frank let me go and waved the rest of them back to their jobs. Cromwell was helped to his feet and he walked away. I looked at Maggie and I saw that I was doing all right. Carl was holding Virginia's coat.

"Let's go somewhere and have another drink," I said. "I know a place on Third Avenue."

"Sounds wonderful to me," Maggie said.

A WAITER came up and spoke to Lorry. He said that Mr. Cromwell would arrange to have someone take her to her hotel, if she would wait a few minutes.

"No, thank you," Lorry said. "I'll go along with Mr. Delessio. You tell Mr. Cromwell I said thanks very much for a lovely evening. And tell him I hope his jaw is feeling better in the morning."

Lorry was all right.

We dropped her at her hotel. After she said good night, we went to a Third Avenue place and had two or three drinks standing at the bar. None of us said much, but I felt better than I had ever felt in my life. I could see that Maggie felt good, too.

After a while, Maggie said to me, "I don't imagine you'll be working tomorrow. Or the next day. Why don't you drive out to Long Island with us tonight? I'll make scrambled eggs and coffee at my place. Carl and Virginia live almost next door to me. You can sleep at their house."

I looked down at the dinner jacket I was still wearing. When I walked out of the Côte d'Azur, I had not stopped to change into my street clothes.

"Don't worry about your clothes," Maggie said. "We'll find something tomorrow that will fit you."

I went to Long Island with them that night. The funny part of it is that I never even went back to New York to pack up my things. Two days later, Maggie talked me into going to work at her plumbing-supply house, and I liked it from the start. I kept meaning to go into New York and check out of my hotel room, but I never seemed to be able to get around to it. I bought new clothes in Huntington and Port Jefferson and, finally, I sent the hotel a check for what I owed them and told them to clean out my closet and the dresser drawers and give everything to charity. Six months later, Maggie and I were married and she gave up working in the supply house because she wanted more time to learn how to play golf.

And so my only souvenir, the only thing I have today that I owned when I was at the Côte d'Azur, is the dinner jacket. It's somewhere upstairs, in moth balls. I haven't had it on in two and a half years. Out here, in our social circle, you are dressed formal if you are wearing a shirt.

THE END

VIRGIL PARTCH

LITERAL LATIN

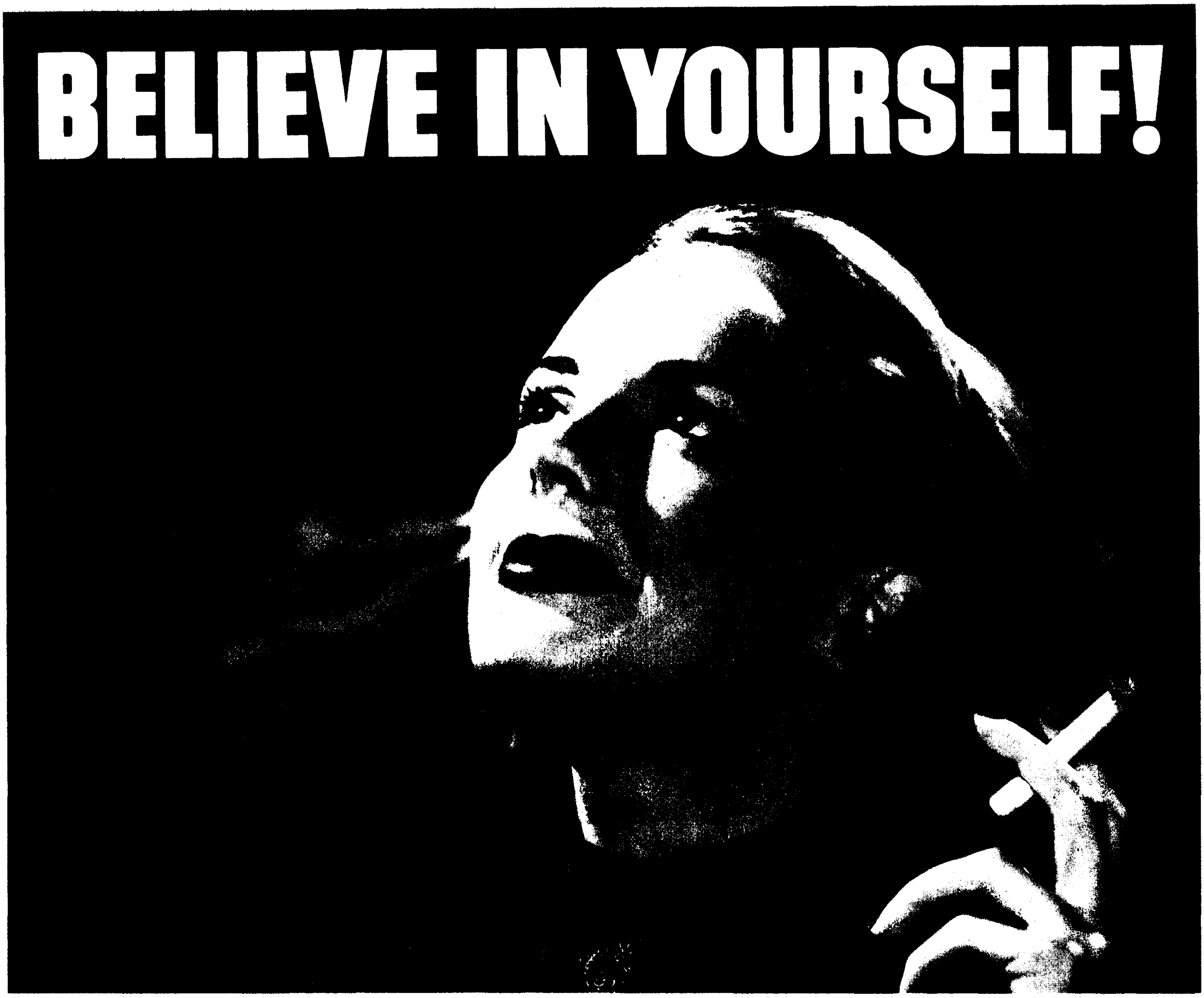
Some Free Translations of Familiar Phrases

IX

Veni, vidi, vici:	Wayne has been weeding the garden and he's pooped
A cuspide corona:	Cigar in the gaboon
Frater:	Liberty ship
Hoc tempore:	I'd like to have ten bucks on this watch until next week
Beati possidentes:	Beatrice has all her teeth
Gratis dictum:	Hoarse
Fideliter:	Violinist

—DICK SHAW

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!



Don't test one brand alone ... compare them all!

TRY THIS TEST!

Take a PHILIP MORRIS—and any other cigarette. Then, *here's all you do:*

1 Light up either cigarette. Take a puff—*don't* inhale—and s-l-o-w-l-y let the smoke come through your nose.

2 Now do exactly the same thing with the other cigarette.

NOTICE THAT PHILIP MORRIS IS DEFINITELY LESS IRRITATING, DEFINITELY MILDER!

SPECIAL BLEND

Unlike others, we never ask you to test our brand alone. We say ... **compare** PHILIP MORRIS ... **match** PHILIP MORRIS ... **judge** PHILIP MORRIS against any other cigarette! Then make your own choice! Remember

NO CIGARETTE HANGOVER

means MORE SMOKING PLEASURE!

CALL FOR **PHILIP MORRIS**

That Sterling Character

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

based largely on Jan's ability to tell stories with more blood and snakes in them than anyone else Maggie knows.

The friendship between Jan and Maggie endures despite a 22-year difference in their ages. Jan was born on April 3, 1923, to a family listed in the New York Social Register. Her father, William A. Adriance, was the son of a manufacturer of harvesting machinery who sold out to the Deere interests after the turn of the century for a very comfortable figure. Soon after Jan was born—and christened Jane Sterling Adriance—the family moved from Fifth Avenue to Roslyn, Long Island, where they were living when her sister Ann (now Mrs. Robert Lubliner) arrived.

The Adriance marriage lasted seven years. In 1928, Mrs. Adriance went to Reno for a divorce, and later the same year she married Henry James White, an oil-company executive. White was, among other things, a flier. In the years that followed, he traveled over a large part of Europe and South America investigating potential sites for oil depots, and taking his family with him. Jan remembers, with a good deal of nostalgia, the week-end plane trips with her foster father to Denmark, to English aviation clubs, to Brussels, to the Riviera.

Since the family spent little time in New York, education was a problem. Jan has had only two years of regular schooling in all her life—one year at the Nightingale-Bamford private school on Manhattan's Ninety-second Street just after the Whites were married, and another some six years later when the family returned briefly to New York after several years abroad. In Paris, the two girls had a governess, part of whose responsibility was to keep up their education; Jan and her sister bullied the woman into teaching them nothing but French—a language Jan now speaks skillfully but ungrammatically.

Farewell to Schoolbooks

In June, 1935, after their winter in the United States, the family went to London. By that time, Jan knew what she wanted to do; she was treasuring pictures of Jean Harlow and Constance Bennett (because they were blond actresses) and she finally persuaded her mother to send her to Fay Compton's School of Dramatic Art. Jan never again troubled her pretty head with such things as algebra, biology or chemistry.

In January, 1937, just before her fourteenth birthday, Jan's stepfather was transferred to Rio de Janeiro, and her mother, under pressure from the girl, agreed to let her stay on in Britain with a friend, Sylvia Kissel, and finish the year at Fay Compton's so she could be in the annual play in May.

White, a devotee of air travel, bought passage for the girls on the Zeppelin Hindenburg before he left, but they purchased so many clothes in the course of a riotous spring that they felt the need of ready cash. Young Jan, already resourceful, turned in the Hindenburg tickets and bought tourist passages on the SS Hamburg, so they could squander the difference.

When they were in mid-Atlantic, the news came over their ship's wireless that the Hindenburg had exploded in New Jersey.

Jan spent the summer in the Brazilian capital looking forward with growing distaste to the autumn, because her mother, who had kept her two daughters' names in the Social Register faithfully all these years, had entered her eldest at her own finishing school in Farmington, Connecticut, for the fall of 1937.

With the desperate resolution of a fourteen-year-old, Jan wanted to be an actress, not a debutante. She began to stage some hysterical displays which she now describes as pretty terrific, claiming her mother was stifling her career. Finally, somewhat weary, Mrs. White made a concession—a safe one, she thought. Jan could go to New York in September and spend the month before the Farmington school opened with her friend Sylvia at the Kissels' family house in Gracie Square. And if, in that time, Jan could find a job in the theater, she could take it.

In the Shuberts' Anteroom

Jan thought it was hopeless, too, but it was the best deal she could get. Her job hunting was desultory. However, Sylvia, also looking for work, had a letter of introduction to the famous Broadway showmen, the Shubert brothers. One day, just to be companionable to her hostess, Jan accompanied Sylvia to the Shubert office and sat in the anteroom while her friend presented the letter. As she waited, a man came through, looked at her curiously and told her to come inside. He was Milton Shubert, and he was casting supporting roles in a play fresh from England, to be known, in its Broadway incarnation, as Bachelor Born. When the Shuberts heard the girl's very British accent, they were delighted. They told her to come back and read for a part in the comedy.

To her mother's undoubted shock, the fourteen-year-old girl got the part and a contract with the Shuberts at $50 a week. Even her employers seem to have been a little horrified when they found out the facts, because their press agent concocted a fable about finding Jan in a summer playhouse in the Berkshires—after the manner of a mother telling her child she found a little brother under a rosebush.

The young lady, having saved herself from the *haut monde* for a future life of cinematic sin, made the break a clean one by dropping the name Adriance—an exercise of discretion for which her father commended her. (She was Jane Sterling until, on the advice of actress Ruth Gordon—who had first suggested Amethyst Adriance—she dropped the "e" in 1944.)

Bachelor Born, with Jan appearing as a well-brought-up English girl, moved into the Morosco Theater in New York in January of 1938. The reviews gave her scant mention, but no one was unkind. After a year at the Morosco, the play went on the road.

From Bachelor Born on, Jan earned her own living, but her career was uneven for the next five years. After the road tour finished, she did two brief Broadway roles at $100 a week; still making the most of her accent, she played an English ingénue in both shows. The next summer she spent in stock at Mount Kisco, New York, and in the fall she rehearsed for two plays which never reached Broadway. Then she fell back to a second line of defense—modeling.

By the time she was eighteen, Jan was seeing a great deal of young Jack Merivale—the son of stage stars Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper—who had been a member of the Bachelor Born road company. One Saturday in May, 1941, while the young actor was in Somerset Maugham's play, Theater, they were married just before a matinee performance in Boston.

After a summer in California with the senior Merivales, the young people went back to New York to find jobs, but none was forthcoming until an agent called on New Year's Day, 1942. Virginia Field, the agent said, was leaving the cast of Panama Hattie to marry an actor named Paul Douglas, and a replacement was needed. Jan was delighted at the news. The salary was $200 a week.

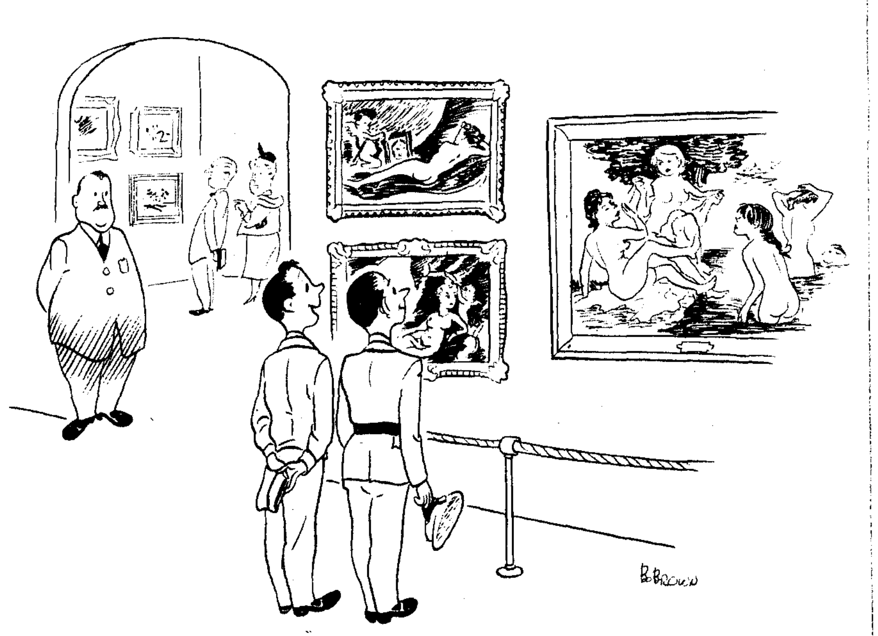
Jack accompanied her on the road as far as Detroit; from there he crossed the border to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Income from Three Sources

After Panama Hattie closed, Jan spent her time modeling; in the intervals between jobs she lived on her unemployment compensation and $60 a month from the Canadian government.

Then Katharine Cornell, an old friend of the Merivales, asked her to go on the road as an understudy for Gertrude Musgrove in Chekhov's Three Sisters. She agreed, although the salary was only $85 a week. Since Jan had been featured briefly on Broadway, her friends told her she was mad. But she realized she was getting nowhere in her profession and that it was time to throw away everything she had learned in dramatic school.

She took the job for the training it offered, and she has never regretted it, for she couldn't have found a more instructive



COLLIER'S "Put bunks in here and it would be exactly like our barracks!" BO BROWN

MORE LIGHTS PER PENNY!

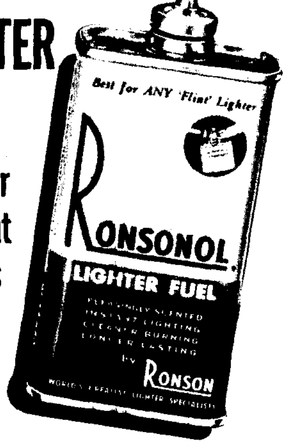
Four big reasons why you should always buy Ronsonol, America's largest selling lighter fuel—❶ Laboratory tests prove it lasts longer than most other brands. ❷ Specially blended to light instantly. ❸ Clean, full flame. ❹ Pleasing fragrance. When you buy lighter fuel insist on the best. Insist on Ronsonol!

RONSONOL®

LIGHTER FUEL

Best for ALL flint lighters

4 oz. can 25¢



Use extra long Ronson Redskin 'Flints'

WE FIT 'EM ALL in Cushioned Comfort

SIZES 5 to 16 widths AA to EEE

STYLE 325

PATENTED CONSTRUCTION

KNAPP SHOES Aerotred Cushioned

There's a size for every foot in Knapp's complete factory line of Dress, Sport and Work Shoes. Choose from over a hundred smart styles for men and women. All with Knapp's exclusive Aerotred Construction — cushions every step! Money-saving Factory-Direct Prices! Write for the name of your local Knapp Shoe Counselor.

KNAPP BROTHERS SHOE MFG. CORP.
Dept. 12, Brockton, Massachusetts
Please rush FREE style folder
Name (print) ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN FORMAN KENTUCKY

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:

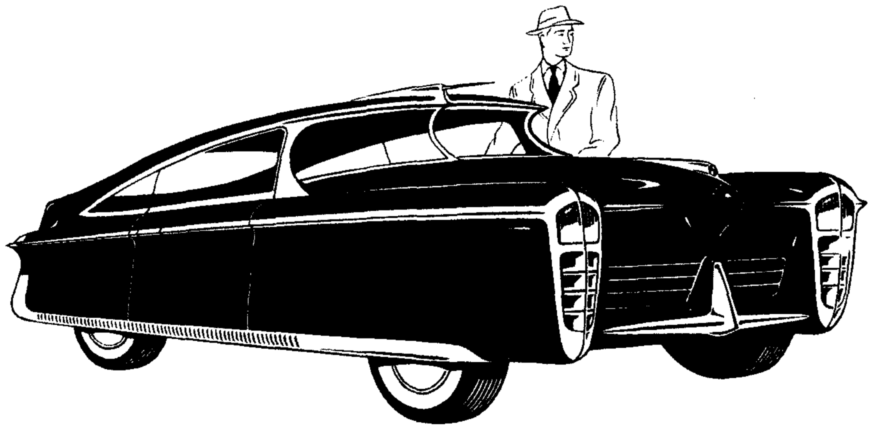
"There is nothing better in the market"

America's Guest Whisky since 1870, famous bonded Old Forester is outstanding for its smoothness and elegance of flavor. No matter where you buy or enjoy it, you can always be sure that it will be of the same fineness and uniformity. Try some today.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

© 1951—B. F. DIST. CORP.

Advanced Panoramic Sports Sedan designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL "Dream Car" Salon



FOUND

WHEREVER FINE CARS

TRAVEL

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL

VEEDOL

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
NEW YORK TULSA SAN FRANCISCO

collection of actors. The company, besides the Misses Cornell and Musgrove, included Ruth Gordon, Judith Anderson, Edmund Gwenn and Alexander Knox.

Jack Merivale went overseas in April of 1944. The same month Ruth Gordon asked Jan to replace another actress in Over 21, Miss Gordon's own vehicle, a comedy about officer candidates and their wives which the actress had written herself. The role was Jan's first American characterization, but she was still playing an eminently decent young matron. Her character name was Jan, and from that point on she used the truncated first name herself.

After Over 21, Jan played 10 weeks at $250 a week, her highest salary up to then, in a musical revue in Boston called Goodnight Ladies, which had more success than it merited. Then she went back to Broadway to work at $100 a week—Jan has never held out for salary if she wanted a part—in a Robert E. Sherwood play, The Rugged Path, which Garson Kanin directed, with a cast headed by Spencer Tracy.

The tempo of her career was increasing. She left The Rugged Path to go into Dunnigan's Daughter, by S. N. Behrman, which Elia Kazan directed for the Theatre Guild. Next, after a brief intervening engagement, she reverted to her old accent as an English debutante in Noel Coward's Present Laughter with Clifton Webb.

Jack Merivale came back from overseas during the run of the Behrman play. After their early financial problems, the two-year separation had created a gradual breach between the two young people. On his return they decided to separate. They were divorced a short time afterward.

As "Billie Dawn" in Chicago

Present Laughter ran well into 1947, but in February of that year Garson Kanin called Jan to ask her to take over the role of Billie Dawn in the Chicago production of his play, Born Yesterday. She saw Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas do two performances of Born Yesterday in New York, joined the road company in Detroit on a Tuesday night, and opened in Chicago the following Monday.

The play, already a smash Broadway hit, took Chicago by storm. And Jan, as the empty-headed mistress of a corrupt junk tycoon, had the town at her feet. She got $500 a week, and for the first time she was a star.

"People began to believe anything I said was hysterically funny," she remembers. "I had a big suite at a hotel cheap, because they wanted me to stay there. Taxicab drivers and other people began to recognize me on the street. I got the best tables at restaurants. The press made a circus about me."

In New York she had been an obscure young actress. In Chicago she was a celebrity. And, for the first time, she had abandoned respectability in her stage personality. Billie Dawn was an engaging girl, but she was thoroughly amoral.

In August, Jan took a two-week vacation and went to Hollywood, leaving the part of Billie Dawn to her understudy. One morning the understudy telephoned her that the management had posted closing notices for the Chicago company. The Kanins had sold the screen rights to Born Yesterday to Columbia Pictures Corporation for 10 years at $100,000 a year and had decided to curtail the Chicago run.

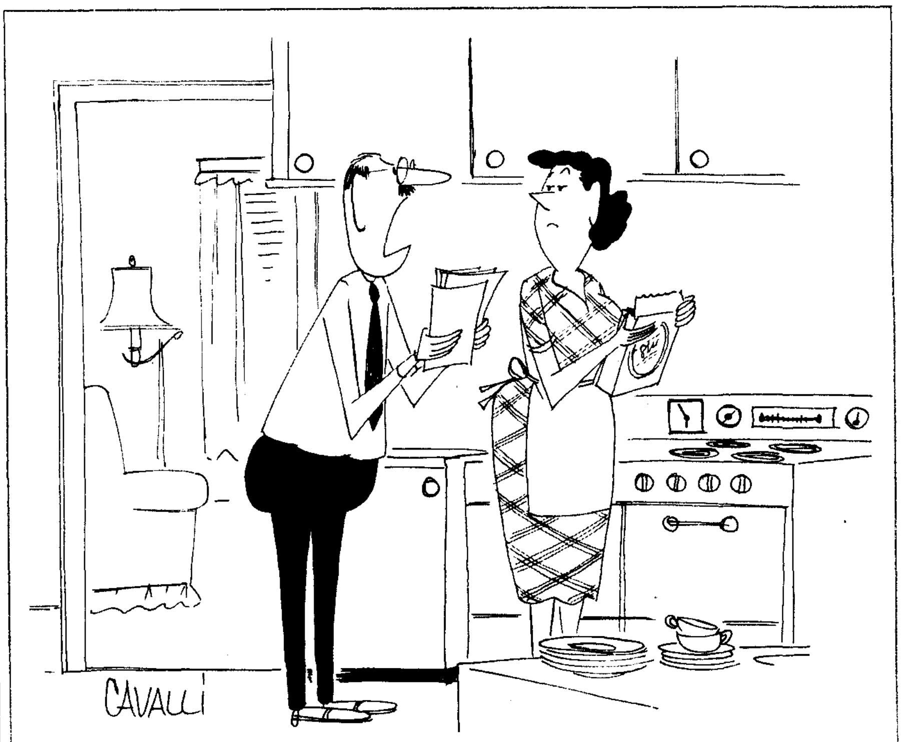
Screen Test Brings Contract

Louis Shurr, a gentleman known as Doc because of his reputation as a healer of sick plays, had been Jan's agent for a number of years. He was in Hollywood, and she told him the news. Shurr began to look around; one of the people he approached was producer Jerry Wald. It happened that Wald had seen Jan on the stage in Chicago and had been much impressed. He gave her a screen test, and promptly signed her to a contract at the handsome salary of $1,500 a week for a minimum of 10 weeks, for the projected Warner Brothers film, Johnny Belinda.

In that picture Jan started her screen career as a portrayer of "mean" characters by playing a vicious village belle. Then she left Hollywood for a while, reverting at once to respectability in two more stage engagements, John Loves Mary and Two Blind Mice. In the latter comedy she was starred for the first time on Broadway, playing opposite Melvyn Douglas.

One night during the Chicago run of John Loves Mary, Jan consolidated her position as one of the town's favorite heroines by averting a dangerous panic when a fire in the alley outside filled the Harris Theater with smoke. Somebody in the audience yelled, "Fire!" Jan broke off her dialogue, came upstage, and said: "I can't see any flames. I think it's safe and you can keep your seats." The people did, and she bantered with them for two long minutes until the manager came out and explained the situation. Then she said: "Now where were we?" and went back into character.

By May of 1948, the Broadway run of



COLLIER'S "Why can't we just meet expenses, instead of going out of our way to look for them?" DICK CAVALLI

Born Yesterday was coasting to a halt. Paul Douglas had left for Hollywood, and Judy Holliday was withdrawing. Jan, who had been making over $500 a week in John Loves Mary, took over the Billie Dawn role at $150, because she wanted to do it on Broadway. It was her last stage engagement.

In July, Jerry Wald asked Jan to come back to Hollywood at $750 a week for Caged, his picture about a women's prison. This time, for screen purposes, she abandoned respectability altogether, playing the part of a common prostitute. Her film career had begun in scarlet earnest. She moved over to Paramount for three weeks' work in Appointment with Danger as a gangster's moll at $1,500 a week, and then did two three-week engagements at M-G-M at $1,750 a week—as an unmarried, pregnant and ultimately murdered cabaret girl in Mystery Street, and as a faithless helpmeet in The Skipper Surprises His Wife.

Meantime, Columbia was trying to cast the screen version of Born Yesterday. Harry Cohn, the head of the studio, wanted Judy Holliday to repeat her stage role; but Miss Holliday, though willing, would not agree to a Columbia contract for her future services. Cohn was annoyed. He said to Jan: "I wouldn't use Holliday now if she came crawling on her knees."

Columbia took an option on Jan's services and began testing her. Word leaked out from the studio to the press that Miss Sterling was a virtual certainty for the Billie Dawn role. The strategy had its results. Miss Holliday agreed to make one picture a year for Columbia for seven years, and Cohn decided to forgive her after all. Miss Holliday made the film (and won the Academy Award for her acting in it), and Columbia dropped its option on Jan.

However, Paramount now wanted her for another picture, Union Station, once again to play a gangster's moll. On the basis of her work in Appointment with Danger, the studio decided that a term contract would be a shrewd stroke of business. So Jan signed up for her present contract, which will last seven years—assuming the studio exercises all its annual options on her services, which now seems very likely. She started out at $750 a week for 40 weeks a year. Last December, a month early, the studio exercised the first option, jumping her to $900. Next January, she is due to move up to $1,250.

After Union Station she did a small role as an unhappy, jealous stenographer in The Mating Season. Then came Ace in the Hole.

Meanwhile, her path once again began crossing that of Paul Douglas. Back when she was making The Skipper Surprises His Wife, Jan had dined one night with Louis Shurr at Romanoff's, the Beverly Hills restaurant. Douglas, also a client of Shurr's, was eating alone at another table. He had never met Jan, despite their mutual identification with Born Yesterday, but he knew who she was and liked her looks. He says: "I waited until Louis paid the check and then I joined them."

Double Talk About Marriage

Paul asked Jan if he could see her home. They stopped for a drink and, as he drove her back through Beverly Hills, he told her he'd been married three times and knew all the shortcomings of the institution, then added, "If I ever marry again, you will be the girl." Jan laughed politely, figuring it was a new—and not very good—Hollywood approach. She was not, she says now, intrigued.

Then one night she saw Paul's picture Everybody Does It. Discussing the experience now, she says, "An actor can't really manufacture an emotion he has never felt. In that picture Paul showed a sensitive sort of warmth and humor that made me ask myself why I was leaving this man around loose."

Jan began cultivating Douglas, and by May of last year she had cultivated him so successfully that they were married.

Out of his income, which is a good deal larger than Jan's, Paul pays for food, rent, servants and other household expenses; Jan buys her own clothes, pays her cleaning and hair-dressing bills and sends some money to her mother. They have two cars—Jan owns a popular-priced model and Paul a pale-yellow job resembling a small steamboat. Douglas used to be embarrassed about his automobile because, according to Jan, it looked like an actor's car. But he has got over the feeling now.

Their connubial situation is a singularly pleasant one. Both have dominating personalities, but Jan says they have learned never to try to dominate each other. "It was a happy circumstance," she commented, "that neither of us needed the other professionally when we fell in love. Paul's career was far ahead of mine, but I had a contract at Paramount and I was getting along pretty well. We liked each other on a thoroughly personal basis, and our careers haven't ever been in conflict."

Husband Is the Better Cook

Jan's ego has never driven her to cooking. She does it badly and painfully when she has to, following the recipe book slavishly and, she confesses, using little imagination. In contrast, Paul operates in a kitchen with gusto and flourish, calling for wine and bay leaves for his sauces, and *orégano,* marjoram, caraway, and items Jan doesn't even recognize, for more esoteric operations. "He considers himself an expert at almost any kind of cooking," Jan says indulgently.

Her unsympathetic attitude toward the kitchen doesn't mean she rises above the pleasures of the dining room, however. When she was twelve, and slightly short of her present five feet five inches, Jan weighed 140 pounds.

Fortunately, most of her bulk melted away during adolescence, but she says she still has to starve herself to keep down to 106 pounds—her appropriate weight for cinematic slenderness.

The Douglases have never cut a wide swath in Hollywood society. Since they moved into the Bel-Air house, they haven't invited more than two couples at a time to come to dinner, and even such gentle gaiety is relatively rare with them. For the most part they see only a pair of friends at a time—June Havoc and her husband, Bill Spier; the James Masons, who gave them a cat; Elia Kazan, the director; Arthur Miller, the playwright; Clifton Webb and his mother; and a few others. They have used their ballroom with the colored lights once, for Maggie's dancing class.

For entertainment, they go to the movies—and to the theater whenever there is a play in town. Since their marriage they've been to Hollywood night clubs exactly three times, once to hear a singer they knew, once at an official party after a *première,* once on New Year's Eve.

Off the screen Jan looks like a very pretty and somewhat intellectual matron of the sort the big department stores like to use for advertising illustrations. She says about herself that she will never stop conversation when she enters a crowded room. But the people who look up at her are almost sure to tell themselves—as Douglas did—that they want to talk to her before the party's over.

Despite her willingness to forget the Social Register and play unsympathetic roles for the meat in them, Jan is still young enough to express gratification at the change of pace offered by her most recent Paramount assignment, a comedy called Rhubarb, in which she will be billed, above the title for the first time on the screen, as a full-fledged star.

In the picture—which won't be released until next winter—she will be seen as a beautifully dressed, happy, handsome, healthy young woman. Filmgoers who have seen her previous vehicles may not recognize her, but the characterization is one her fans may as well get used to. For a change, Jan is playing herself. THE END

Protect YOUR PRIDE AND PLEASURE...

with PORCELAINIZE

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The spectacular beauty of Porcelainize brings alive *daily* the ecstasy you felt the day your car was newly delivered. And the longer lasting lustre is proof of the equally durable protection against time and weather. For month after month of carefree pride and pleasure, make an appointment now with your New Car Dealer.

Write for free informative folder C-10

FOUR IMMEDIATE BENEFITS

GREATER BEAUTY. New cars sparkle newer than new. Older cars take on added brilliance and depth of color.

BETTER PROTECTION Let millions of car owners give you the story of Porcelainize resistance to the onslaughts of time and weather.

LONGER LASTING. Porcelainize outlasts three or four average wax or polish jobs; provides genuine economy with minimum upkeep.

EASIER MAINTENANCE Plain water washing or occasional simple cleaning constantly maintains the full rich brilliance of the Porcelainize-protected surface.

PORCELAINIZE SUPERIORITY IS OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED

Today more automobile factories* have tested and approved PORCELAINIZE than have ever approved any other method of automobile appearance maintenance.

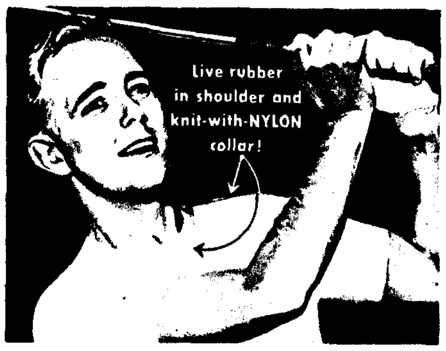
*Names furnished on request.

For New or Older Cars...Applied Only By New Car Dealers

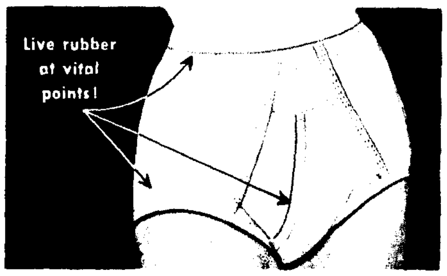
FREEMAN & FREEMAN, INC., DENVER 3, COLORADO

New, Patented Comfort Idea from Allen-A—

"LIVE-RUBBER S-T-R-E-T-C-H"



New comfort idea in T-Shirts! Live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h in the shoulder seams—*can't bind*. And in the knit-with-*nylon* collar—it's easy to pull on, *holds* its shape. Only Allen-A Atlastic* gives this "action fit"!



New comfort idea in Briefs! Live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h not only at legs and waistband, but throughout the entire combed-yarn knit fly section! *Exclusive* Allen-A Atlastic* feature—no other briefs give you this revolutionary *new* "action fit," mild support, *permanent* trimness. Start enjoying Allen-A comfort—tomorrow!

Allen A ®

ATLASTIC* UNDERWEAR

For name of nearest dealer, write Allen-A, Piqua, Ohio

—No other underwear like it!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—Pat. No. 2,282,217

"UNBLOCK" *your* DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again

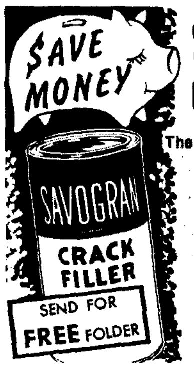
Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers *if the true cause of your trouble* is *constipation*.

In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something to "unblock" your lower intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get mild, gentle Carter's Pills right now. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own digestive juices to *mix better with your food*. You get genuine relief from indigestion so you can feel *really* good again.

Buy mild, gentle Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.



SAVOGRAN CRACK FILLER

The original patented WATER PUTTY

SETS HARD AS STONE—WON'T SHRINK. 1001 USES. FILLS holes, cracks. TIGHTENS handles, fixtures. REPAIRS plaster, tile. 35¢ lb. where you buy paints.

Use SAVOGRAN STRYP-EEZE the guaranteed finish remover.

THE SAVOGRAN CO.
DEPT. 41, BOSTON 16, MASS.

The Love Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

with which she had lived a long time—ash trays, lamps, books. "I think it's got something to do with those letters."

"What letters?"

"They've been coming from New York. In bundles."

"Bundles?"

"I mean big brown envelopes." Carol lifted the lid of a cloisonné cigarette box, and let it fall shut. "Why did Mother come back here to have me?" she blurted.

"This was her home, dear."

"If I ever got away from this place, I'd never—"

"It's always nice to come home, especially when you're ill," Stella said, and then she used that awful expression old people are so fond of: "You'll understand when you're older."

Carol drifted out of the house as quietly and casually as she had drifted in. Stella's natural impulse was to go across the street and ask Thornton about the letters and the New York trip. Instead, she went into the kitchen and filled the watering can. It worried her to have any living thing, a plant or a child, grow sickly under her care.

They probably need some sun, she thought, and fretting over the plants kept her from crossing the street to Thornton, who would, she knew, soon come to her.

She didn't have to wait long. In a few minutes he rang the front doorbell, then, without waiting, tried the door, found it unlocked, and stepped inside the hall. Stella put down the watering can and, turning toward him, was struck by the pained distraction in his eyes, something which obviously went much deeper than their near quarrel last night over waiting a little longer.

"Thornton, what's wrong?" She came to him this time.

"Stell, I hate it, but I'm afraid I've got to go to New York."

"I know. Carol told me. She said something about some letters."

He was startled. "What did she say?"

"Nothing. Just that you'd been getting a lot of letters from New York lately. What is it, darling?"

"It's—well, it's—kind of upsetting."

"Can't you tell me?"

"Not right now. When I get back. It won't be long, just a few days."

"But can't I help?"

"No, it's something I've got to straighten out myself."

He seemed so helpless Stella felt torn between the emotional desire to comfort him and the intellectual certainty that she had already comforted him too much. He had grown unaccustomed to facing any sort of difficulty alone, and in time might grow incapable of facing it. Stella didn't say anything more about New York. She kissed him and sent him off to the office. New York was his problem, and it was time he had a problem all to himself.

CAROL broke off a sycamore switch and moved slowly down the street, idly beating the still air. It was an Indian summer morning of unnatural warmth, a stifling morning. Everything in Rockport was stifling. Years ago—three or four, anyway—she had looked upon Rockport as a particularly fortunate place for a girl to be born into, because it housed the Rockport Military Academy. Every fall some three hundred students would swarm over the small town, an embarrassment of riches for a girl of thirteen. Carol had begun by dating freshmen, who were always broke and sometimes homesick, and she had gradually worked her way up to the senior class.

Every June, when the Academy boys went home, Carol would go through a difficult week or two, brightened by special-delivery letters which would rouse the Old Boy out of bed at seven in the morning. By the Fourth of July she would have discovered some hitherto overlooked local boy who was not too repulsive, something to tide her over until mid-September when the Academy would open again. Now she was too old for Academy boys and, although she would have argued the point, too young for bachelor members of the faculty. Meanwhile, as always, there was Dick Carney.

Dick was like the Pioneer Mother statue in front of the county courthouse—something she had grown up with, something she knew would never change. He had one more year of college, and then, if he weren't drafted, he would probably go to work in his father's drugstore, although Carol desperately hoped against all likelihood that he might go into big-league baseball.

Some ballplayers, like Dick's idol, Joe DiMaggio, became very rich and famous, but Carol, who, in fantasies which stretched beyond the prison bars of the white-limbed sycamores, could see herself as a famous actress, a famous writer, a famous courtesan, had never really been able to imagine Dick ending up anywhere except as a sloppy private first class assigned to shoe distribution in a Kansas Army camp or, eventually, as a fat, bald old man like Mr. Carney, measuring out prescriptions.

"The Old Boy wants his suitcase back," she said when she came upon Dick in the alley, batting out grounders to the kids who followed him around in awe because he played shortstop for the Rockport team. Dick was a husky, sandy-haired young man with a slow, easy way of moving and talking. Everything about Dick seemed slow and effortless, the tempo of a man without any troublesome compulsions or conflicts. He was drifting through the state university with a comfortable B average, and every Friday he came home for a drawling week end of sleeping late, eating well and taking Carol to a movie or a dance.

"He's going to New York," Carol said. "I'm afraid he's in trouble."

"It's probably just business."

"No, he's got some new kind of worry."

Carol, who sometimes imagined herself becoming a famous psychiatrist because of her uncanny insight, had come to distinguish between the subtly varied frowns which seamed the Old Boy's face. She knew his tax-installment frown, his heartburn frown, his what-time-did-you-come-home-last-night frown, and the individual frowns which went with a drop in the stock market, a new Mel Tormé record, Dr. Kinsey, and a Truman speech. The New York frown was none of these. It was unique.

"Maybe it's a dame," Dick said, and Carol wished he'd be serious.

The children began to clamor for Dick to knock out some pop flies. He held the bat in his right hand, tossed the ball with his left, and looped a Texas leaguer over the heads of the scrambling young infielders.

"You don't seem to care," Carol said.

"You always dramatize things."

"I don't at all, and even if I did, it would be perfectly natural, considering Mother was an actress."

Harriett Foster, whom Carol had privately dubbed "the Shadow" because of the way she trailed Dick all the time, quietly materialized in the alley, and Carol, for some spiteful reason not completely clear at the moment, said she thought she might be taking a trip to New York. Harriett, her calf eyes on Dick, seemed strangely pleased.

"Will you be gone long?" Harriett asked.

"Probably."

"She's just making it up," Dick said.

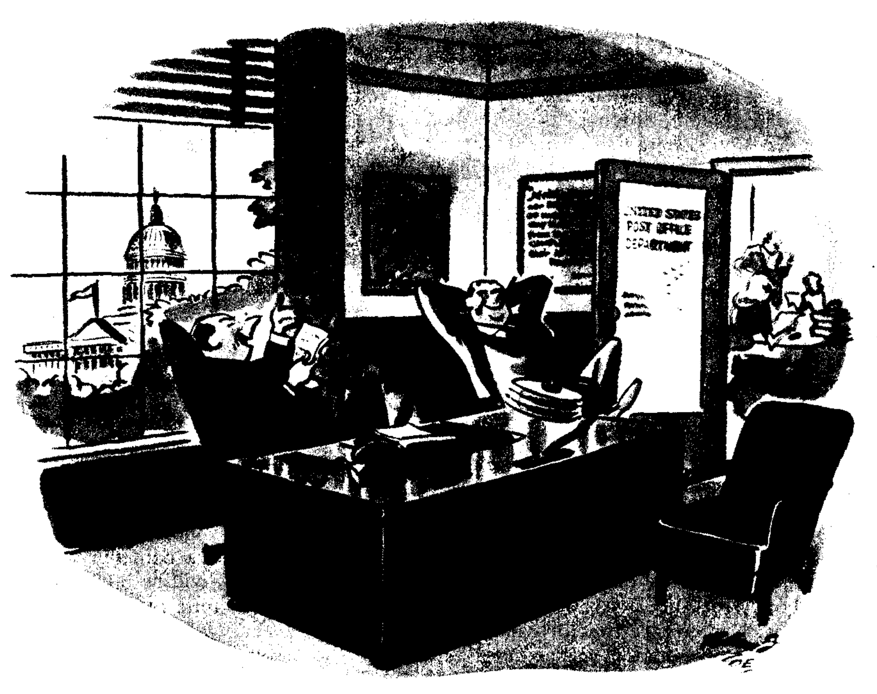
Carol tossed her head. "I may have a screen test."

SHE carried the suitcase home, and then walked down Main Street, giving some very serious thought to Mr. Richard Carney. The mind of an urchin in the body of a brute, she thought as she moved past the county courthouse where the Rockport loafers huddled in the shade of the Pioneer Mother statue. It was an ugly statue, an ugly street, and an ugly town. Rockport didn't even have television. It was too far from that cable or whatever it was called. Rockport was too far from everything.

"Hiya, Butch," Dick's father called from behind the perfume counter of his drugstore, and for a moment she weighed the possibility of stopping in for a lemon Coke, but it seemed too childish, too small-town, and she wished Mr. Carney would stop using that hideous nickname.

"He's busy," Miss McIntosh said when Carol walked into the real-estate office her father shared with her Uncle Jeff Sheldon. She could hear the Old Boy's voice behind the oak door, rattling off something about a trust deed. She sat down in the waiting room, and when he finally came to the door of the inner office, Carol said she had to see him about something important.

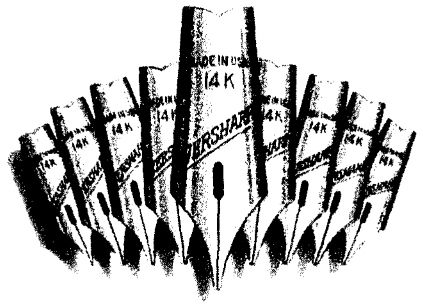
He brought her into the office and closed


UNITED STATES POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
COE

"Here's a rich one! Some crank writes in to ask why it should take three weeks for a special delivery to get from New York to Boston!"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

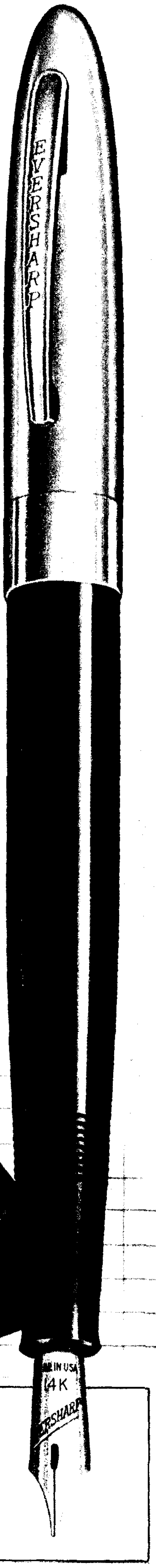
You write better with this *new* EVERSHARP



because it's the world's only pen with these

14 kt. gold Hand-wrought Points

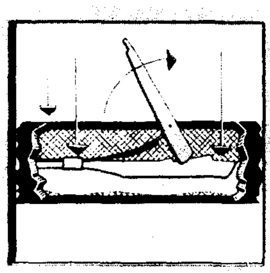
Only the magnificent new Eversharp gives you your individual choice of these *hand-wrought* 14kt. gold points—extra-large, unbelievably smooth—designed exclusively to fit your writing. Yes, Eversharp is the *only* pen tested and approved by the United States Testing Company for its excellent craftsmanship and writing qualities.



E V E R S H A R P
MAY 1951
JUNE 1951
JULY 1951

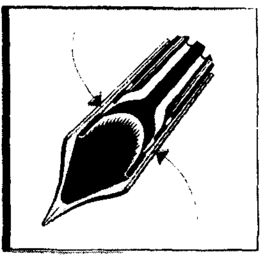
Complete set in beautiful new "Desk Pac" gift box—only $12^{75}

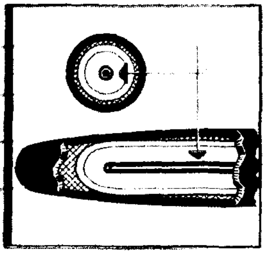
Compare and you too will see . . . Eversharp gives you more great writing features . . . finer value!



Positive Flip-Fill
Fastest, surest, safest way to fill your pen. Nothing to take apart or put together! Just flip the lever—pen's brim-full.

Magic Feed
Prevents flooding, leaking, skipping. Writes more words more smoothly.





Special Breather Tube
Insures largest ink capacity ever. Yours *only* with Eversharp.

$8^{75}

Extra-large 14 kt. gold point. Your choice of gleaming jewel-like colors, topped with silver-colored cap and wide gold-filled band.

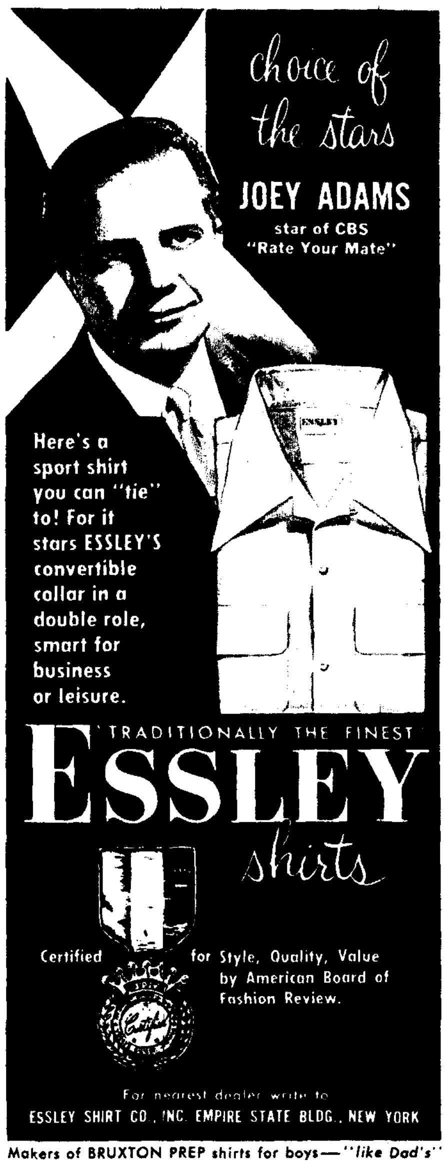
©1951, Eversharp Inc., N. Y. C.

GIVE ***EVERSHARP*** *AND YOU GIVE THE FINEST*

the Wake-up Lotion!
GIVE YOUR FACE THAT WONDERFUL Seaforth FEELING!

Top off your shave with Seaforth *Heather 'n Fern* Lotion! Enjoy the bracing air of the Scottish Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern. Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools. It smells good . . . fresh, not fragrant. Men like it, and women like it on men. Buy it, try it . . . you'll like it too! Only $1.

Seaforth! Heather 'n Fern SHAVING LOTION



Here's a sport shirt you can "tie" to! For it stars ESSLEY'S convertible collar in a double role, smart for business or leisure.

TRADITIONALLY THE FINEST
ESSLEY shirts

Certified for Style, Quality, Value by American Board of Fashion Review.

For nearest dealer write to
ESSLEY SHIRT CO., INC. EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK

Makers of BRUXTON PREP shirts for boys—*"like Dad's"*

the door. He had that New York frown, and he didn't ask her to sit down. He always acted as though she were too young to suffer any real grown-up feelings.

"Please, I want to go with you," she said. "It'd mean so much to me." She caught his arm as he started toward the door. "No, listen. I've got to get out of this crumby town. I've just *got* to. You don't know what it's like. For me, I mean."

He kissed her on the forehead, as though she were a child with a skinned-up knee. "Not this trip. Next time maybe."

"You're making me neurotic."

"Now don't start any of that nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense. It's the truth. A girl my age has certain problems getting adjusted to sexual maturity."

The Old Boy stiffened, his face twisted with that spinsterish frown he got when anybody mentioned sex. "That's got nothing at all to do with it."

"Sex has something to do with everything."

"I certainly don't see where—"

"Your subconscious is deliberately trying to ruin my life—"

"You'd better run along now. I'm busy this morning."

"—like you've ruined Stella's."

The Old Boy grimly opened the door. "That's enough, young lady."

He's a mass of neuroses, she thought, marching stiffly out of the office.

As THORNTON turned back toward his desk, Jeff Sheldon eased in behind him, a gray, quiet man who spoke always in a low voice, as though afraid of causing some disturbing worry over an unintended emphasis on what he was saying.

"Got a minute, Thornton?"

Thornton motioned to the leather armchair across from his desk. It was difficult to perceive any resemblance between Jeff and Kay, although Thornton always felt it, especially in Jeff's gentleness, and he could see it at times when Jeff smiled unexpectedly. "Well," Jeff said, "want to talk about it?"

Thornton shifted uncomfortably behind the old golden-oak desk. "About what?"

"Whatever's bothering you."

"I'd rather not, Jeff. At least not now."

Jeff shrugged. "If I can help, you know—"

"I know."

Jeff Sheldon, through all the years of his sister's fame as an actress, had never left Rockport except for annual conventions of realtors, where, as president of his state delegation, he'd drafted resolutions against government interference, presided over panel discussions, and drunk himself into a state of dutiful intoxication. He had married a Rockport girl, Susan Tyndale; sired three children; and worked hard for his church, his community, and the Republican party. When Kay Sheldon, at the height of her Hollywood career, had married Thornton Sayre, her co-star in The Flame, Jeff and Susan had sent them silver salt and pepper shakers. They had all exchanged letters, and each couple had gone its own way in its own remote world.

Kay's suggestion, in the third month of her pregnancy, that they buy a house in Rockport had seemed to Thornton an absurd whim attributable to her condition. It would pass, he felt, along with the ridiculous craving for ill-assorted foods, but when Kay persisted, he wired Jeff: BUY US A HOUSE; and the day after he finished work on Eventide, never suspecting it would be his last picture, he and Kay took a train east and moved into the old Lindley house on Sycamore Drive, which Jeff had bought and Susan furnished.

"It seems more natural at home," Kay said, and Thornton thought she meant it seemed more natural to have her child in the town where she'd grown up. She may have meant that, although it was more likely she meant it seemed more natural to close her life where it had begun. . . .

In the first numb weeks after the funeral, Thornton never left the house on Sycamore Drive. He shut himself away from the petulant cries of the baby, away from Susan's baby talk and the sound of Lavinia's endless rocking and crooning. What savings he had kept intact after writing off his stock-market losses four years before were lost in a California bank which failed to reopen after the Roosevelt bank holiday. Thornton seemed indifferent to this new and smaller loss.

Phil Bowles, his agent, came from Beverly Hills to urge a restful cruise. "Just lie in the sun and try to forget everything," Bowles said, and left a stack of scripts which Thornton never touched. Old friends, en route from one coast to the other, stopped off in Rockport with talk of a world which had become increasingly alien. Always they asked the same thing, "When are you coming back?" and at first he shrugged, then evaded, and finally met it head on with a blunt "Never."

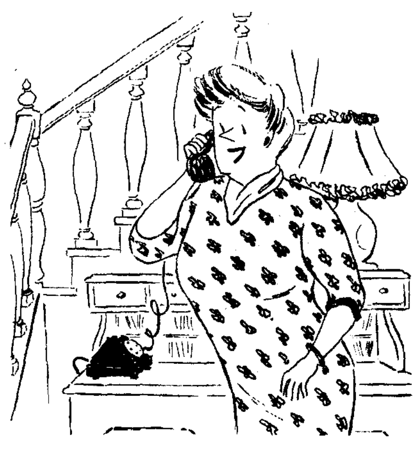
On nice days he would walk down Main Street as far as Jeff's office, and the two of them would talk politics or fishing. Thornton, in time, came to rely on Jeff, the one person who could be depended upon never to mention Kay. Early that fall, the day the season opened, they went hunting together. They camped by a lake, and lived for a week with the smell of wood smoke, frying bacon, steaming coffee. They came back to Rockport one Monday evening, and next day Thornton was seen for the first time wheeling the baby down Main Street and the sign above Jeff's office was changed to read *Sheldon & Sayre*.

No one ever knew what was said between the two men, and only a few, Stella Baker among them, were able to understand why Thornton had abandoned the large world Kay had lived in for the narrow world she had chosen to die in.

"He's like he's almost out of his mind," people said, and Stella said nothing. She knew that Thornton, in some vague way, was trying to die too. She waited for him to make his final break with Kay's world and begin to live at peace with himself in a world bounded by Thanksgiving Day dinners on Sycamore Drive and the annual Christmas parties at the country club.

CAROL spent the afternoon in the Old Boy's study, poring over the leather scrapbooks filled with stills from her mother's pictures, newspaper and magazine clippings, dance cards, preview invitations, letters and snapshots. She lay sprawled on the rug, an intimate friend of Pola Negri, Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, Wally Reid. Her mother's Italian villa in the hills above Hollywood, which she had seen only in the fading photographs, was her real home, from which she had been exiled to this Main-Street Saint Helena. I'll die here, she thought, a toothless old maid like Miss Elkins, with five Siamese cats.

She put her mother's recording of Portia's "The quality of mercy" speech on the phonograph, sat cross-legged before it, listening to the gentle voice speaking the lovely words. She saw herself stricken with some incurable disease, dying, like Keats, before her time, her picture in papers all over the country. YOUNG BEAUTY SMILES IN THE FACE OF DOOM. She could hear a radio news broadcast: "Smiling up from her bed of pain, Carol Sayre today was an inspiration of courage to youth the world over . . ." She got up from the floor and shut off the phonograph, the pain of her fatal illness almost real. She went back to her mother's scrapbooks.



"Wait 'til you hear the choice bit of gossip I overheard today—of course, I don't know who they were talking about . . ."

COLLIER'S DORIS MATTHEWS

The Old Boy had apparently saved every scrap of her mother's life, even some of her old costumes, but nothing of his own career had been preserved, not even a snapshot. It was strange, Carol thought as she looked back, how little she really knew about her father. She knew he had to have his lemon juice and warm water first thing every morning, and knew he never went to bed without his glass of hot milk. She knew his tastes in ties, food and music, knew his quirks and pet expressions, but she knew almost nothing of his life with her mother, of whom she had no memory, or of his life before that, when, incredible as it now seemed to her, he had been an actor.

Coming back here to live, she thought; it must have been like joining the Foreign Legion—something he had to forget.

She put the scrapbooks away, and then, although she had no intention of reading them, she thought it might be a good idea to make sure those New York letters were still in his desk. She opened the top drawer, where she'd seen him put the big Manila envelopes. The letters were gone. It may be blackmail, she thought; and she drifted downstairs, a figure of mystery and intrigue.

"Wanna Popsicle?" Lavinia said.

"Don't be absurd."

STELLA, in the late afternoon, scurried across the street to take charge of the packing. She began by removing from the suitcase the few clothes and toilet articles Carol had dumped into it. She spread everything neatly on the bed with that little sniffing sound which always meant that anything Carol had done for the Old Boy would have to be redone by older, more experienced hands. "Not enough socks. You know how fussy he is about fresh socks."

"He can rinse them out in the hotel bathroom."

"A man would never *think* of doing that."

Carol stretched out on the chaise longue, her hands cupped beneath her head. "What was Mother like?"

"Why, you have pictures of her, dear. You can see she was very beautiful."

"I know, but what was she *like?*"

"She was sweet. Everybody loved her."

"She must have had dozens of men after her."

"Oh, hundreds."

"Then why? I mean, after all . . ."

"Sometimes you underestimate your father."

"But he's so—you know, so stuffy."

"He's very handsome."

"Sure, but who wants to just sit around and look at somebody?"

Stella smiled, touched for an instant by something of the secret warmth of last night. "The Old Boy might surprise you sometime."

"Really?" Carol bolted up, curious and unconvinced, but that was as far as Stella cared to go just then.

At dinner that night, Stella took her usual seat at the foot of the table, facing Thornton, with Carol between them.

"Well, *I* finally got the Thatcher deal closed today," Thornton said, and Stella smiled with polite interest. "That's nice."

Carol picked sullenly at her food. "It's like something out of Kafka."

"I thought we'd never get the title cleared," Thornton said, then frowned and turned toward Carol. "Out of what?"

"Kafka."

"Oh." He reached past the hot biscuits for a slice of his diet bread, which tasted to Carol as if it was made from ground-up tree stumps. "What in the world is Kafka?"

"He writes books, at least he did. He's

New kind of currency

This key is a symbol of money saved—because it's made of *aluminum.*

With aluminum, manufacturers save money on material. They save money on production. And they save money on shipping.

Economy is only one of the outstanding properties of aluminum—which include lightness, strength, corrosion-resistance, workability, heat and light reflectivity.

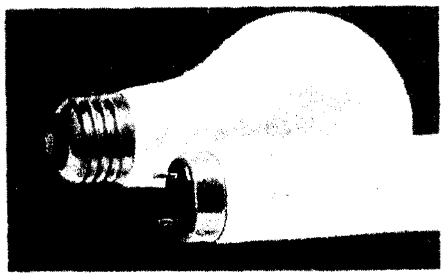
This unique *combination of advantages* explains why the demands for aluminum are steadily increasing . . . why it is vital to so many products essential to the nation's preparedness program.

To help speed this program, we are operating at peak capacity and are vastly expanding facilities to produce more primary aluminum. In time, our increased production will be shared by everyone.

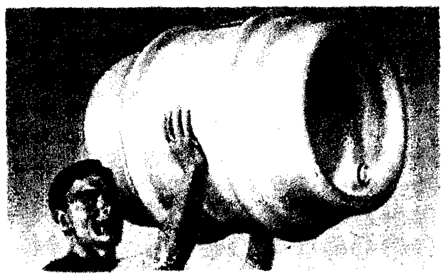
Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Oakland, California. 63 sales offices and warehouse distributors in principal cities.

Kaiser Aluminum

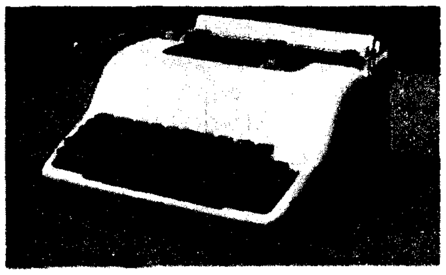
A major producer in a growing industry



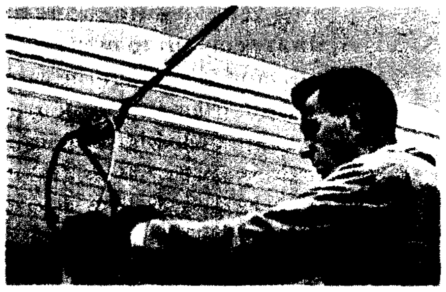
Aluminum saves money on the production of metal bases of electric lights. Lightness means metal goes farther, cuts material costs. And aluminum's workability makes it easy to fabricate, cuts production costs.



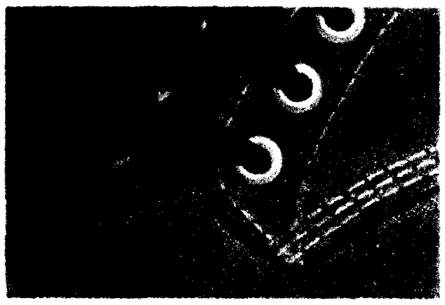
Aluminum saves money on chemical storage drums and tanks. Resistance to corrosive action of many chemicals means longer life. Light weight cuts shipping costs every time drums are shipped and returned!



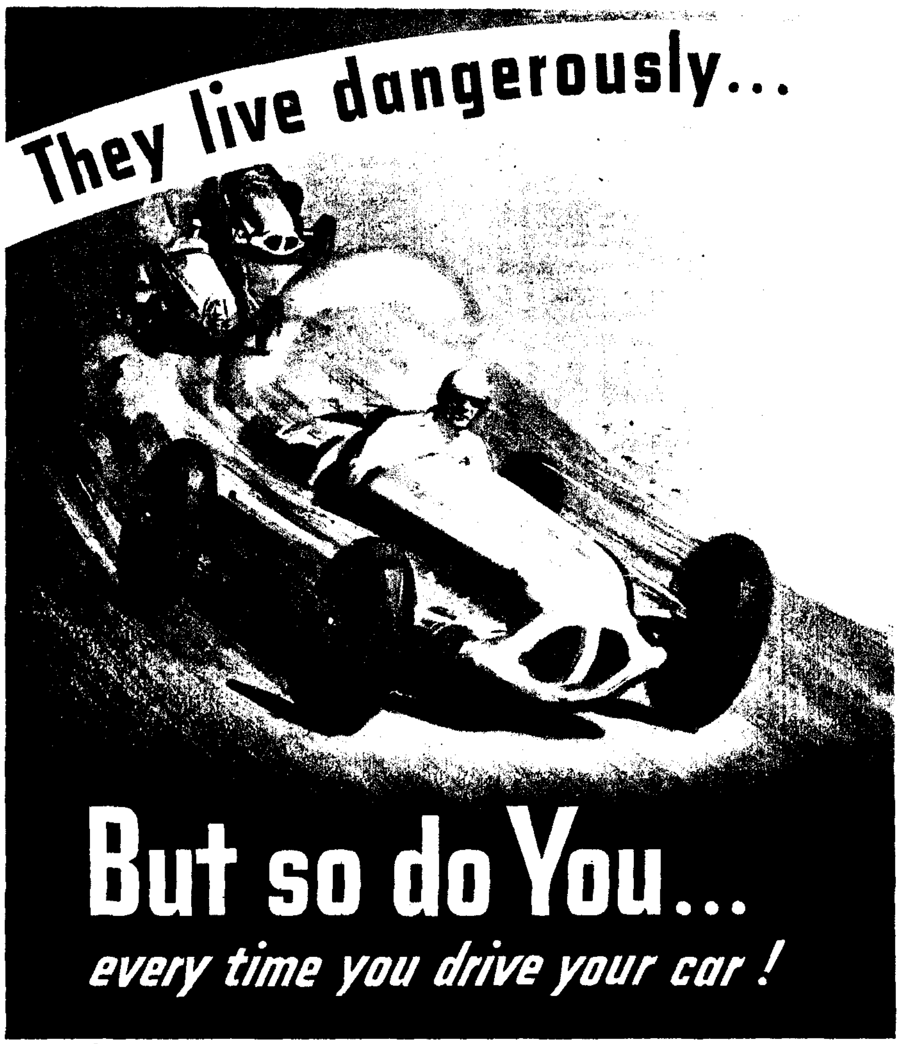
Aluminum saves money on typewriter frames. Production costs are lowered through economical mass production die-casting. And light, strong aluminum reduces weight, adding extra value.

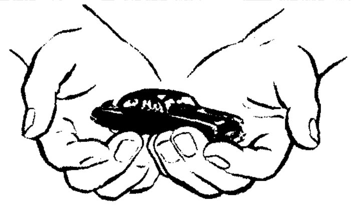


Aluminum saves money on service drop cables. Kaiser Aluminum triplex cable combines three wires in one assembly. It needs two-thirds fewer accessories. Takes fewer man hours to install. Can be strung for longer distances.



Aluminum saves money on shoe eyelets. Its combination of advantages makes possible economical mass production, lower material costs—results in eyelets that are strong, rustproof.





Whenever You Drive...
Whatever Happens...

You're in Good Hands with Allstate Auto Insurance

Even veteran auto racers find that experience and skill are not always enough to prevent accidents . . . the kind that maim and kill. And it's much the same on the nation's highways. Before you can even think about it, an accident can strike out of nowhere . . . leaving injuries, death, property damage. *Somebody has to pay.*

As one of America's largest automobile insurance companies, Allstate is best known for the speed of its service and the fairness of its claim settlements . . . for its low rates and its six-month easy payment plan . . . for its many features of *extra* protection that mean so much but cost so little.

Get the proof! Compare Allstate Auto Insurance with any other—feature by feature, rate by rate. Get the Buyers' Guide to Better Auto Insurance—FREE—from your Allstate Agent today. Or write Allstate Insurance Company, 3243 W. Arthington St., Chicago 7, Illinois.

ALLSTATE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Founded by Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Specialists in Auto Insurance . . Agents' offices maintained in Sears stores in principal cities. . . . *A wholly-owned subsidiary, with assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent company. Home Office—Chicago.*

DRIVE SAFELY . . . RETURN SAFELY

© 1951 A. I. CO.

dead. What I meant was I keep having the nightmare feeling I'm being punished for something and I don't know what."

"Now, honey," Stella said, fearing unpleasantness. "Not at the dinner table."

"You know," Thornton said, "I think Lavinia's finally learned how to do a pot roast."

"I cooked it," Stella said.

"Kafka had a tyrant father," Carol said. "In all his books the father image is—"

Stella shook her head warningly. "Some other time."

"Once, just once, I'd like to have a serious discussion about something besides Lavinia's cooking."

"You're not eating a thing," Stella said.

"No, I'm not very hungry."

"She probably eats between meals," Thornton said.

Carol pushed back from the table. "I'm not something you stick in a high chair and stuff Pablum into. You may not have noticed what's happened to me, but it's quite obvious to younger males."

Thornton waited until the child had stalked out of the dining room. "It's all those sex books. That's the real trouble."

Stella dabbed at her lips with her napkin. "Not altogether."

"She ought to have some outside interest."

"Oh, she does. Boys."

"I mean something wholesome. Maybe you should—well, you know, talk to her."

"I tried to once. It was very enlightening. Did you know that some women—"

"Now, Stell, not at the dinner table."

AT THE airport, Carol watched the Old Boy—he was the only one carrying an umbrella—weigh in his luggage, and it seemed miserably unfair that New York should be wasted on a stodgy, middle-aged man who would spend all his time in dingy business offices. She felt weighed down with the injustice of all a woman goes through—whooping cough, chicken pox, pneumonia, two kinds of measles, and that wretched business of hickeys and teeth-straightening.

"For what?" she asked herself, and the reproduction of miniature Dick Carneys seemed hardly the answer.

She edged away, leaving the Old Boy and Stella alone for a moment, and of course she didn't mean to eavesdrop, but the airport was so small it wasn't her fault.

"I'll miss you," Stella said.

"I hate to go, but— You know, when I get back, I hope you'll— I just think it's about time, that's all."

"We'll see, darling."

"I don't want to wait any longer."

"I'm tired of waiting, too."

"Then why?"

"We'll talk about it when you get back," Stella said, and he kissed her cheek, awkward and self-conscious in front of Carol, who was wondering what the Old Boy would look like if he ever got away from those stuffy double-breasted suits and dark ties. He still had all of his hair, which was really rather distinguished with those gray streaks, and his features were beautifully carved, almost handsome, if you could think of a man his age as being handsome. "New York will wait for you, honey," he said, and kissed the crown of her head.

All the way back from the airport Carol drove along without a word, her mind a troubled montage. Her fantasy New York—the Stork Club, Sardi's, Radio City—blurred with half-forgotten slights and humiliations, forming a hazy pattern of neglect and loneliness. Stella drummed her fingertips against her knees, as though she were practicing a difficult piano passage.

"It isn't like Thornton to be so mysterious," Stella finally said.

"I think it's something to do with Mother. Those letters are all forwarded by her old agency, Bowles & Levitt."

"But your mother's been—I mean it's been such a long time."

"It's the same agency she worked with when she was acting."

"It was Thornton's agency, too," Stella said.

Carol, who had never seen the Old Boy in the movies, always imagined him as an early-day Lewis Stone. She could not visualize her father as a young man, certainly not young like Dick Carney. "Was he any good?" Carol said. "Acting?"

"I didn't know him then, of course, and I don't remember him clearly, but I'm sure that anything Thornton did he would do well."

Carol, to spare Lavinia's feet next morning, emptied the wastebaskets into the incinerator. She was about to strike a match to the trash when she spotted some charred fragments of varicolored paper on the parched grass around the incinerator. She knelt on one knee and began scooping up the untidy litter. On one scrap, a triangle of blue paper, she caught the word "passion" scrawled in a lavish feminine hand.

She sat on the grass, spreading the fragments out, sorting them by color. Nothing coherent came from the torn pieces of blue, pink and pale-gray paper, only phrases, ". . . awakened to love . . .," ". . . stirred my soul . . .," "lover mine," "dreamer," "your eyes looked into mine. . . ."

"Whatcha doing out there?" Lavinia called from the back porch.

"I spilled."

Carol hastily gathered up the fragments and stuffed them into the pockets of her dungarees. She went loping down Sycamore Drive toward Dick's house, the amorous fragments swelling her pockets. Harriett Foster poked her stringy head out of her front door as Carol darted by. "I thought you were going to New York," Harriett said.

"I am. Next time."

"When's next time? Never?"

Carol shrugged. "It's up to our agent."

She walked the rest of the way to Dick's house in a more leisurely and dignified manner, as befitted a young starlet. Dick was lazily throwing a baseball up on the roof and catching it over one shoulder with his bare hand. Carol said she had something to show *him*. They went into the garage where they had played together on rainy days when they were children. She spread the fragments on the concrete floor.

"Just old love letters," Dick said.

Carol shook her head, pointing to a pale-gray fragment with a reference to an atomic explosion. "They didn't have atom bombs in those days," she said.

Dick shrugged. "There's probably some simple explanation."

"What?"

"I don't know."

"You never know anything."

"Aw now, honey—"

She brushed his hand away. "That's all some people know, pawing a girl."

It was, she felt as she marched back down Sycamore Drive, like going steady with Li'l Abner.

STELLA was washing her front windows, and because she could think of nothing else to do at the moment, Carol sat down on the steps of the front porch. She noticed what nice legs Stella had and hoped that when she got old like that, forty-two or forty-three, she would have as slim a behind.

"You know what'd be fun?" she said, daydreaming out loud. "Fly to New York and surprise him. You and me."

Stella went on with her work and Carol suddenly smiled, marveling at her stupidity in having wasted the passionate fragments on Dick. She reached into her pockets with both hands, and spilled the bits of colored paper across the porch step. Stella glanced down at them and frowned.

"I found them," Carol said. "They're parts of those New York letters."

Stella worked her way over closer to Carol, and by stooping she could make out the key words. She cleared her throat.

"We could take the two-o'clock plane," Carol said, "and have breakfast with him in the morning."

"No. He didn't want us to go with him."

Carol began to scoop up the varicolored fragments. "Aren't you even curious?"

"Of course."

"It might be something sinister."

"I doubt it," Stella said, not too convincingly.

Carol ambled across the street, bowed beneath the intolerable weight of late adolescence, and Stella went back to her windows. She had known Thornton so long as a small-town real-estate agent, seemingly concerned only with land titles, the town council, and the mild heart and digestive worries which mark the beginning of middle age, that she tended to forget he had once been part of a fabled city where everyone was incredibly young and lovely and lived like a maharaja given, once a year, his weight in diamonds by plainer, less gifted subjects.

Maybe I ought to call him, she thought, adding quickly: Just to see how he is.

While the long-distance operator was putting the call through to Thornton's hotel, Stella rehearsed a casual approach to the letters. "Oh, by the way," she would remark, "Carol found some of your old love letters." She practiced the line for a moment, then decided against it.

"We have the hotel," the operator said, "but the manager says Mr. Sayre is not accepting any calls. Would you like to speak to the manager?"

Stella frowned, the letters blasted from her mind. "Yes."

"I'm very sorry," the manager said, halfway through Stella's explanation of her call, "but Mr. Sayre left very strict orders not to put through any calls." The manager sounded harried, almost frantic. "The publicity has been wonderful for us, of course, but I don't know how much more I can stand. There was a riot at lunch. We lost two tables, a copper chafing dish, and one of our oldest guests, Mr. Lewis. He moved to the Plaza. If something isn't done about it, I'm going to have to call the police."

Stella hung up and started packing.

DICK, who was to drive them to the airport, came early to tell Carol good-by. They sat in the porch swing.

"Don't smear my make-up," she said, and when he kissed her cheeks and hair, she was careful not to let him muss her new suit. She felt strangely fond of Dick, maybe because she was finally leaving the kind of life they had shared so long. She settled down in his arms, deciding her suit would get wrinkled on the plane anyway, and her thoughts ranged back over kid parties where she and Dick had ducked for apples and kissed behind umbrella stands.

"You're not wearing my pin," Dick said.

"I forgot."

"I wish you'd wear it."

She took the Delt pin from her purse, where she had hidden it out of some vague fear that New York women might not wear fraternity pins. She didn't want to hurt Dick's feelings, though, so she put the pin on.

"When a guy's pinned a girl," Dick said, "it ought to mean something, especially now with the draft and all. I might get sent overseas, and I'd feel a lot better about things if I knew you were wearing it."

"I'll wear it, and I'll write you every day. Every day, I *can*, I mean."

"You gonna be gone that long?"

"I might." Suddenly she wanted to hold onto Dick, maybe because he was something she had always known, and from now on, everything would be different, maybe not as nice, which was a dreadful thought, but it was one thing to imagine New York from behind the familiar shelter of the sycamores, and quite another thing actually to go there. "Never mind the make-up," she whispered, and then, too soon, Stella was calling from across the street that it was time to start for the airport.

The plane, inside, was much bigger than Carol had imagined, and when it taxied out on the runway, then halted, shaking with the awful power of its revved-up engines, she trembled with ecstasy. She kept her face pressed to the porthole window, watching the ground swoop away at a drunken angle as the plane rose above the little scattering of Rockport lights. Stella sat back with her hands folded in an attitude of resignation and prayer.

"It's the most wonderful thing's ever happened to me," Carol said.

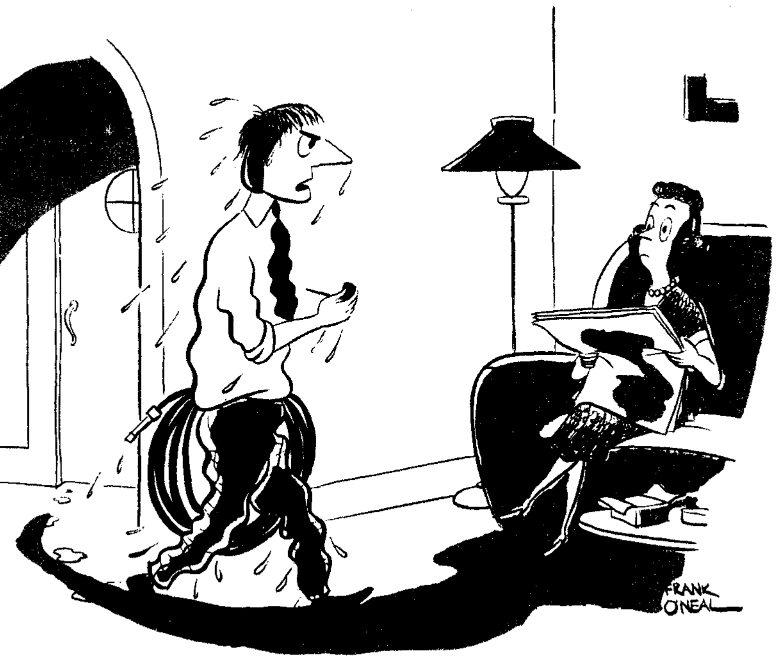
"Oh, *no,*" Stella groaned. "They surely aren't going to serve *food!*"

They flew by moonlight, Stella trying to catnap, Carol watching the silver-gray wool clouds and the diamond sprinkling of cities below. She spent the night in a waking dream of wonder and delight, and when, in the early morning, she saw the great concrete jumble of New York, she gasped at its beauty and magnitude. Stella moaned and held her hands flat against her tightly buckled safety belt; she closed her eyes against the landing, which was surprisingly smooth. Carol was the first passenger to leave the plane, and everything about New York seemed so alien she expected to pass through a customs inspection before entering the strange city.

"My stomach's still up there," Stella said, as their cab rolled over a wide parkway.

They went straight to Thornton's hotel, the Carmel, which was located in the Times Square district. It was an old, rather cramped hotel, halfheartedly modernized with glass brick and chrome trim. A somewhat sleepy young man, with a faded boutonniere and a mouthful of piano-key teeth, stood behind the registration desk. Stella asked for the number of Mr. Sayre's room and the clerk's smile vanished.

"We are not permitted to give out any



COLLIER'S "I finally found our garden hose —the Crenshaw kids had it!" FRANK O'NEAL

"NONE TOUGHER!"

ARMSTRONG
Rhino-Flex
TIRES
KEITH WARD

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED!

Smart motorists demand tough tires these days. And Armstrong tires are *so* tough they're *unconditionally guaranteed for 18 months against all road hazards!* Exclusive Rhino-Flex construction—plus 38 years' experience in building better passenger, truck and tractor tires—makes this amazing guarantee possible. See your nearby dealer displaying the famous Armstrong "Tuffy". He's a good man to know. *Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven 16, Conn., Natchez, Miss., Des Moines, Iowa. Export: 20 East 50th Street, New York 22, New York.*

FREE! Valuable, handy combination diary—address book—pocket calendar. Beautiful leatherette. Send for yours today. Hurry! Dept. C-5.

ARMSTRONG
Rhino-Flex TIRES

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES 5 TO 1*

WORLD'S ONLY RAZOR THAT MAKES SUCH AMAZING RESULTS POSSIBLE

Now in this Complete Kit
- NEW GOLD-PLATED SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
- 12 "GOLD PACK" BLADES
- NEW HANDY TRAVEL CASE

ALL FOR ONLY
98¢

Push—Pull! Click—Click!
Change Blades That Quick!
EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR
EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

Only NEW SCHICK INJECTOR "GOLD PACK" BLADES are ground to fit your injector razor *perfectly! New* surgical steel! Scalpel-sharp . . . for smoother, cleaner, faster shaves! So we guarantee this: EITHER YOU GET THE FINEST SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE — OR YOUR MONEY BACK, QUICK!

*HERE'S THE FULL SCORE! on every point important to shaving!
SMOOTHER SHAVES......... 5½ to 1
CLEANER SHAVES........... 5 to 1
SAFER SHAVES.............. 7 to 1
FASTER SHAVES............. 5 to 1
MORE SHAVES........... nearly 2 to 1

Men in 10 cities—nationwide—compared New 1951 Schick Injector Blades with whatever they had been using. About 80% of the men had a preference. Of these, the votes were in the ratios shown above. ©1951 Eversharp Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR & BLADES
World's Only Razor with Automatic Blade Changer!

information on Mr. Sayre, madam." he said.

"But this is his daughter."

The clerk turned away with an impatient frown, and Stella demanded to see the manager. "It's no use," the clerk said. "He's heard all the stories too."

"All *what* stories?"

"The stories they make up. His daughter, his sister, his old English teacher. . . ."

The manager waddled wearily in from his office, a small, stubby man with a crouched look. "Are you the Mrs. Baker who tried to phone him yesterday?" he asked, and Stella nodded. "I put the message in with his letters, but he doesn't even pick them up. You've no idea what we've gone through, Mrs. Baker. This morning a woman came in and threatened to shoot herself in the Florentine Room."

"It's really very simple," Carol said. "You can see who I am by my driver's license."

"Ordinarily I'm not a suspicious man, but ever since Mr. Sayre came to stay with us. . . ." The manager squinted at the driver's license and his attitude changed at once. "I'm very sorry, Miss Sayre. Mr. Williams here will take care of you."

THE manager went away bowing, and the clerk, with a toothy deference, gave them a card to fill out. "We'll put you in 507, right next to Mr. Sayre," he said. "We've had to be careful about the rooms on either side of his suite. That's why they're empty."

Carol and Stella followed the bellhop to the elevator, and when the door closed, he looked down at the room key in his hand. He shook his head. "I could of rented it for a hunnert bucks last night," he said, and then, in wonder, asked, "How'd you get it?"

"This is Mr. Sayre's daughter," Stella said.

"She's the fourth since I come on duty."

The bellhop led them down a fifth-floor corridor to 507, unlocked the door and ushered them in. He pointed to a door connecting with Thornton's suite. "He's in there." He sighed. "I could sure use a hunnert bucks." Stella overtipped him.

"He's probably still sleeping," she said when the bellhop had gone.

Carol was standing in the doorway, watching the corridor. She saw a bellhop headed for the Old Boy's room with a lemon and a carafe of hot water on a silver tray. "No, he's awake, all right."

Stella knocked on the connecting door. There was no answer, only a sleepy grunt. "Thornton." She knocked again, and repeated his name, a little louder this time. "Thornton, it's me. Stell." The door opened cautiously, an overpowering scent of roses flooding through the crack. Thornton peered at them through sleep-fogged eyes. He was wearing his old wool bathrobe, his face seemed aged, and his eyes had the frantic look of the hunted. He was holding the lemon in his hand.

"Stell!" He backed away with the look of a man surprised in a shabby scene of shame.

"Darling," Stella said. "I know you didn't want us to come, but—"

"Can't *anybody* leave me alone?"

"But, Thornton," Stella said, "what's wrong?"

"Everything. The phone. Those—those women—" He started to brush the hair back from his forehead and for the first time became conscious of the lemon. He stared at it as though he had no idea how it had got there or what he was expected to do with it.

"Here, let me," Carol said, and when she took the lemon, he seemed pathetically grateful for being relieved of the necessity of doing anything with it. As she moved past him into the room, she gasped. "The *flowers!*"

Thornton retreated. "Oh, yes, the flowers." There were vases on every square inch of flat surface, all crowded with roses, carnations, stock and chrysanthemums.

"But who sent them?" Stella said. "I mean *why?*"

"Well. . . ." Thornton waited for Carol to squeeze the lemon into the hot water, then snatched the steaming glass as though it were a powerful and long-denied stimulant. "I suppose you'd have found out eventually anyway. It's television. They've been showing some of my old pictures on television. It's all kind of embarrassing, but I'm afraid they've been very popular."

Stella laughed, as much from nervous release as from amusement. "That's all?"

"All! Do you have any idea what's happened? I can't go out on the street without being attacked. The phone rings all day long and most of the night. I can't sleep, and they call me—"

Stella had trouble swallowing. "What do they call you?"

"Last night ten girls from the Gamma Beta Alpha sorority climbed up the fire escape and sang a song called Sweetheart of G.B.A."

Stella sighed. "And we thought you were in trouble."

"I am."

"I mean something serious."

"Stell, I thought that surely you of all people— Don't you see what's going to happen when this thing hits Rockport? Imagine walking down Main Street and having people call me the—" He reached for the telephone. "I'll have some breakfast sent up."

"I'd rather go out," Carol said.

"I can't. They stare at me, and last night a woman tore all the buttons off my coat."

"But my first meal in New York. Please."

"Well, all right. It's risky, though."

"What do they call you?" Stella said.

"It's been a nightmare, Stell. Those unspeakable letters, the phone calls, that riot in the dining room. Last night they had a police detail in the hall outside."

"What do they call you?"

Thornton wrapped his bathrobe tighter across his chest, then put on his tortoise-shell glasses, as though to cover his shame. "They call me The Love Man."

Carol and Stella stared at him incredulously. Carol gulped, and it was like swallowing fur.

"I think we'd better freshen up a bit," Stella said, and hurried Carol into the other room.

Once Stella had closed the connecting door, Carol gave up trying to hold back her laughter. She threw herself on the bed and roared. "The Old Boy! The Love Man!"

Stella chewed her underlip, a smile starting at the edges of her mouth. "Poor darling, he's so upset."

"He looked like an old maid who'd just been kissed by the milkman."

Stella's smile faded. "Now really, Carol, he isn't an old maid. As a matter of fact—"

"You'll have to wear bobby socks, Stella, and start squealing and swooning."

"Just the same, he's had quite a shock and we'll have to be careful not to hurt his feelings. You know how sensitive he is."

"Yes, but it's so funny. Don't you think it's funny?"

"I think we'd better get dressed."

Carol disappeared into the bathroom and after a while poked her face out at Stella. "Does it mean we'll be rich and famous?"

"I don't know what it will mean."

THEY bathed and dressed, then rapped on the connecting door. Thornton was waiting for them, and they scarcely recognized him. He had, despite the Indian summer sun, put on a trench coat, with the collar turned up, and had tugged the brim of his hat down over his eyes, which were hidden behind dark glasses.

"I *have* to," he said, then opened the door and peered out into the hall. "It's all those fool doctors writing books on sex, stirring people up."

"The elevator's the other way, dear," Stella said.

"I know." He spoke through clenched teeth. "I have to use the freight elevator."

They left the hotel by way of the basement, emerging in a narrow side street. Carol, with her long legs, was able to keep up with the Old Boy, but Stella had to maintain a near-trotting pace. They darted into the first restaurant they came to, and Thornton strode rapidly back to the most remote booth. Carol saw the waitresses all

TAKING THE HOLIDAY TRAIL. 25 million U. S. families will vacation by car this year, traveling over roads their tax dollars have built. The U. S. motorist has paid over 19 *billion* dollars in State gasoline taxes alone since 1920; 7 billion since World War II.

AMERICA HITS THE ROAD

Oil powers a 30-billion-mile trip for U.S. vacationists

Americans vacationing by car this year will travel more than 30 *billion* miles*—an increase of almost 60 per cent since 1940.

With over half this travel concentrated in June, July and August, thousands of service stations will be working day and night to take care of vacationists. Nationwide, gasoline demand jumps millions of gallons a day. And it skyrockets in the mountains, at the beaches, on the super-highways and the sideroads, too.

Yet with thousands of oil companies—jobbers, distributors, dealers—competing for vacation business, *wherever* U.S. families travel this summer they will find ample supplies of gasoline.

In peace or war, America's privately-managed oil companies provide the public with up-to-the-minute service as well as the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

This has come about because free men, over the years, have constantly tried to outdo their competitors. *The benefits of this competition go to you and the nation.*

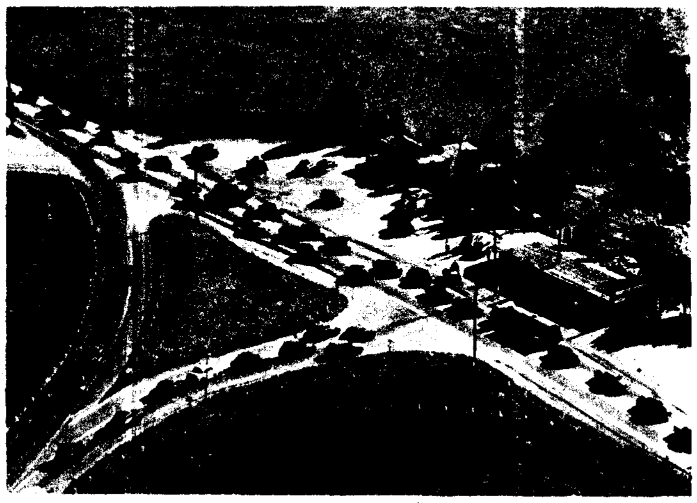
**Latest estimates of the American Automobile Association*

Oil Industry Information Committee, AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.

ATION HEADQUARTERS, U. S. A. Along with the t oil products. America's 200,000 serviee stations provide n rest rooms, distribute over 100 million road maps a year, many other free services.

RUSHMORE NATIONAL MONUMENT in the Black of South Dakota, and other famed National parks will be ed by 33 million motorists this year. 8 out of 10 U.S. vaca- sts now travel by car.

BEACHES LURE many U.S. vacationists. Low gasoline prices help make vacation travel easy for millions of car owners. Today's high quality gasoline costs about the same as gasoline did 25 years ago—only taxes are higher.



EVERY SUMMER weekend vacation-bound motorists stream out of U. S. cities. With car ownership at an all-time peak, Americans now average *one* automobile for every 4 people—actually have more motor vehicles than telephones.

whatever you do...

wear

HANES

Man alive! There's never a dull moment with Hanes color-fast sport shirts! Their natty styles and sprightly touches are enough to get anybody excited.

But keep cool, they're a breeze to own!

P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem 1, N. C.

HANES

sportswear • underwear • children's sleepers

sneaking glances at the Old Boy. The amazing thing was that the waitresses were young. One was even pretty.

"I've gone to a dozen lawyers," Thornton said. "They can't do a thing about it."

"What are eggs Benedict?" Carol said.

"They're expensive," Stella said.

"When you think of all the laws we have in this country," Thornton said, "I can't understand how they overlooked a simple law protecting a man from—"

"Orange juice and eggs Benedict," Carol said when the waitress came to their booth, staring down at the Old Boy as though he were Ronald Colman.

"Orange juice and buttered toast," Stella said.

"Orange juice, scrambled eggs, and bacon," Thornton said, "and I guess we all want coffee, and for goodness sakes stop staring at me."

"There are laws against invasion of privacy," Stella said when the waitress had gone. "I read a story once—"

"I thought of that," Thornton said, "but it seems the film company has all the television rights to the pictures, and they don't even need my permission to show them."

"I've never seen television," Stella said, "but I thought it was mostly wrestlers and crime investigations."

"It's a little of everything," Thornton said. "I watched it last night, and I give you my word—I couldn't make up a thing like this—I saw four grown women shooting toy water pistols at each other. One of them won a bottle of deodorant."

"Have you seen any of—well, your pictures?"

"One. The Velvet Hand, the one where I was a— It looks like a man could sue, a man ought to be able to go into court and get an injunction— I played a polo player involved with a French cancan girl."

Carol, with a vision of the Old Boy galloping off into the sunset with a dancing girl flung across his saddle, grabbed her water glass and tried to take a drink. She sputtered, and Thornton glanced at her sharply. "I choked," she said.

Thornton straightened his tie. "Of course the lighting was bad, but even so, in a few scenes I thought I came through rather well."

The manager, when they had finished eating, led them through the kitchen and out the back door. "I tell you what's a fact, Mr. Sayre," the manager said, "my wife don't budge outta the apartment the nights you're on television. I ain't seen her that way since Russ Columbo."

Thornton, with his trench-coat collar turned up, his hat low over his dark glasses, walked between Carol and Stella, his arms linked with theirs as though he were using them for buffers. A stenographer ogled him dreamily as he stopped for a traffic light. Other passers-by halted, nudged and pointed. Thornton seemed to melt down into his trench coat.

"Poor dear," Stella whispered.

"I'm sorry I snapped at you, Stell. I was upset."

"Of course."

"I want to see Broadway," Carol said.

Stella, with a gasp, stopped abruptly in front of a men's clothing store. Thornton groaned. Carol wriggled free of his arm and pressed against the plate glass, staring incredulously at the window display. The walls were covered with stills from the Old Boy's films, and the male dummies were dressed in seductive smoking jackets, silk lounging robes and dinner coats.

"Oh, there's the polo-player one," Carol said, pointing.

"We'd better get back to the hotel," Thornton said. "I've got an appointment."

Stella caught a glimpse of herself in the plate glass. "Maybe I should get a new permanent," she said thoughtfully.

(To be continued next week)

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

that's a definition we've heard before; but not always for love.

★ ★ ★

Naturally, Georgia's new 3 per cent sales tax has increased the cost of food, and we are told there are people in that state who complain the cost of eating was already a bit steep. Guess there will always be cranks like that. But at the same time, the State Revenue Commissioner, whose name happens to be Redwine, announced drastic cuts in Georgia's whisky tax, resulting in a drop of about one dollar in the price of a fifth. Faced with these facts, Mr. John T. Dennis, writing in the Elberton (Georgia) Star, sighed: "About the time we think we can make ends meet, someone always moves the ends."

★ ★ ★

There is a city in this astonishing country which has no shopping center. It has no liquor store—and it's not Dry either. One of its wonders is "the longest bar in the world." In its schools there are only 206 children, so that the cost of educating each child in this city is $16,000 a year. There are only 139 registered voters, but within this city's limits 65,000 men and women earn high wages. There are less than 60 residential buildings. Taxes are low—22 cents per $100 of assessed valuation. The per capita wealth of the city is about $1,200,000, making it by all odds the world's richest city. For 45 years it was run by one man, Mr. John B. Leonis, banker. Mr. Leonis has recently retired—ill health. The municipal affairs of this community are now being conducted by a city council which is pretty busy deciding how to spend the tax income from $500,000,000 in industries. Trusting that you are properly breathless by now, we give you the name of this remarkable city—Vernon, California. We'd like to tell you more, but lack the space. In fact, that's about all we know at the moment. Just write to the Vernon Chamber of Commerce and see what happens.

★ ★ ★

Three months ago a splendid idea was born in Salt Lake City. A call for volunteer firemen was sent out. The theory was that they'd be of great auxiliary help to Salt Lake's already efficient professional fire fighters. One hundred stalwart gentlemen responded. They were assembled, and classes in how to handle trucks, hoses, ladders and other equipment began. Within a couple of weeks the hundred had dwindled to 30. Two weeks later only eight remained. Since then they've all quit. Lack of interest? Well, in a way. They explained they wanted to go to fires, not school.

★ ★ ★

We've mislaid his name, but there's a gentleman in Chicago who says he's perfected a new process whereby the human body can be mummified. Says his mummies will last 2,000,000 years. We have made diligent inquiries, but have found nobody who is excited by this news.

★ ★ ★

Called out by Governor Fielding Wright, who had been told that racketeers from the North were about to settle down in Mississippi, the Mississippi National Guard made a few warmup raids on bootleggers and gamblers in Holmes County. The proprietor of one of the raided joints, where sin of almost all varieties was dispensed, became indignant. "What's the idea of this outrage?" demanded he of the militiamen. "What is this—Russia? I've run this business for 10 years and this is the first time I ain't had six hours' notice. I'm going to see a lawyer."

A Shot in the Dark

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Well, thanks anyway." He turned and started to leave.

"Wait a minute, Johnny."

He paused. Probably the man knew two jokes.

"You folks from the North always jump at answers," the man said. "You jumped at the wrong one. The answer you should have jumped at comes in two words. You want it?"

Johnny whirled. "Yes, I do," he said. This had better be good. It had better be awfully good.

"In two words," the man said. "Bob Tate."

That was good, all right. "I heard you right, didn't I?" he said hoarsely. "You said Bob Tate? You're sure?"

"Am I sure? Say, I kidded Bob for five minutes about buying all those Western magazines. I said, 'Bob, if you like this cowboy stuff so much, all you have to do is drive to La Belle just over in Hendry County and you'll find cowboys who can outride and outrope any of them out West.' Like I say, Florida has everything. Why—"

"Sorry," Johnny said, brushing past him. "Got to phone."

HE WENT into the booth and closed the door. Bob Tate, the perfect gentleman. The guy who didn't smoke or drink or have any little vices. The hard-working businessman. The guy anyone could count on for a favor. It was incredible.

But, brother, once you got the idea, things fitted like new skin on a rattler. Bob Tate matched all the specifications: the right height and age and looks; a job that let him make an honest living but gave him plenty of time for smuggling; a couple of planes to use ferrying aliens from the schooner; smart enough to run the racket; doing favors for the Border Patrol so he could keep an eye on them.

The Havana angle was perfect. Not only *could* Bob Tate have been in Havana at the time of the Plaza de la Fraternidad trap, but he *had* been. Bob had breezed over to Havana to see how the Havana gang was handling the trap, and found a cute little trick named Sally McCarter from his own home town buzzing around the guy who had set the trap. So Bob dated her that night to see what the score was. Just before or at the start of the date, word was passed to Bob that amateur detective Johnny Edwards had backed Rankosci into a corner and was trying to grill him. That worked out nicely. All Bob had to do was take Sally to the café where Johnny was working on Rankosci, and pick a fight to let Rankosci get away.

He had a good alibi for starting a fight because of the way Johnny had broken a date with Sally.

Later, Bob got another good alibi, by accident. Probably Howard Pingree had been told to watch the McCarter house and see what Edwards did on his first night in Fort Myers. Edwards wandered alone down to the McCarter dock and Pingree decided to get rid of the troublemaker right then, and took two shots at him. Bob Tate was dating Sally so he couldn't be suspected.

The shooting undoubtedly put Pingree in the doghouse with the rest of the gang, and after a while Pingree got impatient and tried to start his own smuggling racket.

Right there was the first time Bob Tate had no alibi, Johnny thought. It must have been Bob who rabbit-punched him at Pingree's Landing, and then shot Pingree. Bob must have been tempted to do a little more shooting that night, too. But when you start knocking off Border Patrol inspectors, you want to have awfully good alibis. So Bob decided to hide Pingree's boat and take Pingree's rifle—in itself a mighty nice alibi—and wait for a better time.

Bob Tate bought the magazines and flew them to the schooner. Bob was startled when Tim wanted to go aboard the schooner. While they were aboard, Bob was so alert to the danger of that pile of new magazines that he followed every thought Tim had. Bob didn't want anyone checking on who bought the magazines, so, on the flight back, he pretended to discover the Pingree boat. That was supposed to keep everybody so busy that Tim would forget the magazines, or the storekeeper would forget who had bought them.

Probably it was Georg Rankosci who prowled outside the dining room last night and learned about Sally's list of suspects. Later, when everybody was asleep, Rankosci sneaked into the house to pick up information and, incidentally, to pick up most of the cigarettes lying around. During the day somebody had undoubtedly watched the McCarter house and caught glimpses of Sally working on the lists. Eventually the gang must have decided that they couldn't take a chance that Sally might hit the right answer, and they had moved in on her.

It must have been quite a day for Bob Tate. You had to hand it to the guy, though; he did a smooth job. He managed to get Sally out of circulation. He decoyed Tim away from the dangerous magazine angle. He almost arranged to have Johnny shot by Tim McCarter. That would have been the perfect crime.

Johnny dropped a coin in the telephone box and asked the operator for the chief of police. It would take more than one guy to raid the hangar and then go searching for Bob Tate around Pingree's Landing.

"This is the chief of police," a voice said in his ear.

"Hello, Chief. This is Edwards of the Border Patrol."

"Well, hello, Johnny. This is a pleasant surprise."

"Look, Chief, I got troubles. I need your help."

"Sure, Johnny, anything you say. Where are you calling from?"

"Right in town. Now here's the setup—"

"Where did you say in town?"

"I can give you the story faster if you don't interrupt. You're going to find some of this hard to believe, but it's the straight dope. I—"

"You'll find us very sympathetic."

A couple of notes were off key here, Johnny decided. "You have the wrong idea. I don't want any sympathetic cops. I want some hard-boiled ones. Got a couple you can spare?"

"We're not hard-boiled," the chief said gently. "You just tell me where you are, and I'll come down personally and we'll talk everything over."

AN UGLY little idea began to take shape in Johnny's head. This wasn't one cop talking to another. This was a cop playing cute with a suspect. "What will we talk over?" he said.

"Oh, whatever you want, Johnny. Just remember we're all your friends."

"Who's we?"

"Well, naturally I am, Johnny. And the sheriff and the Highway Patrol and, of course, Tim McCarter."

That did it. If he hung around much longer, he'd be hearing sirens coming down the street after him. "Tim called you, did he?" he said. "What did he say?"

"Don't get excited. There's nothing to worry about. He said you'd been working too hard and were badly upset, and if we ran across you, would we please look after you until he finished working on a case."

"I don't feel like being looked after in jail."

"Johnny, I'd sooner put my best friend in jail. Hang on, and let's talk this—"

"So you can have the call traced. I'll save you the trouble. I'm calling from the gas station at Five Points. Come on out alone and I'll talk to you."

He hung up and walked quickly out of the store. Maybe the chief would buy that

Next to Nature—it's Ansco *Natural* Color!

Imagine! Stills or movies in gorgeous natural color... at a price you can afford!

Soft flesh tones, natural foliage, pastel-blue skies . . . that's Ansco *Natural* Color. Every transparency, every print, every foot of movie film springs to life in nature's gorgeous colors. Load your camera (f6.3 lens or faster) today, with Ansco *Natural* Color Film!

Ansco
COLOR POSITIVE
120

At dealers everywhere! Available in 120 and 620 rolls, 35mm magazines, sheets, and 50 and 100 foot rolls for 16mm movie cameras.

ANSCO, BINGHAMTON, N.Y. A DIV. OF GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORP. "FROM RESEARCH TO REALITY"

Five Points gag, maybe not. If not, he had to move fast. Tim had used those two minutes at the house to call the chief, who in turn had probably tipped off the Highway Patrol and the sheriff's office. Everything was being handled quietly. A family affair. No charges of any kind. Edwards has had a nervous breakdown, so let's pick him up and keep him out of trouble.

He had almost reached his car when he heard the siren wailing along First Street. It kept on going past the store toward Five Points at the other end of town. That would give him enough head start so the chief wouldn't know where to look. He climbed into his car and headed out McGregor. What had he been thinking just before he called the chief? Oh, yes. He'd been thinking that it would take more than one guy to raid the hangar looking for Sally and then to go hunting for Bob Tate.

That was a very sensible thought. Remembering he'd had it would be a comfort just before somebody knocked him off.

He turned out his lights when he reached the road leading to Bob Tate's place, and drove down it a little way and parked off the road. A few hundred yards ahead, the hangar cut a black chunk out of the horizon. He had hoped to see lights. Lack of them was a bad sign. It either meant nobody was there, or that they were waiting for him. He wasn't sure which was worse.

He crept along the side of the road toward the hangar. There was no light at all, just different shades of blackness. He began to feel that he wasn't on land but was swimming deep under water at night. The grass whispering away from his feet was seaweed. That dead orange tree was branching coral. It wasn't air but currents of cool water that flowed past his face. He looked up and couldn't see the surface—only fathoms of darkness in which stars drifted like bits of phosphorus. That flutter of motion behind him was a green moray easing from a wreck to—

HE WHIRLED. He was carrying this pretense too far. He'd better pretend this was a country road on the outskirts of town and that a catlike character named Rankosci was following him. If it came to a choice between meeting Rankosci on a dark lane or a moray eel under water, he'd take the moray and spot it the first bite.

But since nobody was offering him the choice, he'd better not spot Rankosci the first stab. He waited, listening, but nothing moved. He went on again, pausing every time he passed a bush or a tree to wait behind it a few seconds and see if a shadow would slip by. It wasn't a good idea. He began thinking that a shadow paused on one side of a bush or tree every time he halted on the other side. Once the notion became so strong that he leaped back around a bush. Nothing was there but his imagination.

He reached the hangar. The door near the driveway hung ajar, almost invitingly. He moved cautiously around to the river side. Stearns had closed the big sliding door leading to the ramp, and all the windows, too. Johnny finished circling the building and studied the partly opened door. That was inviting, all right. It appealed to him like an invitation to drop dead.

Unfortunately he didn't have any other invitations.

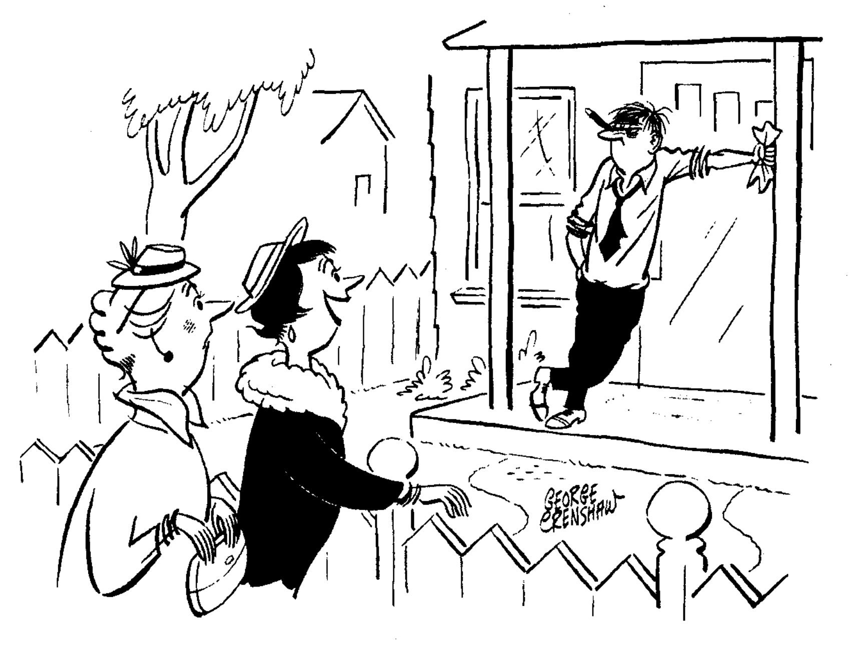
He tried to picture the setup of the building. The office and storerooms were to his left. The doorway led directly into the main hangar. There was a clear space beyond it where the amphibian was usually parked. To the right was the smaller plane. Earlier in the day, Jocko had been up on a portable steel platform working on the engine. If the open door was a trap, he was expected to creep in slowly and get a fast reception. It might be smart to go in fast and get a slow reception. He walked up to the door and suddenly flung it wide and leaped through.

Light ripped the blackness—a long, thin spear of light that slanted down and grazed his body and plunged into the doorway. An engine started roaring and backfiring. Flame winked. Bullets went screeching off concrete and clanging through metal. Johnny dodged blindly. He crashed into something and spun aside and fell and rolled and thudded into a wall. For a few moments he didn't move. His head was fogged with noise and shock. The hangar had turned into a crazy house in an amusement park. The floor tilted and the walls leaned in and sounds jumped at him from unexpected places.

THE roaring stopped abruptly. The beam of light began circling around the hangar. Johnny shot at it fast, without aiming, and started to roll out of the way. Before he stopped rolling, the light blacked out, the gun went off again, and bullets were showering the spot where he had been.

There was silence again. Something hard was creasing his left shoulder and the ceiling had come squashing down on his head. He felt around carefully. It wasn't the ceiling. He was under a workbench and one of its legs was jammed against his shoulder. He couldn't see, and in the scramble he had lost all sense of where he was in the hangar. He began working out answers slowly. That had been a spotlight probing for him. It had been aimed at the doorway, but he'd come through too fast to be tagged. Something else had been aimed at the doorway, too. A chopper. A sub-machine gun, with the button set for full automatic fire. Whoever held it had tried to hose down the whole building when his target vanished.

The light had come from several feet above his head. He remembered the portable steel platform Jocko Stearns used in working on the planes. That would make a good shooting blind. The spotlight was probably clamped onto its railing. Jocko was up there with the chopper, and with a nice comforting steel floor under his feet. The light had gone out just before the chopper cut loose the second time. His own shot hadn't hit it, so quite likely Jocko was up there alone and got scared and switched it out. The spotlight made a good target and Jocko might be nervous about turning it on again. Jocko would also be nervous about climbing down.



COLLIER'S "Well, whataya know—they finally delivered my new hat" GEORGE CRENSHAW

A voice called hoarsely, "Hey, Rankosci. Where are you?"

That was Jocko. It was hard to tell where his voice came from.

Nobody answered, and Jocko yelled again.

Somebody whispered, "I am all right."

That was Rankosci checking in. Not very enthusiastically, though.

"You're all right, are you?" Jocko said bitterly. "You mean you're all wrong. When you called me, you said you were going to follow him, and if he came here you were going to nail him before he even got inside."

"He was most suspicious," Rankosci said. "I could not get close. However, he is dead now, is he not?"

"No, he isn't dead! He came in here like a bat out of hell and I never got the light on him. What do you say to that?"

"I think I will say good-by."

"Listen—" Jocko screamed. "If you duck out now, you won't live long. If we don't get you here, Carlos and his boys will take care of you back in Havana. You don't look very good right now anyway. It's your fault Edwards got to Fort Myers."

There was a pause, and finally Rankosci whispered, "What do you want me to do?"

"Where are you?"

Rankosci said sadly, "I am just outside the doorway. If the inspector tries to run, I am in a good position."

"A good position for what? For stepping aside? You get in here and lock that door!"

"But I do not like to be shot at. As I come through the doorway he—"

"If I can't see the doorway, he can't. Get in here!"

There was a faint sniffle. After a long interval the door squeaked. Johnny stared into the blackness and tried to locate the sound but he couldn't. Something clicked. That would be the lock.

Rankosci's voice was louder now but more unhappy. "I have done it," he said.

"There's a switch beside the door. Turn on the lights."

"That would be dangerous."

"Don't worry. I can take care of myself."

"Ah. But who will take care of me?"

Johnny said, "The undertaker will."

WHISPERS of sound scurried around the walls and vanished. Then the place was very silent. Finally Rankosci said, "You see? He will shoot at me first."

"Turn on that light!"

"No. I am happier in the dark. I like the dark. I see better than most people in the dark."

That was no joke, Johnny thought. He remembered that time in Havana. In the light, Rankosci was an alley cat trying to slink along and stay out of trouble. In the dark, he was as unpredictable as a panther.

"So what do we do?" Jocko snarled. "Sit around chewing our nails? How does a guy like you live with himself?"

"It merely takes a little tolerance," Rankosci said humbly.

"You talk too much. Why don't you do something?"

"If I could make a suggestion," Rankosci said, "perhaps we have not talked enough. It might be possible to avoid any killing and to make an arrangement with the inspector."

Jocko Stearns thought that over. Finally he called, "Does that make sense to you, Edwards?"

Johnny broke open his revolver quietly and replaced the empty shell. There were two dangers in doing a lot of talking. The first was that he might be located by the sound. That wasn't very likely, considering the way echoes played Ping-pong against the walls and metal roof. The second danger was that Rankosci would work up enough courage to creep around looking for him, planning to make up for that time he had bungled the knife thrust in Havana. But that could happen even if he kept quiet. He didn't have much to lose.

"You know what, Jocko?" he said pleasantly. "The smart thing for you to do is throw down that chopper and point your spotlight straight up and quit. The city cops will be here any minute."

"How corny can you get, Edwards?"

"You didn't mind my giving it a try, did you?"

"Okay," Jocko said. "You got it off your chest. Now what'll we talk about?"

"Let's talk about Sally McCarter."

"You like that dame, don't you?"

"Sure, why not?"

STEARNS said, "Your dame's okay. Bob was jittery about those lists. Of course, we couldn't keep track of the progress she was making, but Bob told us to grab her if anything looked wrong at all—you know, like her running to the phone to yell copper or something. Rankosci happened to be peeking in and sees her jump up all of a sudden and he thinks she hit the jack pot. So he sneaked in the back way and got behind her and grabbed her throat and put pressure on that big artery. She blacked out and never even saw him. We got her wrapped up in a room here. She don't know who snatched her or where she is or anything."

Johnny's fingers relaxed a little on the revolver butt. "She knows about Bob, doesn't she?"

"That's the funny part of it. She went right by his name without a tumble. Reason she jumped up was she came to the end of the list without tagging anybody. Does that give you an idea, Edwards?"

"Yeah," Johnny said slowly. "You mean a trade."

"Sure. Drop your revolver and feel around until you reach the lights and turn them on, and we'll let the dame go."

"But not me, huh?"

"What do you want for one revolver?"

Johnny laughed. "How corny can *you* get? I want something for me, not for a girl."

"That's a lousy way to look at things."

"Yeah? It's the sensible way. The world's full of girls. Make me a better offer."

"Maybe I had you tagged wrong," Jocko said. "If you're gonna be sensible, we can talk sense. What if I said we could use another good tough guy in this racket? What if I said you could make yourself a half-million bucks."

This was interesting. Jocko couldn't be serious, of course. The idea was to make him fall for a phony offer, and then catch him off guard and stitch a few slugs through him. It would be worth while playing along. At least he would learn how the crowd operated. At best, he might convince Jocko he was taking the offer and might get a chance to catch Jocko off guard. But to be convincing, he'd have to play hard to get.

"You guys don't make that kind of money," he said. "How can you?"

"How can we? Listen, this is big stuff, not peanuts. All right, we started small but just before you barged in we had worked up to forty-five aliens a month. The schooner makes a trip a month, see? Mostly Bob flies them in from the schooner."

"One of your aliens will get caught, and talk."

"Let 'em talk. They can't even describe

State Farm Mutual pays its 5 millionth claim--to Long Beach driver

This is the true picture story of the 5 millionth auto claim paid by State Farm Mutual in its 28-year history

8 A. M. Wednesday, Arthur Untrauer, 323 Park Ave., reported claim to his agent, Hugh Munsterman. Mr. Untrauer's parked Ford, sideswiped during the night, was badly damaged. At 9 A. M. the same morning, agent Munsterman picked up Untrauer at his home and drove him to the State Farm district office, Long Beach, California.

A-1 Auto Works, Long Beach, is selected to do repair work, on the basis of competitive bids. Garageman Steve Schuster tells Untrauer and Munsterman that repairs needed to fix up damaged left side, rear, front and back fenders, and replace broken axle will cost $317.13. Work gets under way at 1 P. M. the same day.

Mr. Untrauer's claim is received at Pasadena claims office. His coverage includes popular 80-20 collision insurance pioneered by State Farm Mutual. Policyholder pays 20% of each claim up to $250 and only $50 on a larger claim. On this basis company's check for $267.13 is issued, and mailed to agent Munsterman that afternoon.

Just one week after accident occurred agent Munsterman delivers State Farm Mutual's check for $267.13 to Mr. Untrauer, repairs on his car having been satisfactorily completed. The accident cost Mr. Untrauer nothing because the balance of $50 will be paid him by the company insuring the car that sideswiped his Ford.

Speedy handling of Claim No. 5,000,000 is typical of the company that pays a claim every 15 seconds of the working day!

Although it happened to be Claim No. 5,000,000 in State Farm Mutual's 28-year history, Mr. Untrauer's claim is typical of the prompt, efficient way State Farm Mutual tries to handle all its claims. The company pays a claim on the average every 15 seconds of every working day! Claims amount to an average of $322.50 paid every minute—or $19,350 an hour! Last year alone, State Farm Mutual paid 502,000 claims! One reason for the speed with which claims are settled is this: when accidents occur, generally your State Farm agent is at hand to serve you. He is the man who wrote your insurance and is naturally most interested in keeping you a well-satisfied customer.

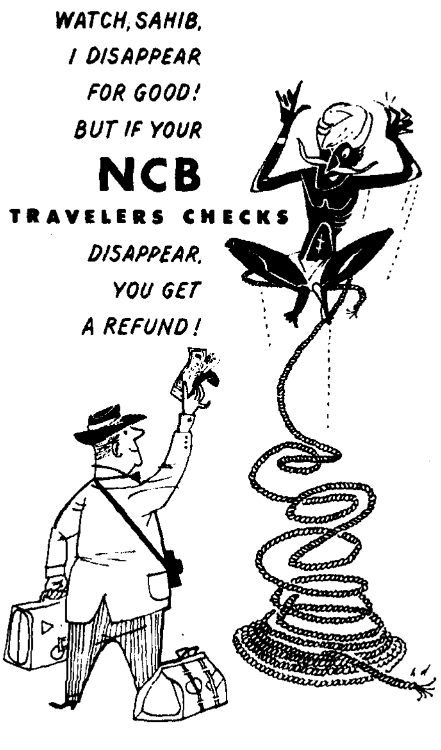
The other reason is the strategic location of the many hundreds of State Farm Mutual claim representatives throughout the country. Anywhere members travel in the U. S. or Canada, claim service is available.

In 3 years—3 rate reductions. State Farm Mutual members' rates lowered $17,000,000 since 1948!

More than 1,800,000 automobiles are insured by State Farm Mutual. And because this one company dared to be different, motorists save money over the cost of ordinary auto insurance! Four operating practices pioneered by State Farm Mutual make low rates possible. The *single selling cost* members pay—*semi-annual payments*—the fact that *State Farm is a mutual company*—and seeks to *insure only careful drivers*. State Farm offers careful drivers many advantages in addition to low cost. Find out about these by calling your friendly State Farm agent. Simply look up "State Farm" in your local telephone book.

State Farm Insurance Companies

Home Office—Bloomington, Illinois • Western Office—Berkeley, California • North Central Office—St. Paul, Minnesota • Canadian Office—Toronto, Ontario • West Central Office—Lincoln, Nebraska • Michigan Office—Marshall, Michigan

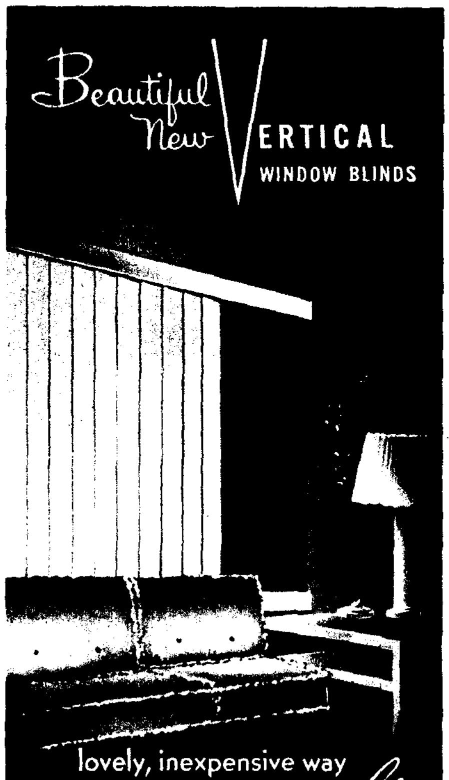


No trick to it—National City Bank Travelers Checks are spendable the world over. Safe everywhere. Cost only 75c per $100. *Buy them at your bank!*

The best thing you know
wherever you go

NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



lovely, inexpensive way
to control your privacy *with Color*

WINDOW Charm vertical panels of richly colored Celanese Multi-cord open and close with finger-tip control for ventilation and privacy. 25 DECORATOR COLORS permit countless combinations. Write for details about this sensational new development . . . endorsed by leading home stylists and decorators.

COMPLETE NEW WINDOW TREATMENT COSTS LESS
THAN BLINDS, DRAPES, SHADES AND CURTAINS

Mfd. by
YOUNGSTOWN
INDUSTRIES, INC.
[illegible] Ohio

window Charm
VERTICAL BLINDS

DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE

the schooner. We bring 'em in with their eyes taped. We got two guys delivering them up North in house trailers with the windows blacked out, and the drivers have dames up in the front seat with them and look like tourists and nobody bothers them. And Bob's got a little ham radio station here to keep in touch with the schooner. This thing's foolproof."

Jocko sounded serious. It would be funny if he really meant the offer and thought it might be accepted. "Forty-five aliens a month, huh?" Johnny said. "Let's say five hundred a year. Six hundred dollars each for the ordinary ones and fifteen hundred for the Chinese. That's not even half a million bucks a year. And look how many guys get a cut. Look at the expenses."

"Yeah, we got a big overhead. A guy like you might pull down thirty grand in the next year."

"Then it would take me fifteen years to make that half million. You can't get away with it that long."

"We ain't trying," Jocko said in a satisfied tone. "One more year and we quit."

"One of us is lousy at arithmetic. Where's that half million?"

"It's there. This is the fattest and safest racket any guy ever dreamed up. You know your law. After we quit, how long is it before nobody can touch us?"

"You mean for running aliens? You're safe after three years."

"And how about the aliens we run in?"

"They won't ever be in the clear," Johnny said. "They're not protected by any statute of limitations. They can always be deported. What's all this about?"

"What we're taking in now is chicken feed. Look! In three years we're in the clear. The aliens aren't. We got their photos and fingerprints. Three years after we quit, we move in on those clucks. They ought to be starting to make good money by then. Guess who they'll be making it for. Us! If they squawk, they get deported. But nobody can touch us by then."

A SHIVER ran over Johnny's skin. This was the old slave trade with modern refinements. Instead of going to distant countries and kidnaping slaves, you coaxed them to pay their own way. They begged you for the privilege. "You're missing an angle, though," he said. "You'd be in the clear on the smuggling charge but they still have a crime called blackmail."

"Blackmail!" Jocko sneered. "We even have that figured. We get these aliens to sign a promissory note for five grand each. They don't know what it is. We tell 'em it's an application. They're so used to signing applications and all kinds of papers they think probably you have to sign things in this country even to break a law. Okay, Edwards, count it up. We got a hundred and fifty aliens in already. In a year we'll quit with seven hundred aliens in. Each one has signed a note for five thousand bucks besides his passage. That makes three and a half million, don't it?"

This was beginning to sound like the perfect crime that crooks had been looking for all these years. "How many guys will cut in on the big money?"

"Just a few of us. None of the lugs will."

A plaintive voice spoke up from somewhere in the darkness. Rankosci. He said, "I did not know of this angle."

Jocko said, "You're one of the lugs."

"Oh," Rankosci said.

Johnny listened carefully to the echoes of that syllable. Rankosci hadn't said "oh" in a disappointed way. He said it thoughtfully. Rankosci hadn't stayed alive in that tough Havana league by running the bases with his eyes shut. Rankosci ought to be thinking: They weren't going to cut me in on the big money. They weren't letting me know about it. They aren't going to like remembering that I know it. It is not healthy to know things that Jocko Stearns and Bob Tate and Carlos do not want you to know. Yes, Rankosci ought to be worried. Maybe it would pay to worry him some more. That might give him another chance to get away. He said smoothly, "Now that Rankosci knows the setup, maybe you ought to cut him in."

"I'd sooner cut him up," Jocko said.

"Please," Rankosci said. "I am happy as I am."

"I wouldn't trust the guy," Johnny said. "Look what he spilled to me."

"That was a mistake," Rankosci cried. "You made me drunk and—"

"But you're on the wagon now, ain't you?" Jocko crooned.

"I will never drink again! I will not talk. I—"

"Shut up," Johnny said. "Look, Jocko. You have a good proposition there. But what about Bob Tate? I've been a little rough on him. All right, so he knocked off a pal of mine and I felt bad about it, but I can do a lot of forgetting with half a million bucks. The thing is, will he lay off me?"

"Sure, sure," Jocko said soothingly.

"Let me think it over a minute."

That was just a stall. He wanted to listen. If he had a lot of luck he might hear a key scraping in a lock and the door creaking open. About now, Rankosci ought to want out, but bad. He ought to realize he had no future in the racket. The trouble was, it might be a tossup in Rankosci's mind: did he have more future if he ran, or if he stayed and hoped?

He listened. Nothing stirred in the big echoing hangar. There was only one change. His eyes were getting adjusted. He could see faint gray slabs where windows cut into walls. That meant Jocko was seeing better, too. It meant Rankosci could probably see well enough to move around. Rankosci might figure a knife in the right place would square things for him. The guy was dangerous in darkness like this.

He said, "I have just one more question. What about Tim McCarter?"

"You worried about Tim? Don't."

"What do you mean, don't? The guy has it in for me. When he finishes at Pingree's Landing and comes back he'll report me to headquarters as a deserter."

Jocko said in a coaxing tone, "Look. The story he put out was that you went to pieces. What if we twisted that story around and said Tim went to pieces instead of you? What if Bob Tate swears Tim went nuts and forced him to go down to Pingree's Landing? What if you rescue the girl out in the woods somewhere and prove you had the right angle all the time? We dump her out there and tell you where to find her."

"You got to do better than that," Johnny said, trying to put just the right amount of suspicion in his voice. "At headquarters they'll take Tim's word over mine."

"This is the cute part of it," Jocko said. "Tim won't be giving out any words."

"I don't get it," Johnny said hoarsely.

Jocko said, "You don't think Bob's just out for a stroll, do you? He's going to take care of Tim! The setup is perfect. He has Pingree's rifle hidden down there and he eases around and gets it and when he gets a chance—crack! Pingree did it, see? Pingree snatched Sally McCarter, see? A month from now we show you where to drag the river for Pingree and you bring up what the crabs left and the case is all washed up. How do you like it?"

"I like it fine," Johnny said. "Just fine. I'm your boy."

He crept out slowly from under the workbench. Tim might be dead already. Or there might be a little time.

"It's a deal," Jocko said. "Turn on the light, Rankosci."

"I—I am a little nervous," Rankosci said. "I have moved since I came in. I am not sure I could find it. I—"

"Shut up," Johnny said. "I'll turn it on."

"That's a good idea," Jocko said.

CROUCHING, Johnny moved out a little. He still couldn't see any details inside the hangar. Jocko's platform might be anywhere. He turned to bounce his voice off the wall so it would be hard to follow. "I'm moving across the room," he said. "I'm going to trust you, Jocko. But keep an eye on Rankosci after I switch on the lights."

"Everybody can trust me," Rankosci wailed. "We are all in this together."

"I'd sooner be together with a coral snake," Johnny said. "We'll get the light on you and see if you look worth trusting. I'm getting near the light switch now."

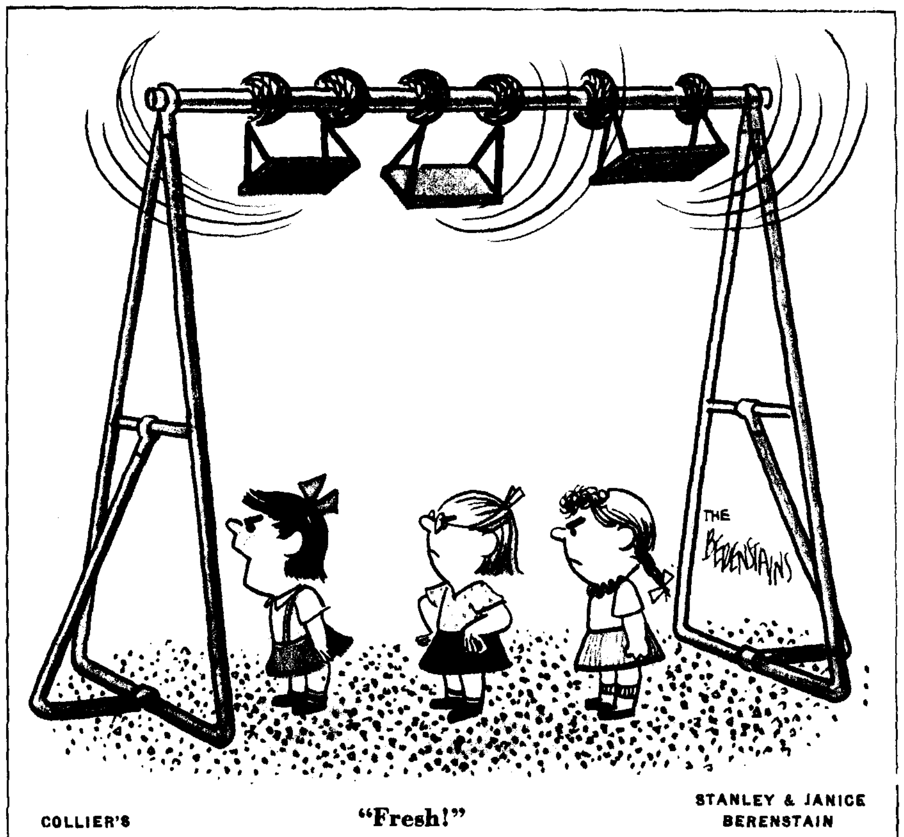
"I do not like light!" Rankosci screamed. "Nobody ever trusts me in the light. People bully me in the light. They—"

"Brace yourself," Johnny yelled. "I got the switch. I'll count three. One—"

Something scurried. Something made little squeaking ratlike noises. A shadow wavered at the gray blob of a window.

Twenty feet away, high up in the hangar, squirts of flame leaped out and the tommy gun roared. Johnny swung around. The revolver jerked three times against his hand. The spurts of flame blacked out. Echoes bounced back and forth and slowly faded.

Johnny straightened up and crept to a wall and felt slowly around until he reached the light switch by the door. He didn't know whether he had won or not. He could find out fast, though. He braced himself against the wall and flipped the switch. Up on the platform nothing moved. Jocko was



COLLIER'S "Fresh!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Kansas Medical Technician
"For a shave that is clean, quick, and painless, it can't be beat."

California Army Employee
"Excellent, has corrected neck abrasions which accompanied wet shaves."

New York Soldier
"I wouldn't exchange it for a thousand safety razors."

W. Virginia VA Employee
"I get a cleaner and closer shave, and my face does not get sore."

Maryland Bus Driver
"A very excellent shaver and curved to fit face perfectly."

Idaho Forest Ranger
"It gives my face comfort in all kinds of weather."

Pennsylvania Physician
"Would not part with it for $1000 if I could not replace it."

Air Force Medical Officer
"Most useful gift—No hot water on this island—beards grow twice as fast and thick."

Owners of REMINGTON *Contour* Electric Shavers wrote this ad

Oregon Cattle Rancher
"Very good. My beard is tough as wire, but I get a clean shave with it."

Colorado Printer
"It shaves whiskers as close as any safety razor and is so fast."

Iowa Laborer
"Perfect. Shaved perfectly from the first time used."

Nebraska Clerk
"The quickest and best way to shave—Use Remington."

Washington, D.C. Marine
"There is nothing to equal it for shaving comfort, efficiency, speed and cost."

Indiana Farmer
"...easy on my tough beard, tender skin, and prevents ingrown hairs."

Washington School Worker
"...everything one could wish for—fast, smooth, close, easy to clean, safe."

Mississippi Boat Captain
"I've never had a smoother shave."

Virginia Mechanic
"Wouldn't trade it for a private barber."

Tennessee Shipping Clerk
"I went in the store and asked for the best and I got a Remington."

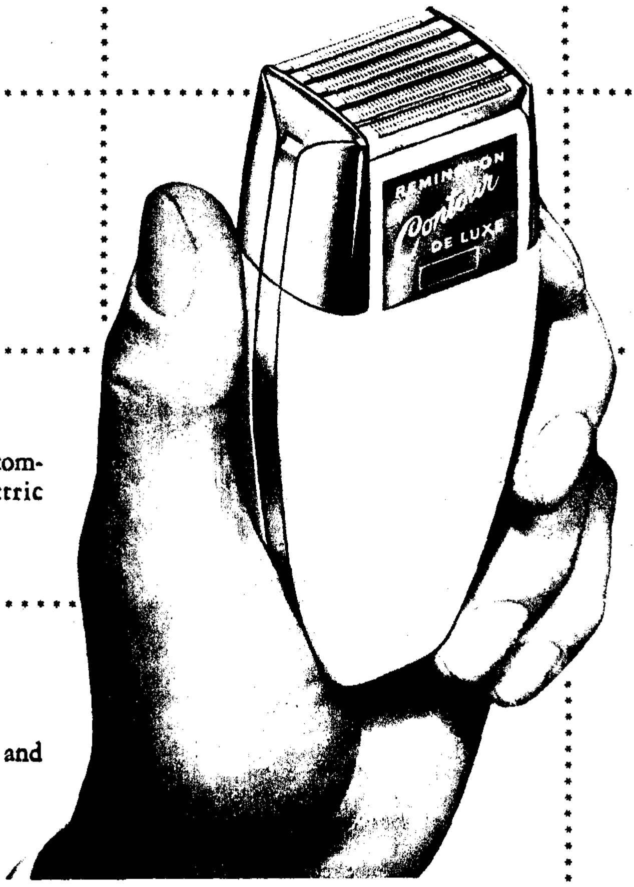
Wyoming Salesman
"Best shave in 33 years."

Oregon Electrician
"No finer gift ever came my way."

Missouri Accountant
"Makes shaving a pleasure."

New Jersey Mechanic
"Excellent service—no comparison with non-electric razors."

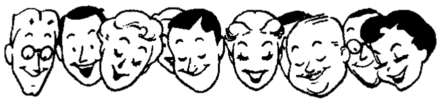
Ohio Welder
"Can't be beat for speed and close shaving."



Thousands of these voluntary words of praise pour into Remington Shaver Headquarters every month. From old and young, from every corner of the nation, enthusiastic owners from all walks of life write their praise on Remington Warranty Cards.* There is no finer, more useful or more acceptable gift for men, young or old. For Father's Day, Graduation, Anniversaries, and Wedding Gifts—no other gift quite equals a Remington Contour Shaver. Try it, at all fine stores, or any of our 112 shaver headquarters.

** Warranty with each new Remington guarantees shaver for full year.*

A PRODUCT OF **Remington Rand** INC



UNEQUALLED OWNER LOYALTY

Vagabond Trailer Coaches

Folks who live in trailers are quick to recognize quality . . . and slow to change to less than the best. This explains the preference, by Vagabond owners, for another Vagabond when it comes time to buy a new trailer. *Write today* for fully illustrated literature, the name of your dealer and the booklet "Craftsmanship."

Since 1931 HIGHEST QUALITY

VAGABOND COACH MFG. CO.
Box 205, New Hudson, Mich.

CRAZY
Water Crystals
Crazy

CRAZY Water Crystals give you quick, ephemeral relief from headaches, backaches, gastro-intestinal disturbances, upset stomach, biliousness, if and when excess gastric acidity and constipation are contributing factors.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

At all DRUG STORES

CRAZY WATER CO., INC.
Mineral Wells, Texas

America's Largest Selling Sloe Gin

CREAMY TOP
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
SLOE GIN

60 Proof—Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

draped over the railing like an old mattress. The chopper lay below on the floor. By the window was a heap of old clothes, badly torn in places.

It was queer, he thought dizzily. He hadn't expected that. Nobody would ever know why Jocko had started shooting. Maybe he was trigger-happy. Maybe he couldn't stand seeing Rankosci skip out. Maybe he thought the shadow was Johnny Edwards. Maybe—

EDWARDS started through the section of the hangar that had been partitioned into rooms, flipping on lights as he went. There was a ham radio outfit in one room. The next room had a heavy lock on the door. He opened it and saw that the room was a big one; it had no windows, and all it contained was a pile of Army cots. That looked like the slave pen. Beyond was a storeroom containing one opened cot. There was a long slim bundle on it, draped with a blanket. He threw back the blanket and saw Sally. She started trembling. That was about the only movement she could make. She had been tied and gagged and her eyes had been taped shut. She had no idea who had removed the blanket.

He worked on the gag first. It came loose and Sally tried to scream for help. She was quite a girl. Not many girls would trade a scream for a slug on the head. Actually she couldn't scream. There were blue marks on her throat where Rankosci had clamped down on her jugular, and all she could do was croak.

"Take it easy," he said. "It's Johnny. You're okay now."

She moved her lips, trying to get some feeling back into them, and mumbled, "If there's a tag on me that says, 'Do not open until Christmas,' pay no attention to it."

"I'll have you loose in a minute. Listen. I have to work fast. This tape's going to hurt coming off. Squeeze your eyes shut."

She nodded. There were four pieces of tape across her eyes. He ripped them off, trying not to watch. When it was over she lay there with welts on her face and tears popping out under her lids.

"Yell if it makes you feel better," he muttered. "It's safe."

"I can't yell," she wailed. "I can't do anything but squeak. Where am I, Johnny?"

"In Bob Tate's hangar," he said, working on the ropes.

"Oh, no," she gasped. "Not Bob!"

"He didn't snatch you, but he runs the racket. He's the guy I've been hunting."

"I can't believe it! I checked his name on the list and he seemed all right and—and—Oh! I *didn't* check him at all. I was so sure he couldn't be the one."

"So was I. But his boys were watching you and thought you'd tagged him, so they moved in."

She said faintly, "I heard a lot of noise. Did you kill him?"

"No. Two of his guys are dead, though."

"I'm so glad you didn't kill him," she gasped. "Not that he means anything to me. But I don't want you to be a killer."

"When you hear the full story, you may cheer me on."

"Johnny, is Tim all right?"

He cut the last cord around her ankles. "Can you sit up? Can you walk?"

She sat up slowly, watching his face. "You didn't answer when I asked if Tim is all right."

"There isn't any soft way to break this to you," he said. "I messed things up. Tim thinks I deserted. He's out with Bob Tate around Pingree's boat. I think Bob plans to shoot him."

Her face looked as if he had kicked her in the stomach. She tried to push herself up from the cot. Her legs crumpled, and he caught her before she dropped to the floor. "I'm sorry," she said in a tight, flat voice. "That wasn't a faint. My legs are asleep. Tell me what I can do."

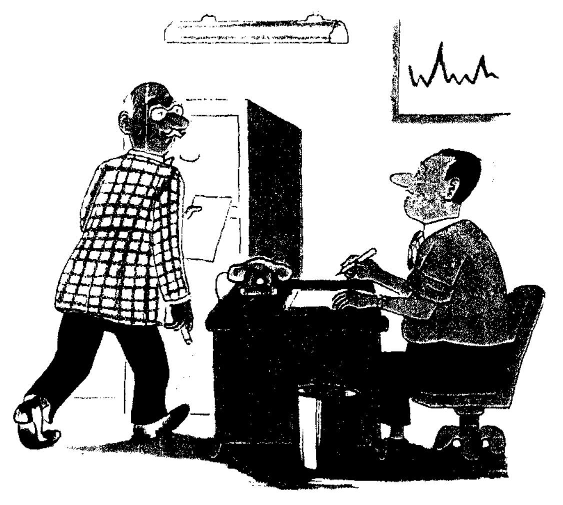
He picked her up and started carrying her and telling her the whole story. He talked fast as he stumbled through the main hangar where Jocko hung over the railing and the heap of torn clothes lay tumbled under the window. When they reached the road he put her down and helped her walk to the car. He had finished the story by the time he reached the lane leading to her house.

"Drop me here," she said. "I'm all right now."

"Got it straight?" he asked. "First call the local cops, then the chief in Miami."

She nodded and climbed out of the car, and Johnny slammed it into gear and sent it howling down the road.

It had been a long hunt and it was coming to an end, and nobody was going to talk him out of finishing it properly. It wasn't as if Bob Tate had any right to live. The guy left a trail of death behind him as casually as a kid littering the sidewalk with candy papers. On account of Bob Tate at least four people were dead—Tony and Howard Pingree and Jocko and Rankosci—and maybe Tim and others he didn't know about. It would be nice if the next dead body belonged to Bob Tate and not to Johnny Edwards.



"—Oh yes, Hilliard, when you get a chance this afternoon, clean out your desk and come into my office"

COLLIER'S MARTY LOWENSTEIN

His headlights began washing over the sandy ruts leading to Pingree's Landing.

Something glittered ahead in the bushes. Glass. Window glass. The rear window of the Border Patrol sedan. He jammed on the brakes and the car mushed to a stop in the sand. He sat for a moment, lights on, listening. The radiator of the car ticked softly. No sound came from the jackstraw jumble of trees and bushes and vines and mangroves to his left. He had no way of telling whether or not Bob Tate had found a good chance to use Pingree's rifle, so he would have to play this by ear. That meant assuming Tim was still alive. He didn't dare try to yell a warning, because Bob would catch on at once, and Tim wouldn't. If Bob caught on, he would start shooting the first guy in range. That would be Tim.

What he had to do was decoy Bob away from Tim. It wouldn't be easy. Right now Bob considered Tim the most dangerous person in Fort Myers, because Tim would check on the magazine angle as soon as he got time. So the idea was to make Bob think he was in the clear about the magazines, and then give him some reason to come running breathlessly to knock off a guy named Edwards. He thought a minute, clicked on a plan. It looked good and he didn't have time to figure all the angles.

The automobile horn was a ring inside the steering wheel. He began rocking the ring jerkily. Sound blared into the night. Dit and dah sound. As a pilot and ham radio operator, Bob Tate must know Morse code. Johnny sent a message slowly. "McCarter from Edwards," he signaled. "Magazine lead N.G. Checked news dealers."

He paused. Around him the mangrove jungle was quiet. Down by the river a heron screeched brassily. Everything else seemed to be holding its breath. The dits and dahs said, "S-a-l-l-y s-t-i-l-l m-i-s-s-i-n-g."

Tim wasn't in the clear yet. Not by plenty. Bob Tate wasn't dumb; he would wonder why Johnny Edwards had come back, and it would take a pretty good explanation to satisfy him.

"Need help," he signaled. "Caught guy tailing me. Think he will talk. He is Georg Rankosci, member Havana gang."

He stopped. That should do it. That ought to bring Bob Tate fast. Now he'd better get out of the car before Bob and the .30-.30 bullets arrived. He opened the door and then paused as an unpleasant idea began haunting him.

When the horn stopped sending messages, would Bob get suspicious and decide it was a trap? And then would Bob start shooting his way out of it? And wouldn't the nearest target be Tim McCarter? That was an angle he had overlooked when the plan first popped into his head.

The trap had seemed like a good one, and he had wasted no time setting it. It was good, all right. But it turned out to be a two-way trap.

Of course some people might suggest sitting there playing with the horn. Any guy stupid enough to buy that idea would sneak behind the target on a rifle range and peek through holes in the bull's-eye to see how close the boys were shooting. Fun was fun, and Tim was a nice guy, but nobody could expect him to do that. Or could they?

He listened. The only sound came from his heart. Nothing moved except insects whirling silently in the cones of the headlights. Maybe he could send one more message and then dive into the bushes. He slid down until he was lying on the floor with his legs outside the car. He reached up along the steering column and hit the ring before he knew it. The horn let out a blast right beside his ear. The vibration tingled through his body like high voltage. He got himself under control, and signaled, "Rankosci knows plenty."

It was an odd feeling to lie there like a chicken with its head on a chopping block. He had his revolver out of the holster but before he could use it, he would have to untangle himself from the frame of the car and the door and pedals and steering column. He was gambling that Bob Tate would start shooting from a little distance, aiming at where a man ought to be sitting, instead of creeping right up to the car. It would be a lot better gamble to crawl out and hide in the bushes.

He sent another brief message and found that the noise helped. It filled his head and stopped him from thinking. He sent a very slow message: "W-h-a-t a-r-e w-e w-a-i-t-i-n-g f-o-r? W-h-a-t a-r-e w-e—"

A high-pitched sound drilled through the blaring of the horn. *Spangg!* His hand froze. *Spangg.* He gripped the ring and jerked out the words: "Get-Bob-Get-Bob-Get—"

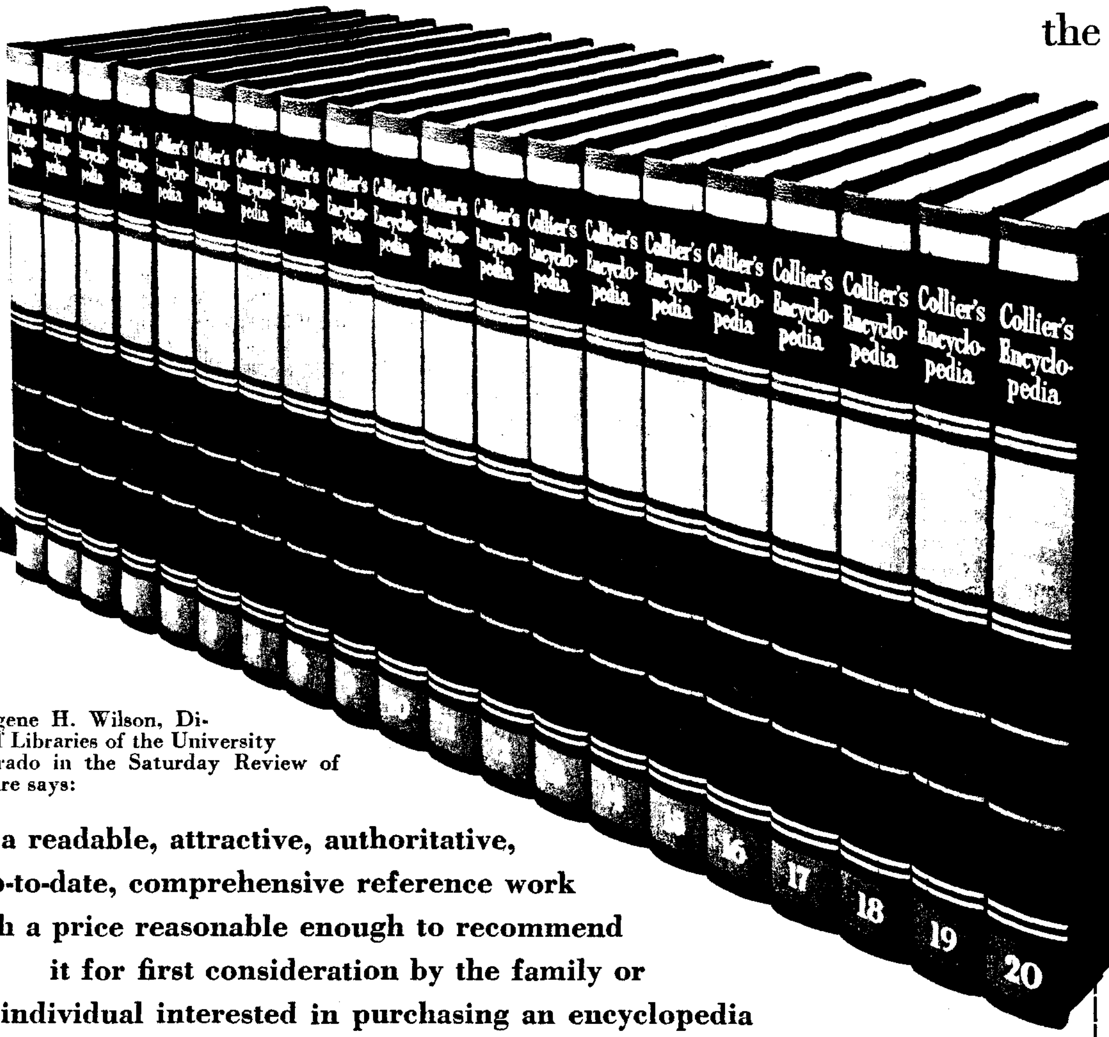
RIFLE shots rattled like firecrackers, and dust flew from the seat, and something tugged his sleeve. He yanked down his arm and hooked his heels under the side of the car and went squirming and tumbling out of the car and into a heap on the sand. As he straightened, a final shot starred the windshield and Bob Tate leaped from bushes a dozen yards away and ran toward him. Johnny dug his right elbow in the sand. He swung the revolver down with a slow squeeze on the trigger and watched the sights dip below Bob's collar and felt the jolt come back through his wrist and forearm and saw the running figure spin with the impact and go down.

A good clean shot through the heart and nobody could say it was murder.

He got slowly to his feet and walked to

Every home needs this newest, finest and most up-to-date encyclopedia!

Entirely New from A to Z . . . as modern as the Nineteen Fifties!



20 beautiful volumes
14,000 fact-filled pages
14,000,000 words
400,000 index entries
50,000 reference topics
10,000 revealing illustrations—many in color
126 new maps in color

Dr. Eugene H. Wilson, Director of Libraries of the University of Colorado in the Saturday Review of Literature says:

". . . a readable, attractive, authoritative, up-to-date, comprehensive reference work with a price reasonable enough to recommend it for first consideration by the family or individual interested in purchasing an encyclopedia to serve for quick reference, systematic study, and even for recreational reading."

Once you've seen it and used it, you'll settle for no other Encyclopedia. Literally thousands of authoritative articles, so new, so easy to find and so crystal-clear make Collier's the *one* Encyclopedia for the student, the teacher, professional and businessmen and women.

Collier's Encyclopedia is ideal for school assignments. It answers "homework" problems and provides comprehensive coverage and technical detail to meet reference requirements. Yes, one set serves a lifetime . . . satisfies young and old alike!

Written as it is in popular terminology, and printed in large, easy-to-read type on high quality paper, your entire family will rely on Collier's Encyclopedia for specific answers and then read on and on as in a fascinating novel. Yes, Collier's Encyclopedia literally covers the world from A to Z . . . history, from antiquity to the nineteen fifties . . . geography, from Alaska to Zanzibar . . . science, from Confucius to Churchill . . . art, from cave drawings to Picasso . . . religion, literature, social customs, sports . . . valuable information about anything and everything is at your beck and call in Collier's Encyclopedia.

Collier's Encyclopedia

ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT REFERENCE WORKS OF OUR TIME

Here are facts about up-to-dateness you can't afford to overlook when selecting the family reference encyclopedia.

100,000 words on splitting the atom and radio activity, including cosmic rays . . . hydrogen bomb . . . atomic bomb tests.

200,000 words on Aviation, including rockets . . . turbo-jets . . . "JATO" . . . helicopters . . . "blind" flying.

200,000 words on sports and games, including referee's signals, field diagrams . . . individual and team records . . . plus explanation of such modern games as Canasta.

350,000 words on chemistry, including synthetic materials . . . new "miracle" drugs . . . nutrition and vitamins . . . chemical and biological warfare.

FREE...

Yours for the asking . . . an illustrated 24-page, four-color booklet crammed-full of interesting and instructive illustrations (fully captioned) on subjects currently making headline news. There are pictures of experiments in cosmic ray energy . . . of one of our largest atom smashers . . . unusual primitive tribes . . . African animals . . . of interesting scenes 'round the world, and so many others we have not space here to tell you more. Why not see for yourself? No cost! No obligation!

Completely New
COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA
CROWELL-COLLIER BUILDING
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your elaborately illustrated, interest-packed booklet, plus information about the new Collier's Encyclopedia and how I can own this wonderful new reference library on convenient budget terms.

Name...

Address..

City.......................Zone......State........ COL-9

MAIL TODAY

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
TO ADVERTISE OUR NEW CATALOG!
All Metal Horse AND CATALOG
SEND ONLY 50¢
BEAUTIFUL BRONZE LACQUERED
Style Number 728
MAIL TODAY
WE PAY POSTAGE
R & S Co.
Box 262, Dept. S-1, FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

When kidney function slows down, many folks complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Don't suffer longer with these discomforts if reduced kidney function is getting you down—due to such common causes as stress and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While often otherwise caused, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

SOFT CORNS Between Toes

INSTANTLY Relieved, QUICKLY Removed

Soft Corns occur only *between* the toes. To instantly relieve and speedily remove them, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads in the special size and shape for Soft Corns (Soft Corn Size). Be sure to ask for them by that name. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories* ®

MONEY for YOU!

Collier's offers you an opportunity to make a spare-time income by telephone, mail or personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and ALL magazines.

For money-making supplies, *mail a penny postal or the coupon now.*

---------MAIL NOW!---------

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-58
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUB. CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

How can I make EXTRA INCOME by 'phone, mail or personal calls?

NAME.................................
(Please Print)
STREET...............................
CITY.................... Zone No.....
STATE................................

the crumpled figure. Then suddenly his throat went dry and ice started freezing in his stomach. The body was moving. It wriggled slowly around until it was lying face up. Bob Tate wasn't dead. He was pawing at a dark stain high on the right side of his chest.

Johnny lifted the revolver and lined the sights up neatly. Bob turned his hand around palm up, as if to hold off the bullet, and began babbling for a break and swearing to tell everything. Johnny had waited a long time for this. It was tough that the chance had to come in this nightmare way but—

He had waited a long time, all right. Too long. Now he didn't want it any more.

He bent and picked up the rifle and reached inside Bob's shirt and got the .45 automatic from its shoulder holster. If he hurried, he could step to one of the bushes and get over being sick before Tim arrived.

HE SAT in the living room of the McCarter house with Tim and Ed Brian, as he had done a few weeks ago after the original mess at Pingree's Landing. There was quite a difference this time, though. This time there had been no beating around the bush, no kid-glove handling of a trainee who had made a mistake. Tim and Ed Brian had wanted the whole story and they had gone after it with hard, slugging questions. They had it now. The works, without lace pants. They looked a little punch-drunk.

Sally brought in more coffee and gave him a small twisted smile and went out again. The welts across her eyes looked like a pink mask. She ought to be in bed with a cold compress on those welts, but she wanted to be in on everything.

It had been a long night. Bob Tate was in the hospital, slightly hoarse from telling everything he knew and probably a lot of things he didn't know. A couple of bodies were not telling anything to the local undertaker, and in a few hours boats would start grappling in the Calooahatchee near Pingree's Landing for another candidate. A Border Patrol squad was camped around a filing case full of photographs and fingerprints in the office at the hangar, and a lookout had been flashed for the men who drove the cars and blacked-out house trailers. The schooner, too far offshore to be seized or boarded, was heading back for Havana with a Coast Guard boat tagging along in her wake.

Outside, light the color of dirty dishwater was starting to leak through the sky. The color suited Johnny's mood perfectly.

"I wish I could figure," the chief said in a tired voice, "whether Edwards ought to get a medal or a kick in the teeth."

"I'd rather not do the kicking," Tim said. "A guy could lose a foot that way."

Johnny said irritably, "I wish you'd wait till I leave before you talk about me behind my back."

"Stick around," Brian said. "You might even hear something good about yourself."

"Let's not kid ourselves," Johnny said. "Everything I did was just to run down Bob Tate."

"And when you had a chance to kill him, you didn't. You could have done it, and nobody would have tried to prove murder. I keep looking for the answer to that and not finding it."

Johnny said, "Let me know if you find it before I do."

"What are your plans after all this is cleaned up, Edwards? Go to work in your family's business? Head back to your salmon streams and golf courses and high-class bars? Stick with us?"

"I wouldn't have expected you to give me that third choice."

"I didn't give it to you. I just asked what you wanted to do. I haven't made up my mind."

"You're one step ahead of me," Johnny said. "Before I can make up my mind, I'll have to see where I mislaid it."

The chief rose. "I'll look in at the hangar and then catch some sleep. I'll be around tomorrow. You two take it easy, hear?"

"Okay," Tim said. He watched the chief leave, then said abruptly, "Where do you want me to start apologizing, Edwards?"

"I want you to start apologizing in Miami while I'm here in Fort Myers."

"You don't have to be noble. I had plenty of wrong ideas about you."

"The right ones would have been just as bad."

"I want to be honest about this," Tim said. "I still don't have much time for you."

"I don't know why you should."

"No reason why you should have much time for me, either. If you want to tell me off, it's okay."

"This is going to be quite a letdown for you," Johnny said. "I think you're a swell guy. I only dislike one thing about you. You drive a car so slowly it gives me the jitters."

Tim got up. "I'm going to bed," he muttered. "It will take me a while to get over that one. Don't think what you said makes me feel all of a sudden that you're a great guy, too. Because it doesn't." He walked to the doorway and then turned and said, "If you stick around you can drive the car, though." He went into his bedroom and slammed the door.

Johnny lighted a final cigarette and wondered how long he would feel empty. Most of his life he had never wanted anything very badly, and so there had been a lot of dull times when he had just gone through the motions. Then, of all things to pick, he found that he wanted very badly to kill a man. There was no use kidding himself: he had come alive for the first time. He had a goal, just like in the success stories. He was going places. But when he got there, everything went flat. And you could only kill a guy once, and then you had no place to go. You were at the end of the line. The funny thing was, however, that he had jumped off before the end of the line. You might think he wanted to go somewhere else now.

Something began nagging at his attention, and he looked up and saw Sally moving around the room straightening furniture and cleaning ash trays. That was odd. This was where he had come in, a couple of months ago, on a bench overlooking the Plaza de la Fraternidad in Havana. A girl had been wandering up and down, trying to catch his attention. An American girl. Nice long legs, trim flanks that rippled instead of jiggled as she walked, slim waist, shiny brown sun-streaked hair with a wave at the end—all the standard equipment. To be fair, a lot of de luxe equipment, too. You found the type all over the country.

She happened to glance at him, and said, "I heard what you told Tim. It was very nice of you."

"It was really a dirty trick," he said. "I could have broken the news more gently."

"He'll change his mind about you, Johnny. But it will take time. He's about as good at changing his mind as a freight train is at zigzagging."

"Just out of curiosity," he said, "how good are you at changing your mind?"

"Me? Worse than Tim, I'm afraid."

THAT'S what he had figured. Fortunately, he hadn't let himself get out of hand. "If you're going to insist on cleaning all the ash trays now," he said, "let me help."

"Why do we have to change the subject to ash trays?"

"I'm not changing the subject. You came in here to clean ash trays and straighten up the room and—"

"I came in here to straighten up my personal affairs. They're in a tangle."

"But you were cleaning ash trays—"

"Isn't it lucky," she said wearily, "that there weren't any ash trays around the Plaza de la Fraternidad that day in Havana? Otherwise you'd have watched me parade back and forth in front of you and decided I was just taking a few ash trays for a walk."

"That's funny. I was thinking about that time in Havana, too. But you were actually trying to attract my attention that day."

"I told you I'm even worse than Tim about changing my mind."

He caught his breath. There might be possibilities here, if a guy went about it slowly and in the right way. Let's not get too excited, though, he thought. A thing like this could build up to an awful letdown. "You know what?" he said cautiously. "I wish we could start all over, back at the point where we met in Havana."

"That's a long way back."

"Would you be willing to try, though?"

"If you insist. But I've forgotten some of my lines. I may get them mixed up."

He walked over to her and said very seriously, "I'd like to give you a ring sometime. Do you remember me saying that?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Yes, I will."

"That doesn't make sense," he complained. "I ask if I can give you a ring sometime and you say, 'Yes, I will.' "

"I told you I might get my lines mixed. I was answering another question. It comes along later, I hope."

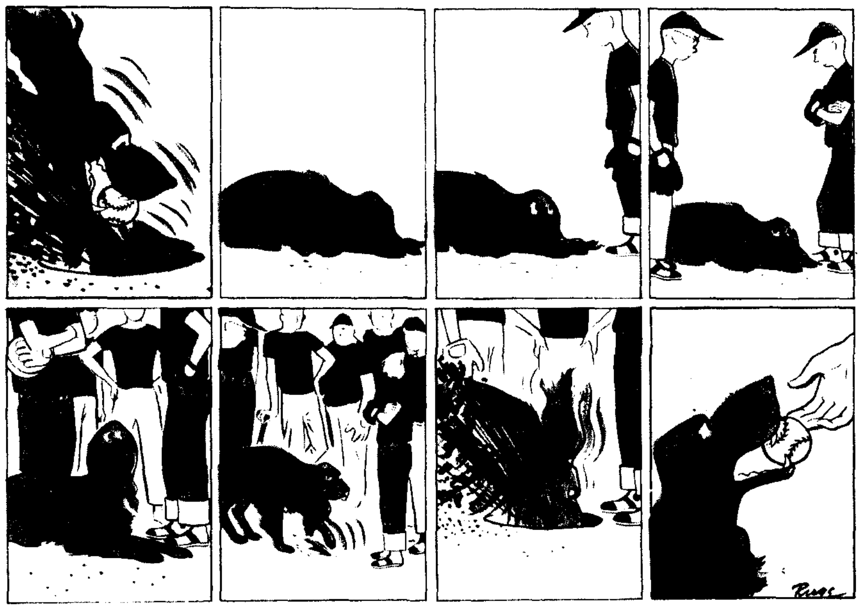
His legs started wobbling, and he grabbed her. "What question was that?" he said. "What one?"

She moved close. Her voice sounded calm but her body quivered against him like a flame. "Any old question," she said. "Any old question at all."

His arms locked around her. It was quite a thing to feel alive again. It could very easily last a lifetime.

THE END

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Mechanical Doll

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

of the coaches to tell him what to do next.

He was a tall boy, lean and sandy, and might have been handsome if there had been anything to his face. The features were there but they were, apparently, incapable of expression. It is not enough to say that I had never seen the boy angry. I had never seen him amused, either. Or happy. Or astonished. Or in pain. What happened inside him was his own business and it did not appear on his face or in the attitudes of his body. All I really knew about him was his physical measurements and performances and the fact that he was majoring in chemistry. That and what Pug had told me.

BY THAT time I was close enough to hear what Bishop was saying—something about being tired and worked out. Pug simply told Bishop he wanted him to pace Jack in a half mile, the idea being that Jack would benefit by running that distance against a faster man. Bishop, who might easily have been overworked and, as a consequence, on edge, said he didn't see the sense of that and furthermore he didn't care much for Pug's idea of discipline and how about doing something to benefit some other member of the team besides Jack?

Pug hit him then, a brutal smash on the corner of the mouth, and Bishop went down. He lay on the ground, dazed and starting to bleed, and after a moment I had him carried into the locker room, where the trainer could work on him. Trying to think of something to say or do, I looked at Jack. He was still waiting, as silent and as insensitive as a dead motor. Nothing had happened—at least not anything that concerned him. The man who had hit Bishop was not his father but the man who had taught him to run. And it was Jack's business to run.

"Take a couple of turns around the track," I said. "After that, take a shower and go home."

Jack nodded and walked over to the track. After limbering up for a moment or two, he began to run in that light, floating style of his.

"What now?" I said.

Pug, who had been looking at Jack, following his movements on the track, turned to me; and there was such bitter knowledge on his face, and so much pain inflicted by that knowledge, that I closed my eyes against it. I thought: So he knows now. If not all, at least a part of it. And after—or if and when—the boy runs the four-minute mile, what's Pug got left?

"I'll restore order around here," I said. And I left him. There was really nothing else I could do. . . .

Unexpectedly, the next three weeks were almost unendurably anticlimactic, principally because Pug refused to react against what was happening to him and around him. Bishop's parents went to the president of the university and after that to the papers. Pug apologized, of course, but in such an obviously reluctant manner that no one was satisfied. I think only his reputation—which was not inconsiderable—saved him. The business of hitting Bishop was the clearest possible demonstration that Pug not only could not enforce the simplest kind of discipline but that he no longer believed in it. There was only one important thing now: the four-minute mile.

We won our next two dual meets with Jack running under wraps, and made preparations to fly to Chicago for the IC4A. Sunday night Pug came over to the house while Edith was packing and engaged me in checking preparations for the team. After perhaps an hour he asked me abruptly how fast Jack would have to run to win.

"The fastest time outside of Jack's phenomenal four-0-two and a fifth"—I stressed the word phenomenal—"was turned in by Yates of Pennsylvania. Four-0-eight. Jack can win in four-0-six."

"Yates doesn't run against the clock," Pug said.

I should explain here that Jack was a pacer, a miler who runs his four quarter-mile laps at nearly equal speeds. Pug would decide, say, that the boy would have to run a four-minute, eight-second mile to win. Jack then would try to run four sixty-two-second laps, confident that his opposition could not make up in their finishing sprints what he gained in the first three laps. Yates laid off the pace in the early laps and depended on his speed in the last lap to win—what is called a finishing kick.

"Four-0-six will win," I said. "Yates can't be that good."

"It won't matter how good he is," Pug said.

I tried to speak very calmly. "I'm not going to say anything more about how you're running or not running the team, Pug. If you want to throw away your job at State—which is what you're doing—"

Pug got up abruptly and went to the door.

"All right," I said. "But has it occurred to you that Jack might hurt himself—permanently—trying to run a mile faster than anyone has ever run it—faster maybe than anyone *can* run it?"

But Pug had gone. Edith came in from the bedroom to find me talking to the door.

"What's going to happen?" she said.

"I'm not a doctor. The boy'll break a blood vessel or damage his heart or just pass out from general exhaustion. He won't quit. How can he? He's been trained for sixteen years to set a pace and hold it and that's what he'll do."

"The odd thing is, I'm sorry for Pug."

"So am I. This isn't just a race. It's a crusade."

IN CHICAGO I was much too busy to have anything to do with either Pug or Jack except during the qualifying heats for the mile. I did what had to be done and told Pug about it later. We placed more men in the finals than any other team in the country—which was more than I had expected. In the mile, Yates, Jack and a stocky boy named Barclay won their respective heats without much trouble. Barclay, I thought, had stamina and guts but not enough leg. Yates, however, had stamina, guts *and* leg. He was a tall, strong boy with a terrific finish, not a pretty runner but powerful.

I talked with Pug about Yates on Friday, saying very firmly that Yates was good but that I still thought a four-0-four mile—I had come down from four-0-six—would beat him. Pug was looking at a stop watch he was holding loosely in his right hand—not seeing anything there, just looking. I saw the hand shake. It would go shake-shake-shake and then Pug would stop it. Shake-shake-shake. Stop. Shake-shake-shake. Stop. Like a watch.

I walked away from him, thinking not of the four-minute mile Jack would try to run on Saturday but of all the times thereafter when Pug would run it in his mind. I could see Pug sitting in his room—anywhere—at home, on trains, in hotels—sitting holding the stop watch in his hand, hearing the gun, seeing the nervous break for the lead, runners swinging wide to avoid being pocketed. Jack's eight-foot stride opening up a lead. Pug's legs moving with Jack's, the stamp-stamp of his feet on the floor of whatever room he might be in, his eyes on the watch, remembering and running every stride of the race.

I could see the agony on Pug's face as Jack went into the last lap hearing Yates's feet hitting the track behind him, knowing that he was running that distance faster than anyone had run it but wondering, too, if he was running it fast enough to win. Then, in the strictures of exhaustion, the first fear that he might not reach the string the officials had stretched across the track, that the

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER
HERBERT TAREYTON

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
TAREYTON

MR. CLEMENT GRISCOM, IV, popular young member of Philadelphia society. Discriminating in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Griscom says: "For genuine smoking enjoyment, I switched to cork-tipped Herbert Tareyton."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

AMAZING THING! By Cooper
SENSATIONAL NEW TING CREAM FOR FOOT ITCH (ATHLETE'S FOOT) - REGULAR USE HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING - SOOTHES BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED PEELING TOES - AIDS HEALING AMAZINGLY!
TING FOR TOES SURE IS A HIT!
FIRST USED IN HOSPITALS NOW RELEASED TO DRUGGISTS
IN LAB TESTS TING CREAM PROVED EFFECTIVE IN KILLING SPECIFIC TYPES OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON 60 SECOND CONTACT!
GUARANTEED TING MUST SATISFY YOU IN A WEEK-OR MONEY BACK!
EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED TRY AMAZING TING CREAM TODAY! GREASELESS, STAINLESS ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY 60¢ A TUBE ...ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW $1.00 ECONOMY SIZE.
Ting ANTISEPTIC MEDICATED CREAM

MOTORISTS FARMERS SPORTSMEN and for use around the home!
Get a Big Beam
Model No. 211
It's the Best Anywhere... Any Time...
For Powerful Brilliant Light
Quality built, sensibly priced, long lasting. Has 5" polished chrome lamphead with triple-plated reflector. Weatherproof, rustproof.
HOLD DOWN ACCESSORY for securely fastening lamp in car trunks, on prows of boats, etc.
See your dealer or write for folder
U-C LITE MFG. CO., 1060 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.

Always have a Sharp pencil—
GET A Scripto MECHANICAL PENCIL
25¢
SCRIPTO, INC. Makes the largest number of mechanical pencils in the world.

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN FAST
ANACIN
Here's Why... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

Brighter Shines WITH ½ THE RUBBING
COVERS SCUFF MARKS! GIVES SHOES RICHER COLOR!
KIWI BOOT POLISH BROWN
Black, Tan, Brown, Blue, Dark Tan, Mid-Tan, Oxblood, Mahogany, and Neutral
Ask any G.I. about KIWI SHOE POLISH (KEE-WEE)

marvelous machine would fail him, that the blood expanding like steam under the smashing strokes of his heart would burst from his eyes and nose and mouth and he would fall forward onto the cinders, not knowing whether the screams of the crowd were for him or for the giant Yates swerving to pass him. . . .

There is no reason to record the various events our team was entered in that Saturday except to say that when the runners dug their starting holes for the mile we were leading by two points with almost all of the field events in doubt. Yates, Jack and Barclay drew the three outside lanes—positions of little importance except at the start, since the mile is not run in lanes.

Curiously, Pug, who always gave detailed instructions to Jack before each race, simply asked if the boy was ready. Jack nodded in that abstractedly attentive way of his, a gesture I had seen a hundred times. Pug apparently expected something more. Putting his hand on the boy's arm, he began to talk, swiftly and incoherently, of Jack's childhood—his first pair of running shoes, his first stop watch, the day he ran his first four forty, all the memorabilia of first things which parents store in the attic, where, after their children have disappointed them or left them, they can go and in the close, secret fondling of these things remember and re-create a time when their children had not disappointed them and would never leave them.

As I saw it, Pug suddenly was trying to reach the boy beneath the runner by recalling emotional experiences common to both of them. But there had never been a boy and his parent. There *were* no emotional experiences to recall. There was just a mechanic who had constructed a wondrous machine day by day, year by year, and who now wanted the kind of reaction from it which the machine couldn't supply. The reason the machine couldn't supply its creator with the emotions demanded from it was, of course, that Pug had not put any such mechanism into it. He had built it for the purpose of running a mile in four minutes flat. To put anything into it not pertaining to its primary function would be to lessen its efficiency. So at the age of fifty—for the first time and for his own peculiar reasons—Pug became a father. I turned away from them: the blankly attentive, blankly polite, unresponsive athlete; the urgent and despairing father.

BARCLAY jumped the gun, and they were all called back. They broke nicely the second time. Barclay led at the first turn with Yates a stride behind him and Jack bunched with the others a stride behind Yates. Jack took the lead on the far straightaway and at the end of the first lap had opened up ten yards on Barclay, who was now in second place with Yates close in third.

When I saw Pug, standing some ten yards from the finish line, signal Jack that he had run the first lap in the exact time agreed upon—sixty seconds—I looked at my own stop watch. I had timed him in a fraction under sixty.

At the end of the second lap, Jack was leading Barclay by twenty yards and Yates by twenty-five. Again I saw Pug signal Jack, that flat movement of the arm across the chest which meant "Fine—keep going." Again I looked at my watch. I had the incredible time of one fifty-nine point eight for the half mile.

Barclay made his move coming into the last twenty yards of the third lap. Both he and Yates obviously thought that it was impossible for Jack to maintain the pace he had set for the first three laps. He would break soon and the race then would be between themselves. But Jack went into the last quarter mile with such a tremendous lead that Barclay, nervous and overanxious, opened up. Yates laid back until, at the first turn, some three hundred fifty yards from the tape, he too began to move.

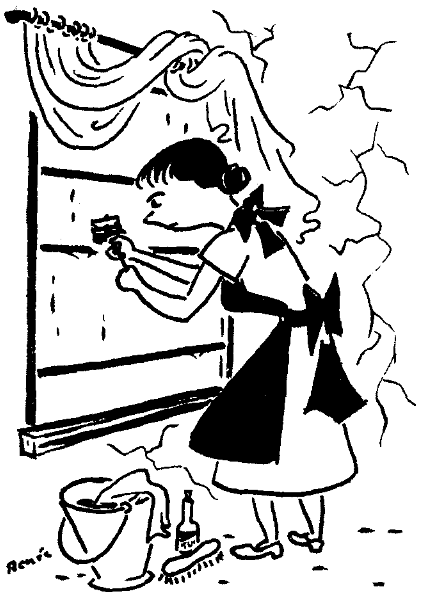
I rarely hear stadium crowds but I did then. I could have leaned against that massed roar as I could have leaned against a wall. It was not for Jack but for Yates and Barclay, two nice wholesome kids trying to catch a mechanism and possibly destroying themselves in the doing. I hated Jack at that moment—the perfection of movement, the machine that ran against a clock. I would have liked to see it fly apart suddenly since its dissolution would reveal not the awful uncasing of blood and flesh but broken steel springs and screws and cunningly notched metal wheels.

Barclay got within possibly fifteen yards of Jack at the turn on the far straightaway before he broke. Yates passed him there, still strong but running erratically, driving himself. By this time I had worked my way down the infield to a place about fifty yards from the tape which the officials had now strung across the track.

They were into the last hundred yards, Yates closing on Jack with every stride. I didn't care about Yates. He was through. He had been gaining on Jack and then, seventy yards from the finish, he began to drop back, lurching and pushing his legs in front of him like a man running in two feet of water. I was watching Jack. He was no longer a machine but a boy in the agony of exhaustion, his head twisted up and to the left, his lips so distended that his mouth was like a hole driven into his skull, his eyes two white sticky balls glittering with salt. He had set his pace and he would hold it—hold it until he broke.

Abruptly, I wanted to rush out on the track and throw my arms around him, not flag him down but put myself between him and the next stride he would take, to do what it was obviously impossible for the boy himself to do. There was nothing mechanical about him now. In the extremity of his exhaustion he had become human, and his actions were those of a vengeful child who injures himself in the

RENEE GEORGE



Inferior Decorator

The paint I put in shower stalls,
On window sills and doors and walls,
Is apt, in time, to peel or chip—
But not the globs I spill or drip.
These polka dots in varied shades
Resist soap, turps, and razor blades.

—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD

esperate hope of injuring his elders. It as a self-mutilation too innocent to be bscene. And for no cause. For a triumph f muscle to be written into the records nd in five or six years to be surpassed and ritten out again. Not his own triumph ut Pug's. Something for the old man to it and fondle in his senility—a toy to be eld close to the heart which had risked othing of itself to gain the toy.

I saw Jack veer toward his right as he assed me, and when I turned I saw Pug unning alongside the boy, grabbing at his rms. Pug had his wrist but Jack, still oving, pushed him away and staggered oward the tape not more than thirty yards way. Then he and Pug were down on the ack, the boy struggling to lift himself and nally sprawling on his stomach with his gs toward the stands. It was impossible r Yates, tired as he was, to avoid Jack. I aw his spikes come down on Jack's ankle nd saw the blood spurt from the holes in e flesh.

I can't vouch for what happened next, xcept that Dr. Wilcox, the team physician, nd I were walking Jack between us toard the locker room. I had enough presnce of mind to obey Wilcox's order to alk the boy and to keep on walking him. Vith Jack's arms around our shoulders and urs around his waist, we walked him up nd down the locker room until Wilcox deided that he was sufficiently sweated out. fter that we laid him on the leather-overed table where Wilcox could attend to is ankle. I remember shouting at people get out of my way and I remember Pug, tting on a bench in the corner. Needless say, Jack was disqualified, and we finhed the meet third behind NYU and Pennlvania.

There is little to add to this except that ug resigned as head coach without furer pressure and I was offered a one-year ontract to replace him. That summer, ack, with a sound if somewhat stiff ankle, ent East to accept a job with an oil comany which promptly exported him to Saudi rabia. Pug sold his house, liquidated his ssets, and simply disappeared.

In a manner he couldn't have foreseen, ug had had his big moment, but it was no ompensation for the loss of his son. The father, after so long and so incredible a search, had recognized his son. It was not the son's fault that he could not recognize his father. I doubt if Jack—when he left the house—could have said more than: "Well, good-by, Coach; thanks a lot." He wouldn't know how to say anything else.

And Pug, when he sold the house, would have few of the boy's personal possessions to dispose of, except a small pair of track shoes, several pairs of trunks, some old pictures of a very serious and very determined athlete, and—if he was lucky—an old notebook with entries dating back to the years when the boy was ten or eleven. They would read possibly as follows: *I ran the mile today in eight minutes. Today I ran the mile in seven minutes. Today I ran the mile in six minutes. Today I ran the mile in five minutes.* But no *Today I ran the mile in —*

IT SEEMS absurd to add a sequel to all this, but I have to. Last summer Edith and I were driving through Oregon. Passing through a small town, we noticed an athletic field. We stopped the car a minute to watch two boys running around the oval track encircling the field. They were running some ten yards apart, the boy in the lead moving, I thought, in great style. I laughed.

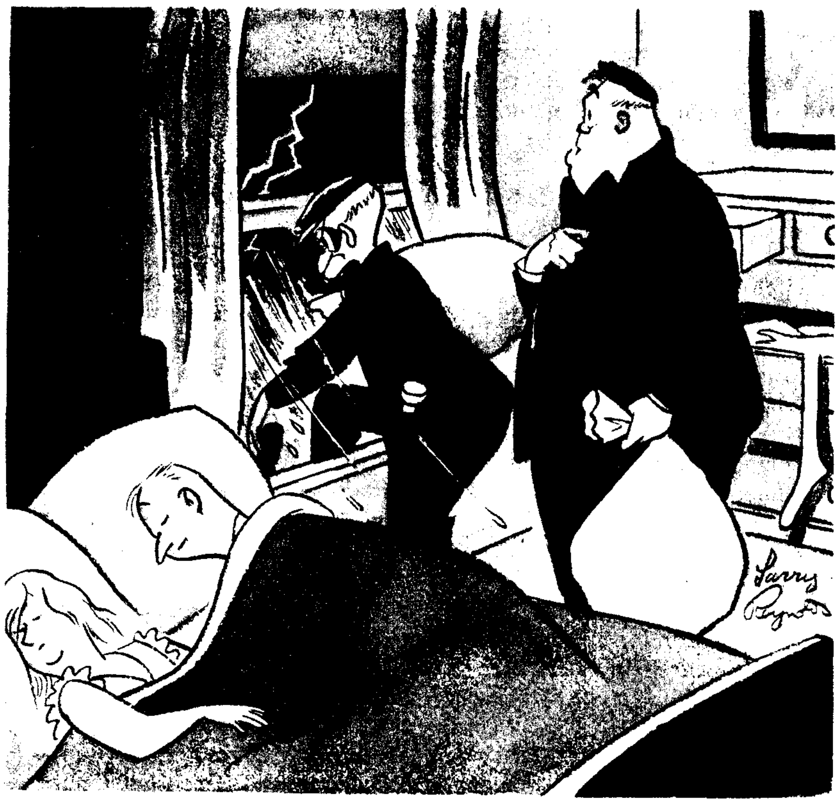
"Look," I said. "A pacer. Watch the boy behind him make him move. Two to one he's got a kick like a mule."

The second boy did make his move but the boy in front had too big a lead. He won by a stride. Then I saw a man in a baseball cap, sweat shirt, and gray flannels put his arms around the two boys and walk them down the track, talking to them, patting their shoulders. The man acted more like the boys' uncle—or father—than a professional coach; acted like a man who cared more about what he could do for the kids than about what they could do for him. Edith grabbed my arm, but by that time I had the car up to twenty miles an hour, going faster and faster.

The man was not Pug. We agreed on that, however doubtfully. But neither Edith nor I could have endured knowing for certain. This way, we could always hope it *was* Pug.

THE END

BUTCH



"It looks like it'll keep up all night. Y'think they'll get sore if I ask if we can sleep in their guest room?"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

No other way of shaving... no other shaving cream gives you closer, cleaner, longer-lasting shaves... and is so good for your skin!

TRY IT!

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Sanitary Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-in

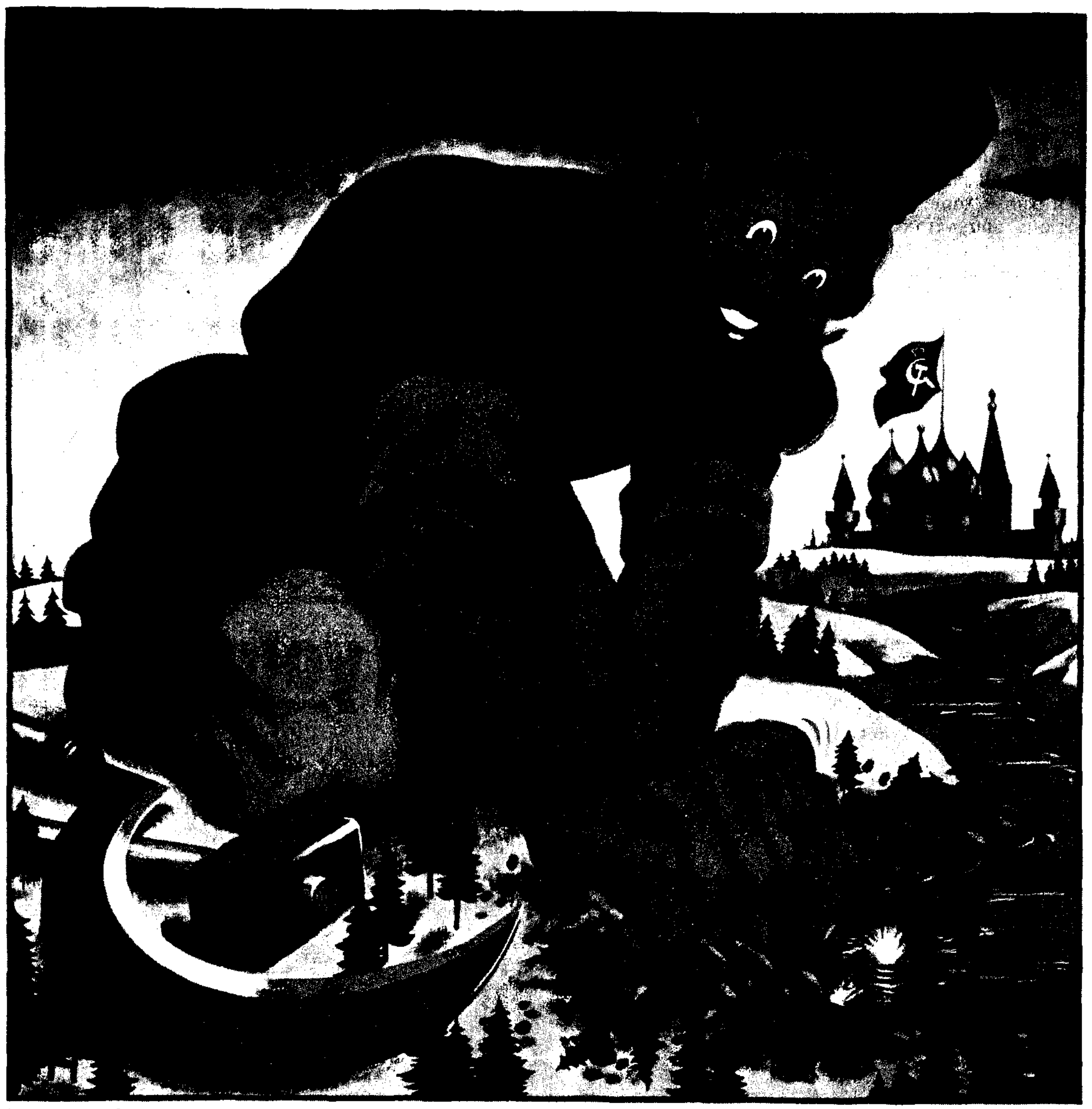
No brush
No lather
No rub-in

If you love me like I love you
Let Sergeant's keep me good as new!

You'll find a Sergeant's Dog Care Product for nearly every need. Newest is liquid SKIP-BATH. Quick, easy way to clean your dog without bathing! Also kills odors, fleas, ticks! Other products for worms, itching, ear troubles, insufficient vitamins. All safe, fast-acting. All veterinarian-certified. Relied on for 76 years. **FREE:** famous, colorful Sergeant's Dog Book. At drug or pet store—or write Sergeant's, Dept. D-10, Richmond 20, Virginia.

Sergeant's Dog Book

Sergeant's® dog care products



LOWELL HESS

Pavel Bunyanovitch

IT SAYS in a United Press dispatch that a Vladivostok newspaper has laid claim to Paul Bunyan as a native son of Russia. This doesn't surprise us. In fact, we consider it the most logical development we have yet observed in Soviet propaganda.

The Russian tellers of tall tales specialize in mighty deeds. They have credited their countrymen with about every advance in human knowledge and science since the invention of the wheel. Such minor items as documentation, historical accuracy or plain credibility have never bothered them. So we can imagine them reading the Bunyan stories with envious eyes.

After all, it was the Gargantuan Paul who, singlehanded, dug Puget Sound, scooped out the bed of the St. Lawrence River and excavated the Grand Canyon, among other things. These are typical Russian feats, according to Soviet writers. And it must have irked them beyond endurance to see the legend of this superman credited to American or Canadian origin.

It must have irked them particularly because they and their government have a strong nationalistic aversion to being outdone in anything, including lying. And the inventors of the Bunyan legend made the late Dr. Goebbels look like Diogenes' pin-up boy. In an amusing and harmless way, they brought the Big Lie to its state of modern perfection. In fact, they were just about the damnedest liars the world had ever seen until the Politburo came into being. So the Kremlin's official falsifiers just had to make Bunyan their boy. Thus we are now told that Paul (real name, Bunyanovitch) was a Russian logger whose fame spread to this country by way of Siberia and Alaska.

Well, a great many of us have enjoyed the tales of Bunyan and Babe, the blue ox—whose color was undoubtedly red in the original Russian version. But maybe we ought to will Paul to the Russians. If Comrade Stalin's boys are frank enough to claim this symbol of the Big Lie as their own, we might appease them on this one occasion.

So let them have Bunyanovitch. Let them adopt Herculesovitch and Atlasov. And by all means Baron Münchausen, whose original volume of whoppers, incidentally, was titled Baron Münchausen's Narrative of His Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia. But they'd better not go trying to steal our more modest, real-life, home-grown heroes. Like Jack Dempsey.

Collier's Best

MAYBE IT'S IMMODEST OF US, but we have occasionally done some prideful pointing on this page to certain articles that have appeared in Collier's, and to the consequent action they have stirred up. We mean the sort of pieces that prompted Senator Kefauver to wire us that "Collier's articles on crime in various cities and sections have been of much benefit to our committee . . . Collier's investigations and articles have worked toward the same objectives as those of our Senate committee and have been of substantial help in arousing public opinion."

But investigating and exposing are only one part of the pleasant task of putting out this magazine. There is, for instance, the matter of selecting fiction which our editors think you readers will enjoy. This involves reading an average of about 750 manuscripts a week. Of course, the mortality rate is very high. But, to be immodest again, we're right proud of those we do publish. And we'd like to commend to you the cream of the recent crop, a book entitled Collier's Best, which has an introduction and notes by Knox Burger, Collier's fiction editor, and is published by Harper & Brothers.

There are 19 stories in the book. All of them appeared during 1949 and 1950—a period, incidentally, in which Collier's published more short stories than any other magazine in the country. We think you'll like them. We also think you'll like Mr. Burger's foreword—particularly if you belong to the vast fraternity of hopeful or wishful fiction writers. For this introduction gives you an inside view of a fiction department's operation: what an editor looks for in a story, how and why it is selected, and, to some extent, how and why it is written. It dispels the notion that, at least on Collier's, an author's writing must conform to some "formula." And it disproves the idea that the fiction market is in the hands of a few professional writers.

It is true, of course, that the known, dependable author is the backbone of the business. But that doesn't keep our fiction editors from reading every unsolicited manuscript that comes in, and buying some of them. That's where we find new writers. Collier's has published the first stories of a number of people whose later short stories or novels have made them famous. We hope to keep on repeating the process.

There are several "firsts" in Collier's Best, a fact which may comfort some amateurs who have yet to clear the barrier of rejection slips. There are also stories, of course, by recognized and popular writers. And, to repeat, we think that you will enjoy them all.

Defense Dept. Double Talk

WHEN THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT ordered 450,000 copies of a new court-martial manual, it gave two explanations for the whopping requisition. One was that the number was arbitrarily chosen so as not to "disclose troop strength information." The other was that it is cheaper to buy in quantity for future use than to reorder.

Well, we have read a lot of figures on troop strength, including the projected ultimate strength (barring another world war) of our armed forces. Presumably the enemy has seen them, too. And this quantity order for future use would provide one court-martial manual for about every ten men in that ultimate defense force. This is either pretty silly or pretty tragic.

If all those books are really needed, then Heaven help the country and its morale, for the services must be anticipating an unprecedented number of deserters, insubordinates, malingerers and so on. But we don't think they are needed. This looks to us like another example of the careless, profligate use of the taxpayers' money—the price tag on the manuals is $380,000—which is unhappily characteristic of many government agencies, and which costs the public needless millions every year. In the case cited here, we hope that the order will be scaled down to a sensible size.

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Ezio Pinza says:

"I drink finer-tasting Schenley

"You'll agree it's the smoothest of all"

PINZA IS FULL OF SURPRISES! First he went from Grand Opera to a Broadway musical hit. And now, in his first big screen role, he dons a Western costume. "I like a change of pace," says Ezio Pinza. "But when it comes to whiskey—I *always* drink richer, finer Schenley. Nothing else equals the taste of Schenley. Try it—I know you'll agree."

IN THE GARDEN of his beautiful new home, Ezio Pinza takes it easy after a hard day at the studio. "I enjoy a Schenley highball," says Mr. Pinza. "It's *extra* satisfying because it's *extra* smooth. You'll like it, too."

For an Enchanted Evening enjoy

SCHENLEY

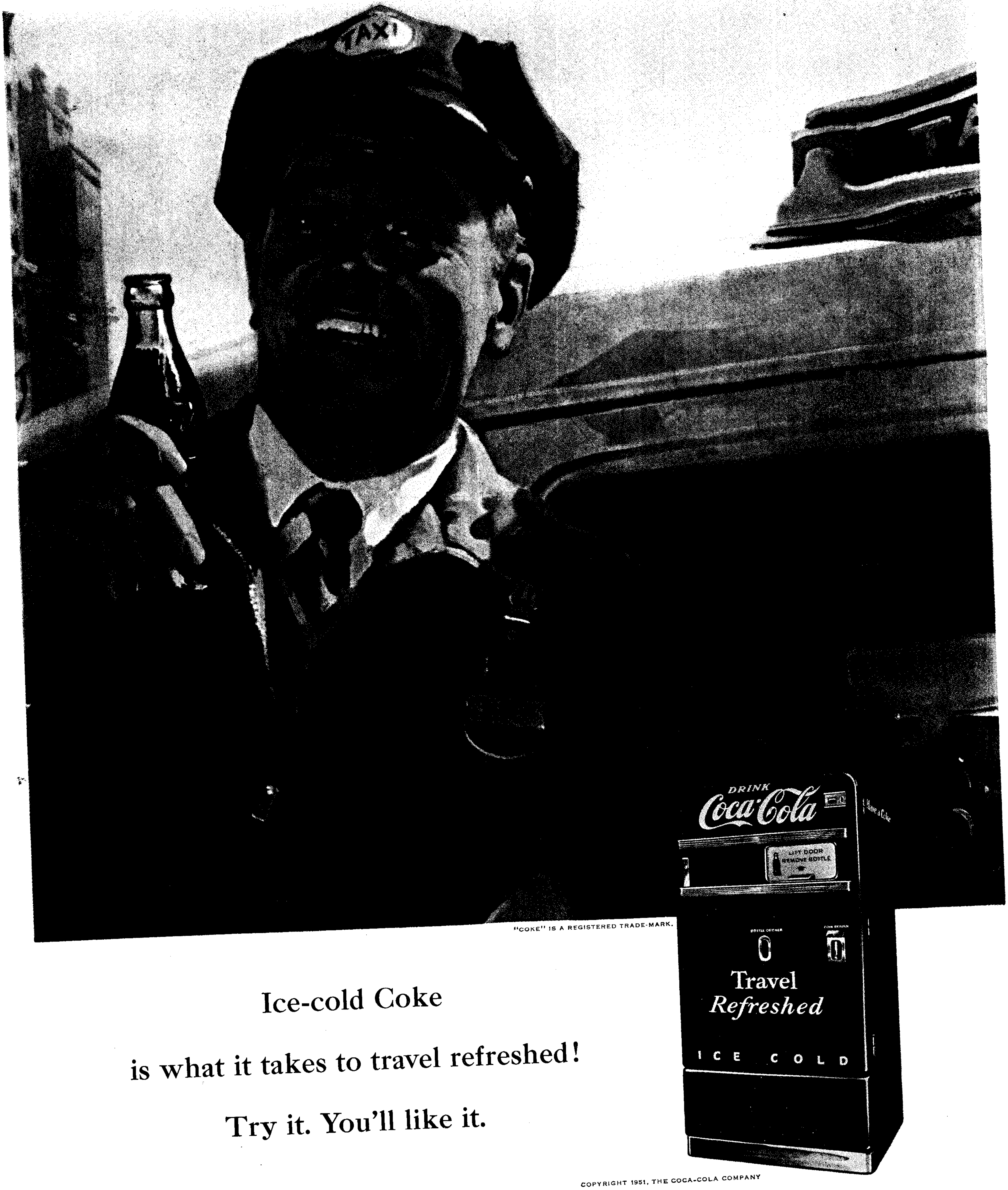
A Mark of Merit Whiskey
from Schenley,
the House of Rare Whiskies

A STAR IS EXPECTED to serve the best. So, of course, Ezio Pinza serves smooth, sociable Schenley. Here he offers screen star Herbert Marshall a refreshing drink made with Schenley. "Schenley is my favorite, too," says Herbert Marshall. Why not choose Schenley for *your* enchanted evenings?

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. ©1951, SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., N. Y. C.

[illegible] UNIVERSITY
PITTSBURGH 13, PA.

"Travel refreshed," I say


TAXI
DRINK
Coca-Cola
Have a Coke
LIFT DOOR
REMOVE BOTTLE
BOTTLE OPENER
COIN RETURN
Travel
Refreshed
ICE COLD

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.

Ice-cold Coke

is what it takes to travel refreshed!

Try it. You'll like it.

COPYRIGHT 1951, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY